

The Aftermath



1911

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THE
AFTERMATH

CLASS OF 1911

WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC
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WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
JUNE, 1911



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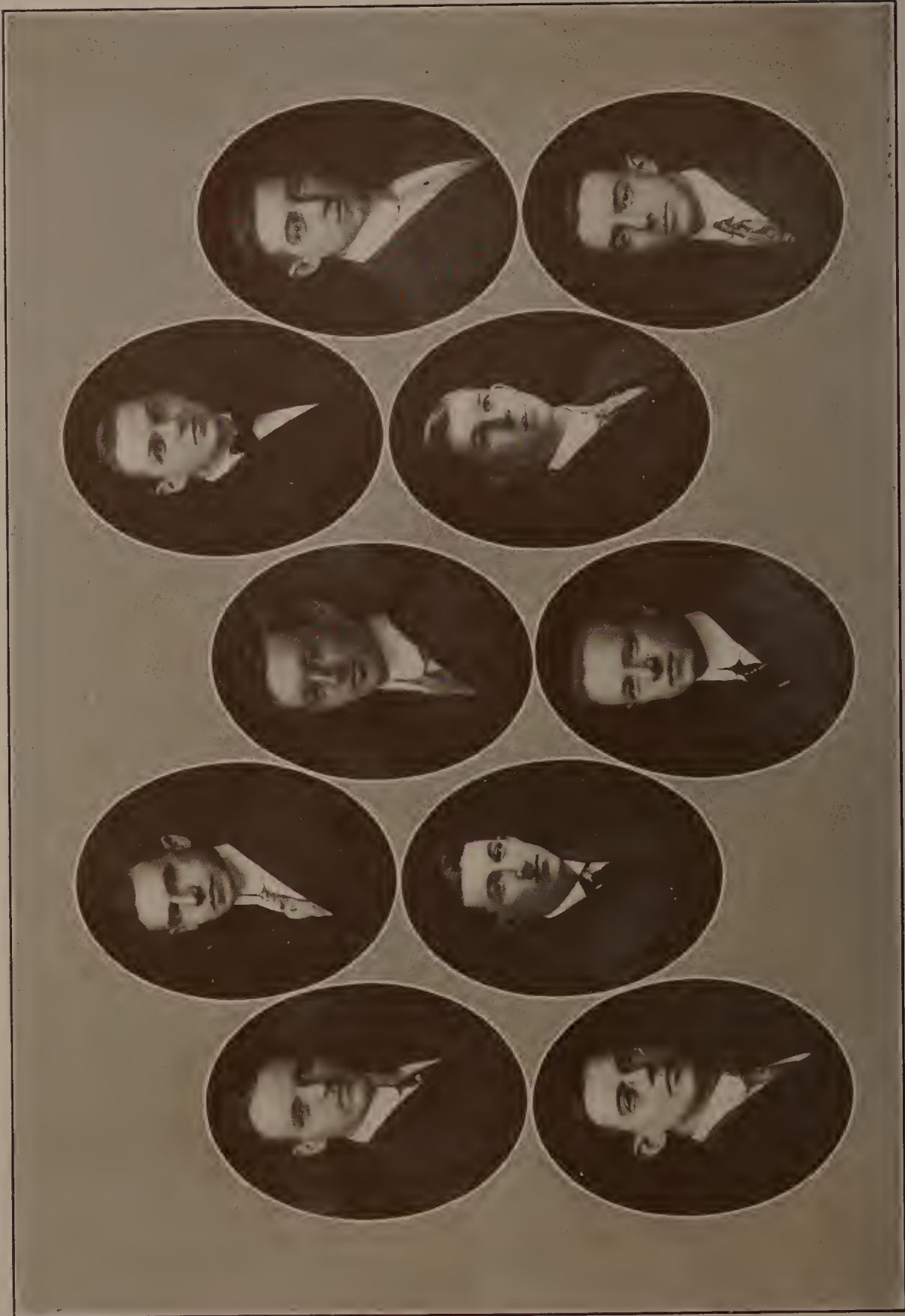




IN OFFERING this book to our classmates and friends, we do so with the ardent hope that these humble pages may contain something of interest to all who read them. With malice toward none this book has been written; we trust that none will be offended by what it contains. We have tried to discharge faithfully our duty to our Class and to record accurately its achievements. Many of those whom we have knocked hardest we love all the more, because they are so human and, therefore, so frail. Judge us kindly; we have done our best, and man can do no more.

To Professor Haynes, and to all others who have assisted us in any way, we offer our sincerest gratitude.

We wish to apologize to Editor Hanaver for the accidental omission of his photograph and name from the cuts on the two following pages.



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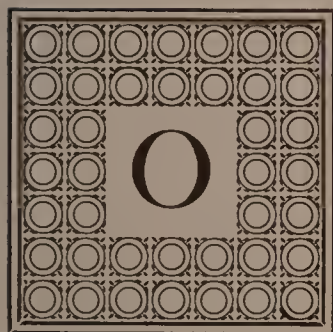
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TO THE MEMORY OF
LEONARD PARKER KINNICUTT
EMINENT CHEMIST AND SANITARIAN
SKILLFUL AND INSPIRING TEACHER
COURTEOUS GENTLEMAN
LOYAL AND GENEROUS FRIEND
THIS AFTERMATH
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE CLASS OF 1911

Lincoln Parker Kinnicutt

*Professor of Chemistry, Worcester Polytechnic
Institute, 1883-1911*



ON THE morning of February 6, 1911, the flag on the tower of Boynton Hall hung at half-mast. "‘Kinnie’ is dead!" It did not seem possible! It does not yet seem possible. For, of all the men who have labored on the Hill, no other has so wrought his personality into Tech life as did "Kinnie." How we do miss him!

Doctor Kinnicutt was born in Worcester, and with the exception of his student years, his life was spent here. After his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1875 with the degree of Bachelor of Science, he spent four years in the study of chemistry at the universities of Bonn and Heidelberg, followed by a year at Johns Hopkins. He then became an Instructor in Quantitative Analysis at Harvard University, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Science. In the fall of 1882 he was made Instructor in Chemistry in the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science, and soon became one of the most indefatigable workers in the development which transformed a struggling school of uncertain aims into the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Three years later he was made a full Professor, and from 1893 he was Director of the Chemical Department. When the money for the Salisbury Laboratories was given to the Institute, with two of his colleagues he visited many universities, and his keen observation and careful planning were largely instrumental in making that building and its equipment among the best of its day.

In his early years at the Institute, Doctor Kinnicutt found time for not a little research work in varied lines; gradually, however, he specialized in the field of sanitary chemistry, devoting most of his attention to problems relating to water supply and sewage disposal. In these lines he became a recognized expert whose counsel was sought by distant cities. Learned societies at home and abroad honored him by election to their member-

ship. He was appointed President of the Section of Hygiene of the International Congress of Applied Chemistry, which is to be held in Washington in 1912. With characteristic courage and persistence, he continued work upon the plans for this great gathering of scientists until within ten days before his death.

In many ways Doctor Kinnicutt rendered distinguished service to the city and to the Commonwealth; but his life work was that of a teacher in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. As the Institute grew, and differentiation in his own department became necessary, he devoted himself especially to the work in general chemistry with the Freshmen, and to the advanced work with the Seniors. For his pupils this was a fortunate choice, for it brought him close to them at the times when he could be of most service.

"I tell you, I just go for my Freshmen!" he used to say, jokingly, of his own lectures. For he never considered it his sole function to teach his students chemistry. The lecture, any morning, might be postponed or interrupted for a frank, man-to-man talk on what he believed those young fellows, taking their first steps in college life, ought to see from an older man's standpoint—it might be some points on gentlemanly manners or personal hygiene, on legal rights, or true and false Tech spirit. "Kinnie" had been a very human student, and thirty years and more of teaching could not make him forget it. And so he was tolerant of students' pranks, smoothed over their difficulties, and got them out of their court tangles. But the fellow who was mixed up in anything mean or nasty found that he had a stern man to deal with.

"Kinnie's" very idiosyncrasies—of which he had his full share—only served to make him the more likable. On his regular beat from his home to the laboratory—in rather distinctive dress, plodding along on foot or on a bicycle, which he continued to ride after most of his friends had discarded them—for years he was a familiar and unique figure. Close at his heels followed his shadow, the name might be "Chico," or "Kelpie," or "Bruce," but the dog was always shaggy, solemn of face and sedate of manner. On his back was a huge *Mappe*, and in his hand very likely a bunch of flowers; for this man of science was a lover of outdoor life; he delighted in his Tatnuck farm, took pride in the early blossoms from his own garden, and in his study at the laboratory, in the midst of its apparatus and papers, there was always on his desk a beaker holding a few flowers.

In class he was nervous of speech and rather easily confused. It was a Tech tradition that his mathematics at times became erratic. Inattention or disturbance in class caused a rapid rise in temperature, and something was likely to happen. When some students had the effrontery to place on his desk a card showing that a "labor union" had been formed, he served an ultimatum upon them forthwith, and in short order that non-

sense ended in an apology and a pledge of loyalty to the department from every man involved.

Few men on the Hill have concerned themselves so much for the general interests of the student body. It was Doctor Kinnicutt who secured the use of Newton Hall as a Tech dining-hall and dormitory. He got together most of the money needed for its equipment; for seven years he devoted a surprisingly generous share of his time to the problems of its management; and when it became clear that it was not best to continue the Newton Hall experiment, he put himself to great pains to determine whether it would not be feasible to transform the Hall into a Tech Union, but its location proved too serious an obstacle.

But "Kinnie's" interest was not only in the students as a body, but in the individual man. If a fellow came to the laboratory pale and dragged out, "Kinnie" would talk to him frankly about his health, and very likely send him home, and interest a physician in the case. He was ready with advice and aid to fellows in financial straits. He was a teacher in whom young men found it easy to confide, and scores of his former pupils bear witness to the friendly counsel and help he gave them, always in the kindest way. After their graduation, he followed his students with the pride and interest of an elder brother, ever eager to help them forward.

Institute men have taken pride in the service which Professor Kinnicutt rendered to science and to his community. His tireless industry, his scholarship, his skill in teaching, have contributed much to the upbuilding of the Institute. Yet, in all these years, it was rather the man than the scientist or the teacher who was making the deepest impress. Thirty successive classes of Tech men cherish the memory of the devoted teacher, the courteous gentleman, the loyal, generous-hearted friend.



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WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE



Edmund A. Engler, A. M., Ph. D., LL. D.

President



FOR TEN years Doctor Engler has held the official position of President of the Faculty at the Institute. These ten years have been a fitting climax to his career as an educator. After graduation from Washington University in 1876, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he received the later degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy in 1877, Master of Arts in 1879, Doctor of Philosophy in 1902, and Doctor of Laws in 1901 from the same institution. For twenty-seven years he served as Professor of Mathematics at Washington University, and two of these as Dean of the Engineering School of that institution.

It is with regret that the Class of 1911 realizes that it is the last to have a full course at the Institute under the guidance of Doctor Engler, and we shall look backward in after years with pride upon our relations, during our course, with the man who has directed our careers. Those relations, which began in awe and reverence for the dignity of his position, have gradually ripened into those of genuine affection.

Those of us who at times have fallen by the wayside have had the sting of their reverses mitigated by the pleasure of a more intimate contact with Doctor Engler. The personal interest which he displayed and the mature judgment which he brought to bear in the solution of the problems of these embarrassing situations, and in the unraveling of our other difficulties, will always remain a firm bond linking him more closely to our hearts in after years.

As yet the man to occupy the position he leaves vacant is not decided upon, and while we earnestly hope for a worthy successor to fill the chair which Doctor Engler has so eminently honored, we shall always be conscious of the fact that however worthy his successor may be and whatever his attainments, in the affections of the Class of 1911 Doctor Engler occupies a position second to none.

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FACULTY

Professors

Levi L. Conant, Ph.D., *Professor of Mathematics*

“Conie” has endeared himself to all Worcester Tech men by his attitude of absolute fairness toward those in his charge, and by his personal interest in each man. After hearing his high-pitched, mild voice expounding the difference between a “horse chestnut and a chestnut horse” in recitation, one would hardly credit the performances of his past on the baseball field in the green of Dartmouth. But to give credence to these things one has only to see and hear him at a B. A. A. meet, when he lends his support to the upholders of the standing of his Alma Mater. Though our memories of “calc” and “trig” may not be of the pleasantest, yet when we think of the personal contact with this real man, all the unpleasantness will be forgiven and forgotten in the pleasure of the honor that is done us by our acquaintanceship with him.

George H. Haynes, Ph.D.,

Professor of Economics and Political Science

“Jinny”—we don’t know where he got that cognomen; it doesn’t fit him, but it sticks to him tighter than some brother that we read about somewhere. When we are in a grinfel mood, we like to think of him—his numerous degrees of longitude thrown with careless and inherent grace over a Washburn Shops drawing-stand; his faithful cowlick erect at its post—delivering to us sundry preachments on the psychology of the mob, and winding up with that drastic objurgation, “Go to!” (We were going to

say damning objurgation, but the expression is shy one word.) But these transient memories soon leave us, and we think of him in the times when he let poly sci slide for the moment and talked to us straight, as man to man. Our fool escapades didn't look quite so brilliant when Jinny got through with them; when he stood us up in front of ourselves for inspection at such times, there was nothing heroic in the spectacle. He called things by their names, yet with a tact that never left a bitter taste in our mouths. A gentleman of culture, he has *shown* us that time devoted to the strengthening and refining of character is time that counts. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to come into more intimate acquaintance with him, outside Room 19, will always remember his altogether delightful personality, and be proud to number him among our friends. We shall remember his loyalty to Tech; his sincere personal interest in every student and in every alumnus; the standard of usefulness and quality to which he has brought the *Journal*; but—we will sum him up in language more appropriate to him than anything else we could say—"Here is a man!"

W. L. Jennings, Ph.D., *Professor of Organic Chemistry*

Dr. Walter L. Jennings is a much-benicknamed man; in fact, each succeeding division of chemists has nicknamed him afresh, and the process will probably go on *ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*. Nineteen Hundred and Ten, for example, designated him as "Stone-Hatchet;" 1912 favors him with a fair translation of the same general idea, in the more or less complimentary "Beilstein," shortened, of late, to "Beily;" but to us he is "Old Sleuth." By the time a man is a Senior, he can tell by the sound of Old Sleuth's footsteps what the weather is going to be—inside: a fairly leisurely tramp means fair and cool, but at the sound of a slight acceleration, the wise chemist winks the other eye at the next man and hides in the chimney of his Bunsen burner. He is capable of being one of the most agreeable persons you ever met, and, be it said to his credit, he generally is; but it is a fact that he is equally gifted in the opposite direction. When the mood is on him, his insistence on utterly inconsequent details, and his sudden impulses, which he discards and takes up again in bewildering alternation, are the most aggravating things that any chemist has to face, and we are all thankful when the more peaceful, or maybe more indolent, mood comes back again. In spite of his discriminating taste in malt products, his wild ideas on spirits compiled from grain alcohol and caramel have antagonized every connoisseur that ever listened to him. He is an expert in tennis, but

would fain administer the swift kick to every other form of athletics supported at the Institute. But friend and foe alike agree on his ability as a lecturer; he is always deeply interested in his subject, and has that remarkable faculty of presenting dry material in a most interesting way. We have listened with the keenest enjoyment to his savage arraignment of unfortunate Sir William; to his indulgent ridicule of Priestley, the accident; and to his deploring of the frailties of the flesh, with Peruna, Lydia Pinkham, and the electric belt for texts. And even in that damnable organic, he kept us awake all the time, and interested most of the time, which is some stunt, when you think it over.

Zelotes W. Coombs, A.M.,

Professor of English, French, and German

The first real prof that the Freshmen meet is "Z. W." In English lecture they are charmed by the easy flow of his words as he combines the multitudinous errors, culled from the weekly crop of themes, into sentences. The ease with which he puts together, off-hand, the incidents of the "Walk to Wachusett" has caused more than one of the uninitiated to exclaim, "Say, he must be a pretty good writer." Not until these Freshmen have met and bound securely the "beetle-browed robber" four or five times, does the idea occur to them that perhaps this is all worked out ahead of time and recited. With the calling of this bluff the clay feet of their idol begin to give way, until soon the only support to the once majestic figure is the deep interest taken in and help given to athletics on the Hill.

Harold B. Smith, M.E., *Professor of Electrical Engineering*

That Tech, and more especially the Electric Department, is what it is to-day, is due in large part to the unceasing and energetic work of "H. B." The value of the electric course is more than doubled by contact with this very successful man, whose knowledge and experience seem to know no bounds. The most heartily admired man on the Hill, he is still human, and alive and sympathetic to the frailties of the students under him. The pecu-

liarity which most impresses those in touch with him is the trick of expressing practically all of his thoughts by means of curves. He seems to think, and he certainly talks, in curves.

Those of the underclassmen who are to graduate in the next two years will lose much by his absence, and we can only express the hope that the time spent away from the cares of the school will be of enough benefit to him to offset the great loss to the school.

Arthur Willard French, C.E., *Professor of Civil Engineering*

Graduate of Thayer School, Dartmouth, '92

Member American Society of Civil Engineers

Member Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education

"Prof" didn't ever write any "Why I Am and Why I Came to the 'Stute," so we're decidedly shy on facts as to his previous career. As a boy, back on the farm, we are led to believe he was a holy terror. He early invented a slide-rule by means of which he could determine the most economical way to hoe 'taters. At one time in his career he aspired to be a pirate, but he soon found out that the pirate business was overrun, so he took a chance on engineering as the next best bet.

He has the distinction of having slid through Dartmouth with less plugging and a more varied collection of cribs than any man before or since. In his early days he was of very rotund proportions, but upon graduation from college, he took Jinny Haynes as a model and a bottle of Anti-fat as a means, and beat it for the tall timbers.

When he at last emerged he wasn't at first visible, unless he stood twice in the same spot, but the backwoods air of Hanover, where he was Associate Professor of Civil Engineering, did wonders for his emaciated frame, and at last he was able to cast a shadow if the sunlight was bright enough.

His love for civilization at last compelled him to locate down here in God's(?) country, at Tech. He and Jinny manage to amuse themselves most of the time by trying to see which can look the most like the other. We rather think that "Prof" is slipping it over on Jinny, at that.

Besides the societies mentioned above, "Prof" is a charter member of the Ananias Club. It has been very carefully doped out that he held 4937 jobs between graduation and teaching. He has a job to fit every

occasion, and makes an occasion to fit the spare ones. Cheer up! They sound pretty fair and they *might* have been true.

When you come right down to it, though the Civils may swear a blue streak about "Prof" to each other, just to hear themselves talk, they are ready to back him against any other man on the Hill. If we got as square a deal from all the profs as we do from our own, there wouldn't be any kick coming. Here's hoping that his shadow never grows less and that his Ananias qualities always stay by him.

A. Wilmer Duff, D.Sc., *Professor of Physics*

We all make the acquaintance of this member of the "A. W. Quartette" in the horrible course of Sophomore physics. This course, as taken from Professor Duff's book, and presented under his direction by his assistants, has caused more nightmares and sleepless nights than any other thing on the Hill. Very little is seen of "Dooff" outside of lectures, but all through the second year the touch of his guiding hand is felt, and many times the touch is heavy enough to retard greatly the progress through Tech. Until we pass beyond the realm of his control, we look upon him as a sort of ogre whom we must meet face to face and please sufficiently to be allowed to pass on; and once we are beyond the reach of his arm, we take care to think no further of the trials we have passed through in his domain.

William W. Bird, S.B., *Professor of Mechanical Engineering*

"Piggy" is supposed to have derived his nickname from his constant use of the term "pig" in his course in materials of construction. His chief characteristic is the inveterate habit of punning, which is redeemed by the occasional good joke which he inadvertently and, we suspect, unwittingly springs upon us. As head of the Mechanical Engineering Department and Director of the Washburn Shops, he has considerable influence in Institute affairs. He is always ready to use his influence to help those of the Mechanics who are among the "downs" from being forced into the "outs," and several of our number graduate on schedule time simply because of this fact. His specialty is long and complicated problems calling for maneuvers in mechanics or shop-costs, and he takes great delight in puzzling a whole class with one. He is a graduate of the Institute, Class of 1887, and is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Alton L. Smith, M.S.,

Professor of Drawing and Machine Design

Our predecessors introduced Professor Smith to us as “ Dingtoe,” and we have known him as such all through the course, without bothering to find a reason for the appellation. As head of the drawing and design courses, “ Ding ” works havoc among the Freshmen through the medium of descript, applied in copious doses by his assistants, “ Mac ” and “ Jimmy.” The Sophomores he lets by easy, but Juniors and Seniors he himself handles with the utmost freedom and carelessness. Kinematics is his trump card, and to those who can play to it he gives considerable freedom in design. His indifference as to time spent makes machine design a good substitute for real sleep. His concessions on time are his main attraction to those students who hanker for “ Bull ” between meals.

Charles M. Allen, M.S., *Professor of Hydraulic Engineering*

“ Any questions? ”

If you wish a thing well done do it yourself or—let Harvey do it. “ Charlie ” Allen says he wants things well done; Harvey has become very proficient as an instructor. Hydraulics is a very interesting course: one hydraulic (two stories)—deprecatory grins; one more hydraulic (series of anecdotes)—incredulous snickers; hydraulic number three (soaring flight of the imagination)—expostulatory guffaw.

Professor Allen is a graduate of the Institute in the Class of 1894, and entered the Department of Mechanical Engineering as an instructor immediately, receiving the degree of Master of Science in 1900. As Assistant Professor of Experimental Engineering since 1902, he has been endeavoring to make life agreeable to W. P. I. Seniors by gathering together and narrating to the class a collection of remarkable incidents in his career. His career has been very unusual.

Taken all around, “ Charlie ” is very popular with the boys. He is known actually to have laughed aloud on occasion, and one day in class he nearly opened his mouth while talking. Seldom is he away from the Institute; the liveliest and most ambitious man in the department, he has caused Harvey to worry for two years that there wouldn't be any work left to do.

Joseph O. Phelon, M.M.E., *Professor of Electrical Engineering*

“Uncle Joe,” with his slow, easy drawl and indifferent manner, appears, as he sits indolently on the table during lecture, to care not a whit as to what goes on in class. Questions asked of him are carelessly turned back on the one who propounded them to be answered, and as if this were not enough, other puzzling questions are put, much to the bewilderment of the poor would-be learners. Anyone who has seen him and heard him lecture will swear on honor that he is the laziest man on the Hill; yet despite this, we must say that the ground covered is great and the foundations laid for future work by the course under “Joe’s” guidance are solid and stable.

Albert S. Richey, E.E.,

Professor of Electric Railway Engineering

Professor Richey is one of the profs who are overburdened with work on the Hill. All through the second half-year, he has to deliver two lectures each week to embryo railway engineers, and then, too, he has some work with the P. G.’s. Three days in the week he appears on the Hill, unless he chances to be busy elsewhere, in which case he is thoughtful enough to prepare an examination and let Pope serve it. The results of these exams are, by the way, as a rule “universally unsatisfactory.” Notwithstanding this lazy man’s schedule, the course under him in railway engineering, together with his notes on the course, is the brightest spot in the second half of the senior year for the Electrics.

Carleton A. Read, S.B., *Professor of Steam Engineering*

When Professor Read speaks of “the Institute,” he doesn’t mean “the Institute,” but only M. I. T., from which he graduated. He came to us from the rural districts of Durham, N. H., to expound to us the intricacies of temperature-entropy charts and other thermodynamic playthings. His attempts to ignore questions which seemed ill-timed have raised havoc with discipline in his classes, and he is consequently often forced to announce, “We’ll wait,” until he can get an opportunity to send the “class to the board with steam tables.” Rumor has it that his bump of curiosity is large and active concerning the meaning of the cabalistic symbol “B. A.” which is frequently attached to his name. We would suggest that if he is still curious, he should send “Sammy” out to solve the mystery.

Edward L. Hancock, M.S., *Professor of Applied Mechanics*

Professor Hancock was an unknown quantity when he came to us at the first of our Junior year, but soon became one of the most popular of our profs. Both in classroom and in lab we have found him agreeable and considerate, which has helped to make his popularity. Before coming to the Institute, Professor Hancock had acquired considerable fame as an author of books on mechanics and kindred subjects. Since his coming he has rearranged the courses which he teaches in such a way as greatly to increase their value. We look back with pleasure to our associations with him.

Arthur W. Ewell, Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Physics*

Doctor Ewell has as yet failed to break down under the burden of a string of nicknames, such as "Punk," "Schusme," "Fizz," and others too numerous to mention. Having been long accustomed to deal with small units of time, he has evidently decided that the time consumed in enunciating the second syllable of "Mister" is wasted; consequently we have become accustomed to being addressed as "Miss" without thinking we had made a mistake and got into a co-ed school. His efforts to instill scientific accuracy into our methods have met with success as varied as the subjects into whom he tried to instill it. Pleasant memories will hover around the old brown cap which has so recently been elevated to a dignified position above the steering gear of the Doctor's new automobile. We shall be surprised if the Doctor's graceful form does not chase madly through our day dreams in pursuit of a probable error when we review memories of Tech at some future date.

Arthur D. Butterfield, M.S., A.M.,
Assistant Professor of Mathematics

If he should put on high leather boots and gauntlets one would think that a western ranchman was coming over the Hill. But when he has hung up his hat in his office and has entered the classroom, we find a broad-shouldered, robust man of athletic physique. When an undergraduate at the Institute, with the Class of 1893, Professor Butterfield was very much

interested in athletics, especially football. And he still has that interest, for he is always on deck at the games, and it is his custom to entertain the football team at his house each year. A singular trait, that is seen each year in his classroom, is the method in which he shows the students how to select an "arbitrarily chosen" point. He closes his eyes and hurls a piece of chalk in the general direction of the blackboard. If it strikes the slate he considers the point of impact as "arbitrarily chosen." Professor Butterfield usually has a few stories up his sleeve, and also he usually has a few problems for the class at the end of each hour. He enjoys sitting at his desk and watching the progress of the students in the "very simple" integrations that he has just put on the board. He enjoys taking the papers of each one, as they are brought up to him, and either "checking" them or, as he exhales a long breath, placing a long, lean question-mark through the whole example.

Howard Chapin Ives, C.E.,

Assistant Professor of Railroad Engineering

A second cousin to the gink that built the first wooden nutmeg, it stands to reason that "Reddy" comes from the Nutmeg State. There are many mysteries surrounding this specimen of the genus Civil. Possibly the most puzzling question that occurs to us is why he was ever christened Howard Chapin. How could they have gazed at his lovely, wavy, strawberry-blond locks and then have perpetrated Howard Chapin? Anyhow, the defect has been remedied and only in the catalogue can you find his official cognomen. "Reddy" he has been, is, and always will be, unless some of those Chemists get busy with the peroxide.

His early career was unmarked by any distinction except an ability to ask fool questions, a trait which he has never outgrown. Sheff was enlightened by his hair for three long years, but the sad part of it was that the enlightening was all one-sided, at least we have never seen any signs of reciprocation on Sheff's part.

After having dazzled Sheff, "Reddy" gave the Pennsylvania lines, "West of Pittsburg," the value of his presence. Don't forget that "West of Pittsburg," for that is the important part of the job. The only reason that he isn't down there now is because he was mistaken for a danger signal so often that they couldn't keep the schedule.

He hectored the poor cusses at U. of P. for a year or so and then we had to suffer. During his career at Tech, he has collected an enormous number of replies to his inevitable remark, "Are there any questions?" He always defers any answer to those questions until the next recitation, but we never knew that recitation to come.

But when all's said and done, there are lots of things that have been poked into our ivory domes by "Reddy" that never would have gotten there any other way. Like the rest of the department, he has given us a square deal, and when we leave the Hill we are leaving a good friend of the 1911 Civils.

George R. Olshausen, M.E., Ph. D.,

Assistant Professor of Theoretical Electrical Engineering

Professor Olshausen received his first degree in Washington University in 1890, and has acted in many and varied capacities since that time. His work has been mostly of a theoretical character, however, and because of remarkable proficiency in that respect, he came to the Institute in 1907 to teach mathematics and theoretical electrical engineering.

The courses in this subject have been unique to the students in their presentation. Professor Olshausen is wont to start a problem by remarking, "We'll take a point, 'p,' out here and call it 'q,'" and then goes on to explain, "It is not usually customary," but "all what you got to do," when the present system of units is not satisfactory, is to make another system, "if you like."

A living instance and exponent of the fourth possible curve in human attitude and poise, as well as an extreme advocate of the extended promulgation of the helical tendencies in gestures, George has endeared himself to us by his remarkable manner of conducting a class and by his absolute disregard of mathematical difficulties.

David L. Gallup, M.E., *Assistant Professor of Gas Engineering*

"Davy" has risen from the ranks of the instructors and become an assistant professor during our sojourn at Tech. Gas engines are his specialty, and he generally has one spitting violently into the atmosphere of

the lab and driving everyone else out into the open. Our intercourse with him has been limited to a few afternoons in lab and a twelve-hour course, followed by a two-year exam. His classroom recreation seems to be pumping the near-wise ones dry of information, and waxing sarcastic when the supply of information begins to fail. He is one of a few professors who are not afraid to get their hands dirty if necessary. He is a graduate of the Institute, Class of 1901, and as such he ought to know better.

Carl D. Knight, E.E.,

Assistant Professor of Experimental Electrical Engineering

C. D. graduated from Tech in 1903, but had such affection for Worcester and the Institute that he was unable to break away, and so stayed on as instructor in lab. Mechanics who work under him look upon him as a sort of ogre whose chief amusement is found in the bewilderment of the poor fellows who try to do his bidding without knowing exactly what is wanted. The Electrics, however, have found the reason for this method of teaching, and, as a result, are ready to agree that the lab course as presented under the direction of Professor Knight is one of the very best, and that without it the department would be sadly lacking.

F. Bonnet, Jr., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Chemistry*

Doctor Bonnet, the reformed civil engineer, the man without a nickname, is a hard one to describe. His cherubic countenance has nearly caused his hazing at the hands of ignorant Sophs, but that can't happen now, as he lectures to the Freshmen. We remember how he spruced up, pressed his pants, took a reef in his collar, and cut out the dope-sticks shortly after coming under the influence of the present Mrs. B.—but he's married now, and his family cares have put him back where he was. He is apt to take a fellow into his confidence, beginning thus: "You know, when you've got a baby," etc.; and there follows a philosophical talk on the difficulty of renting a flat, and the necessity of buying yourself a house. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but if absolute agreement with all expressed opinions comes next, we imagine that the acting head of the Chem Department feels quite tickled after a talk with Bonnet. But, to drop the slamming, if you want to know anything about chemistry, ask Bonnet; it has to be some sticker to make him say, "I don't know."

R. C. Sweetser, S.B., *Assistant Professor of Analytical Chemistry*

“Bobby” first dawned on our horizon after midyears of the Sophomore year; and what took us all completely by surprise was that really he was not a chronic grouch at all, despite his grim and forbidding aspect. We remember most distinctly the first time he was attacked by a smile in our presence, and since then we have each of us, individually, made him smile at least once. And since A. J. arrived in the Civil Department, with his demonstration of the absolutely stationary physiognomy, “Bobby” has realized that he is out of the running, and now he smiles whenever he feels like it. His lecturing has improved. We suspect that at first he used to have a good, hearty chuckle to himself after every lecture, from the knowledge that there was just so much less talking to do in the future; but now, aside from that confounded “that is” which slips away from him and simply has to be followed by more or less explanatory matter, he gets along quite well. But there is one thing in which nobody else on the Faculty can touch “Bobby,” and that is in patience. We would like to see anybody else keep his spirit unruffled during a single afternoon of the flood of inanity that emanates from a bunch of Sophs. That, together with his willingness to do anything under the sun to help a fellow out when he’s stuck, is what we shall always remember about “Bobby.”





INSTRUCTORS

Instructors

DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S.B., *Instructor in General Chemistry.*

JOHN JERNBERG, *Instructor in Forge Practice.*

H. P. FAIRFIELD, *Instructor in Machine Construction.*

D. F. CALHANE, PH.D., *Instructor in Industrial and Electro-Chemistry.*

WILBER R. TILDEN, *Instructor in Pattern-making.*

AUSTIN M. WORKS, A.M., *Instructor in Language.*

JOHN R. McCONNELL, S.B., *Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.*

JAMES C. DAVIS, S.B., *Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.*

FRANCIS J. ADAMS, E.E., *Instructor in Electrical Engineering.*

WALTER D. STEARNS, E.E., *Instructor in Experimental Electrical Engineering.*

JAMES A. BULLARD, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

CHARLES J. ADAMS, B.A., *Instructor in Modern Languages.*

SAMUEL E. BALCOM, *Instructor in Management of Engines and Boilers.*

ALBERT W. HULL, PH.D., *Instructor in Physics.*

MORTON MASIUS, PH.D., *Instructor in Physics.*

ALBERT A. NIMS, S.B., *Instructor in Physics.*

WILLARD HEDLUND, S.B., *Instructor in Civil Engineering.*

RAYMOND K. MORLEY, A.M., PH.D., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

ARTHUR J. KNIGHT, S.B., *Instructor in Civil Engineering.*

FRANCIS W. ROYS, S.B., *Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.*

BURTON L. GRAY, *Instructor in Foundry Practice.*

RALPH D. WHITMORE, S.B., *Graduate Assistant in Mechanical Engineering.*

RAY H. TABER, S.B., *Graduate Assistant in Electrical Engineering.*

WILLIAM C. GREENOUGH, S.B., *Graduate Assistant in Electrical Engineering.*

MILLARD F. CLEMENT, S.B., *Graduate Assistant in Physics.*



ELECTRICAL LABORATORY

The Pretenders



ONE-ACT farce presented Monday evenings weekly, without auspices, and under the management of no one in particular; subject to change in detail, but always portraying the earnest efforts of a group of individuals to accomplish miracles without doing anything.

Cast of Characters

HARRY, commissary,
ED, chairman of gathering,
MIKE, an earnest worker,
ROY, literary light,
MONK, master of slang,
EDDIE, general critic,
CONK, a very busy man,
PAT, master of the vocabulary,

R. E. Harrington
E. M. Flaherty
M. J. Callahan
A. L. Atherton
H. E. Stowell
E. I. Gardiner
H. P. Conklin
P. E. Hanaver

Meeting opens with editors seated about the room in business-like attitudes: Monk and Eddie sitting cross-legged at the table discussing latest show; Mike in deep thought; Ed and Pat engaged in a serious game of chess, with Roy looking on from the fireplace.

Mike: "Let's get down to business."

Ed: "Checkmate."

Monk spits into fireplace. Discussion continues. Applause from Roy as game is decided finished.

Ed (rising, leaning with one hand on the table, the other on hip in dramatic attitude): "Who's going to do the class history?"

Roy borrows the "makin's."

Eddie: "I heard a corker to-day. Two fellows were traveling on a Pullman, you know, and—" (Tells story. Loud laughter follows, whereupon Monk spits into fireplace.)

Ed: "I wonder where Conklin is."

Mike: "Let's get down to business."

Pat: "Have you heard what occurred in hydraulics the other day? Some intellectual individual was sententiously endeavoring to promulgate the hypothesis that—" (*Dodges a pillow and endeavors to look unconcerned amidst vociferous expressions of disapprobation.*)

Monk deftly expectorates into fireplace and Roy starts to borrow the "makin's."

Eddie (*producing little yellow box*): "Let's have a good smoke."

Monk grasps a cigarette firmly between first and middle fingers, and holds it as if it were a cigar. *Editors smoke.*

Mike: "I have an idea on that class history. Let's get down to business."

Ed: "I wonder where Conklin is."

Harry enters with large pie and can of milk.

Monk directs voluminous stream of saliva toward fireplace, and all assail refreshments.

Chorus: "I wonder where Conklin is."

Conklin arrives.

Roy (*immediately*): "I want some money from you." And thereupon an interesting discussion on Tau Beta Pi matters ensues. The remainder of the editors endeavor to carry on the meeting.

Mike: "Let's get down to business."

Ed: "How about those Electrics' write-ups? And oh, has anybody done anything about the class history?"

Monk hurriedly salivates towards the fireplace and, lighting pipe, produces literature from inside pocket. He reads, overcome with mirth.

Ed: "A funny one happened on Jennings to-day." (*Relates story.* Roy borrows "makin's.")

Mike rises for departure. General movement follows.

Pat: "I think these meetings are very productive of results. Don't you think they should occur weekly?"

Mike: "However, we ought to get down to business."

Great approval is expressed upon results of meeting, and editors depart in great self-satisfaction.

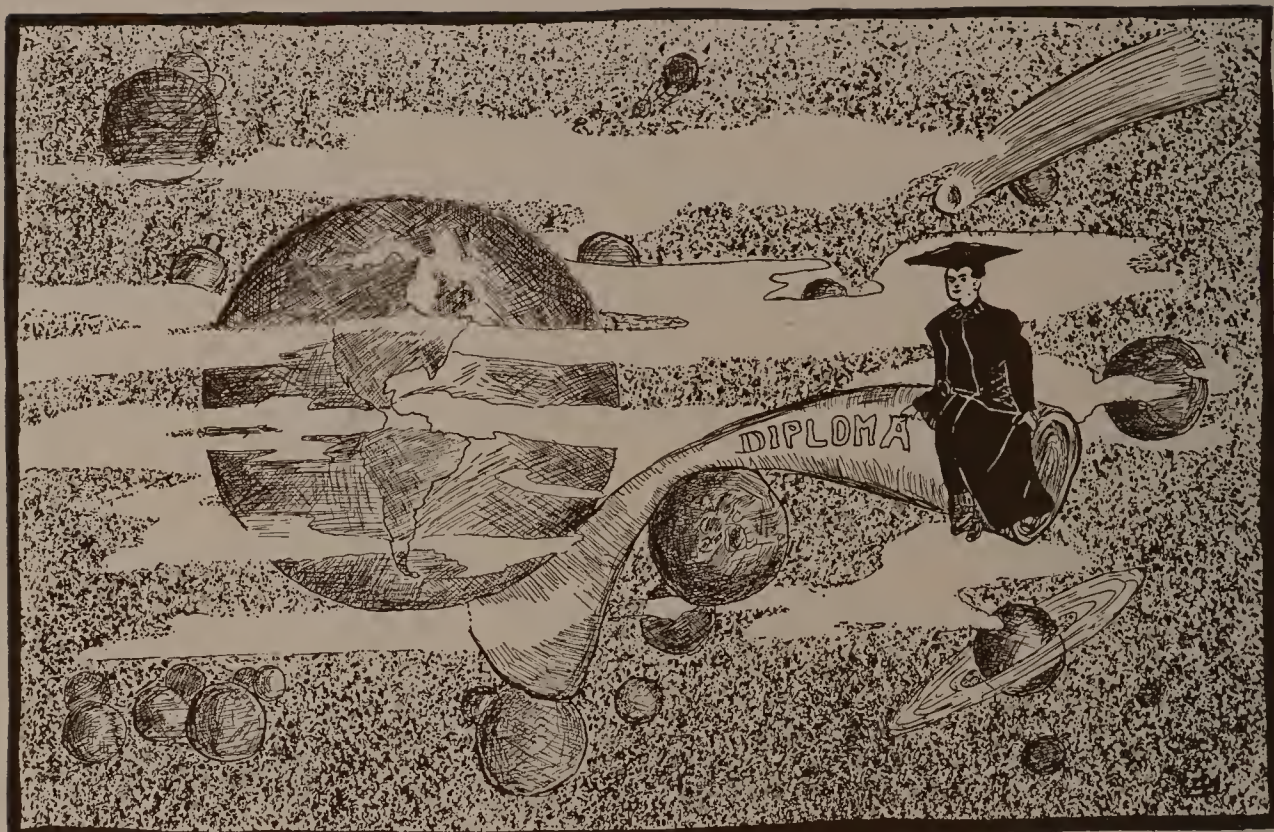




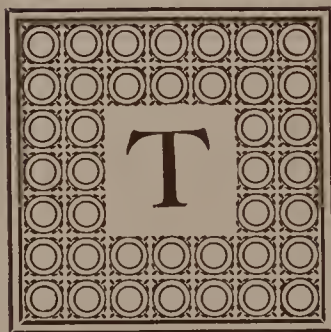
In Memoriam

EMIL S. GRAN

DIED SEPTEMBER 28, 1908



Looking Forward



HE aero express glided slowly into the station and came to a full stop. A man whose appearance indicated a long residence in tropical climate turned up his coat collar and shivered in anticipation of the chill atmosphere outside. He stepped out upon the platform and stood gazing around in open-mouthed wonder. Had he ever seen this place before? The station bore the name "Lincoln Square," but in vain did his gaze seek the shady corner "under the lilacs," the old trysting-place of yore. While he thus mused and gazed, the elevator took its load of passengers and dropped from sight. The returned wanderer stepped upon the escalator and moved slowly downwards, still gazing. At the street level he paused to view a most extraordinary sight. Led by a ragtime band, line after line of husky youths breezily clad in pajamas passed by, singing heartily a song which, although unfamiliar, somehow seemed to start his pulse a-pounding. He looked long at the line to see what was the nature of the gathering. Just then a new song was started by the

paraders, and Old Grad, for such he was, recognized with a thrill the old, familiar "Polly Wolly." He joined in the chorus with so good a will that the man in front moved out of range, meanwhile so plainly showing evidence of extreme disgust that Old Grad asked him what was the matter. "It makes me sick!" was the reply. "This bum burg is slopping over with those confounded Techs, and every blasted one of them has got such a swelled head that you can't go near him, and all on account of a measly football game. They trimmed Yale 5-0 this afternoon, so they are all out in their nightshirts trying to make a hit. They've kept that crazy custom for fifteen years, ever since they began to trim us. We used to wallop them so hard they didn't dare read the reports of the games, but now they are so snotty they won't play us since they got into the big six class."

"I guess you come from Holy Cross, don't you?" said Old Grad.

"Yes, I do," was the reply, "and here's where I beat it. I've seen enough of this foolishness."

Old Grad had food for reflection. He forgot the chill discomfort of the atmosphere and stood on the corner watching eagerly till the last of the mile-long display of night apparel had passed. Then he followed the crowd. A few minutes' walk brought him to a large building which apparently housed some five hundred yelling inmates. Songs and cheers tore the atmosphere into small bits, which floated by on the wind. He walked up to the door and looked in. In a large, comfortable reading-room which adjoined the spacious hall, a student who sat reading looked up as Old Grad approached.

"What is this building?" asked Old Grad.

"This is Logan Hall, built by the alumni last year in honor of Ex-president Logan, who resigned in June. There are rooms for five hundred students here. What do you think of it?"

"It's a beauty," replied Old Grad. "When I was here the whole school could have lived in this house."

"You must be an old-timer."

"Only as far back as '11," he replied. "I've been in South America for some years. This is the first time I've been back. I'm going to take a good look at the place in the morning."

"Why don't you go up to the meeting to-night? There's to be a big celebration in Alumni Hall; I'll show you the way."

They went up the street, on both sides of which were large buildings, in which lights went out in rapid succession as crowds of eager students hurried up the street. In vain did Old Grad look for familiar landmarks. Not one did he see till, after passing a number of dark buildings, he recognized the old Boynton Hall tower. They passed by, and Old Grad prepared for the old stone steps and the steep path, but instead he walked over a level terrace which led to the second floor of a colossal building which stood in the place of the erstwhile dump. Tremendous songs and cheers came from

the large hall, which occupied a whole floor and which his guide stated could seat two thousand easily. It was now nearly full of wildly cheering Tech men, who sang and cheered each man on the victorious team, till well into the wee hours. Finding that a number of rooms on the top floor were reserved to the use of the alumni, Old Grad secured a bunk and pondered the events of the evening till sleep relieved him from duty.

In the morning he awoke, pinched himself hard, and decided that it was really true, after which he dressed and went to breakfast. In the dining-hall he found a number of alumni, including one of his own class, who was also making his first visit. After comparing notes they started on a tour of investigation. The Alumni Building first claimed their attention. This colossal affair was a five-story concrete structure. A mammoth gymnasium with its eight-lap track and huge swimming pool, with shower baths and locker-rooms galore, occupied the basement. Three times did our friends get lost in the maze, from which they finally emerged with expressions of incredulous wonder. On the second floor were a reading-room and the large hall. The third floor boasted bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, and a number of smoking-rooms, where opportunities were given to prevent the bad effects of over-study. The fourth floor was devoted entirely to offices and committee rooms, where the various student organizations could conduct their business affairs without interference with each other. The fifth floor was the alumni headquarters. Here were the office of the Alumni Association, and sleeping and dining rooms reserved for the use of visiting alumni.

Pursuing their investigations they started out to see the campus. The Hill was found to be surrounded with dormitories on all sides. The steep paths had disappeared. Elevators in the various buildings now brought the students from the street to the level of the Hill. Boynton Hall remained the same outside, but inside—ye gods! What a change! Where, oh, where was the old “rat-hole” and its companion room of the lockless lockers? Gone, but not forgotten by those who knew them in their palmy days. The old gray stones now housed the offices of the Institute, where the President, the Registrar, and the Dean each had his quarters and did his duty at the helm of affairs. Gone completely were the old Washburn Shops, foundry and power house. In their place was a spick span new building covering half the Hill and devoted to the same purposes. In vain did they look for the old Engineering and Salisbury Laboratories. Their places were taken by much larger buildings with more extensive equipment. An enlarged Electrical Laboratory Building marked to the wondering grads the end of the Hill, but across the street they saw the Civil Engineering Building, flanked by several more dormitories. The steps of the Electrical Laboratories brought back to the old grads memories of the hose and its adventures, as, conversing in a reminiscent vein, they strolled down to look at

the pond wherein underclassmen were prone to fall at times. What was their amazement to find the place of the coffee-colored pond filled by a smoothly graded field which was divided off to include within the capacious grandstand a quarter-mile track with the customary straightaway, and also a baseball diamond and a football gridiron, while the rest of the field was devoted to tennis courts and a hockey rink ready to be flooded, while at the extreme upper end, where they used to go to the circus, they observed an aviation field, over which hovered an aeroplane which was guided by wireless from a station on the Hill.

By this time Old Grad had pinched himself black and blue in trying to assure himself that he was really awake, and he decided to take a look about town before leaving on the night express. He found a busy city of 250,000, and everywhere he went he saw Tech men. In the course of the afternoon he rambled as far as the Lake, where he found a magnificent club-house flying the Tech flag, and from which there now emerged a Tech crew for a practice spin before closing the house for the winter. Old Grad shivered in sympathy as he buttoned his coat and wended his way citywards.

"The Holy Cross guy was right," he mused. "This burg is slopping over with Techs. I'd like to stay here a few days and see if the place is as good as it looks; but it's my move," he added as he looked at his watch and made tracks for the station and the New York express.



The Athletic Association



MYSTERIOUS, hidden, darkly tempting, a being, yet withal an elusive one, it has been the ghostly guest at our four years' sojourn at the Institute. Early we heard of its existence; early it gave promise of revealing itself; early it demanded its yearly tribute, but then, alas, sunk back, and ne'er again appeared to gladden our eyes. Scarcely had our homeless feet become somewhat familiar with the well-worn paths of Freshman year, when we were told of the great honor which had fallen, all unasked, to our lot. We had become members of that mysterious gathering, that solemn deliberative body, that powerful hidden spring of pulsing Tech athletic activities—the Athletic Association. Flushed and exultant with the great honor, we eagerly sought to enter into its activities, to become a part of the all-conquering power, and to be one of the enthusiastic participants of its excited, tumultuous meetings. Alas, it was not to be! Members we were in sooth, but the all-enveloping secrecy, the dark hidden mystery, was not thus easily revealed.

Such was the situation then, but now—? Have we penetrated the dark veil of secrecy? Have we arrived at the mystery? Some there are to whom the darkest is now the clearest; but to all the other benighted ones, the mysterious pall still hangs as heavy and impenetrable as ever.

Boynton Hall, scene of many dark secrets, would perhaps yield copious material for further investigation. A sound of low-voiced argument proceeds from Room 15. Ah, 'tis a meeting of the Board of Directors. Three grave and solemn gentlemen lend dignity to a group of younger, more headstrong compatriots, whose habiliments give indication of their various callings. Here is the core of the secret; here is the fount of the mystery. Their duty it is to lead and direct the ponderous workings of that mighty institution which directs Tech athletics. No easy task theirs, no sinecure of ease and languor, but a cold, business-like proposition, requiring the best in brains and energy. Often their very actions and decisions bring down upon them the censure of that inert mass, the student body, to whom the all-enveloping mystery causes a suspicion of their leadership.

Theirs also it is to bear that terrible burden which has always haunted

the fields of Tech athletics—finance. Fortunately the spectre is nearly laid, the ghost no longer flaunts his terrible shape threateningly across the distant horizon; no longer do the red-inked splashes of acting Treasurer Coombs cause the Directors' hearts to sink. However, it has not been an easy fight, and they have struggled on through adverse conditions, panics, utter lack of interest of the students, until to-day the Association stands as firmly entrenched among Tech organizations as the stones of Boynton Hall. Every branch of athletics is cared for with appropriations, and all bills are paid. Surely such leadership deserves the fullest credit.

Well it was that we of 1911 had among us those whose talents and abilities could cope with such an irksome task. Early in Freshman year, the fiery "Sandy" put his shoulder to the wheel, and in latter years the task has been no less well cared for. That sterling athlete, "Birdie," has risen through the various positions of Secretary and Vice-president to the highest honor in Senior year. Others who have done their part well are: Sophomore year, "Doc" Spicer, director; Junior year, "Sam" Nims, treasurer, and Brown, director; Senior year, "Sam" Nims again as director. A brief résumé of some of the more vital actions of the Board may show the progress made during our sojourn at the Institute.

On Sept. 28, 1907, the Board voted to elect all assistant managers of athletic teams, the latter having previously been appointed by the managers. On March 11, 1909, track athletics were abolished by a vote of the Board, but the referendum clause in the constitution proved its worth in such an outpouring of enthusiasm on March 15 that the Board reconsidered its decision, after \$288 had been subscribed in support of athletics. In laying tribute the Board again has shown an increasing aggressiveness. Sept. 28, 1907, it demanded a yearly payment of \$3 from each student; the next year it increased the levy to \$4 in two payments, one each half; in Junior year it demanded \$4 from each student on or before Nov. 15. The latest plan was an immediate success, and during the latter half of our school life, we have had the proud pleasure of leading the way, and guaranteeing the full amount from our class treasury. Thus has the old man of the sea, who for so long clung so tenaciously to the organization, finally lost his grip and fallen down, conquered.

To us of 1911 the growth of the Association to this firm condition will always be a source of satisfaction and keenest pleasure. Coming into the Institute at a time when the organization was passing through one of the most critical periods of its existence, we cannot but feel that the lively interest and enthusiasm displayed by the class helped to put the organization upon its present firm, solid basis. Not in a boastful attitude do we say it, but as one to whom this Association has always been a very vital and exceedingly desirable interest among Tech activities. To Professor Coombs, also, do we extend our heartiest admiration and esteem, for it was he who first

brought the Association to our attention, and whose labors and careful judgment made possible the successful conclusion.

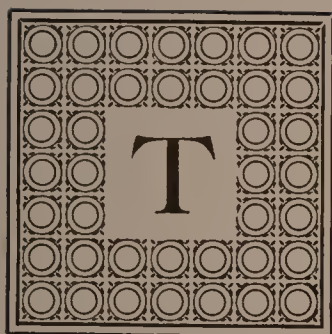
Thus in four years we have witnessed the passage of the Athletic Association through the most crucial period of its growth. We have seen the structure reared upon a firm foundation, and it is with a happy feeling of having done our share that we leave the Institute.

“W” Men of 1911

Brown	Hartwell	Leckie
Donath	James	Nims
Hallenbeck	Kennedy	Wolcott
Halligan	Landon	Harrington



The Y. M. C. A.



THE Tech "Y. M." has been in existence ever since the Institute made its entree among the higher educational institutions of this wide country, and thus it can claim to be listed with the other antiques of our Hill acquaintances. It is in fact the oldest student organization on the Hill. In 1891 it was reorganized and made a member of the World's Student Christian Federation, and since then it has been one of the leading, pushing, hustling, student activities, and has grown steadily in power and influence.

The "Y. M." holds forth to help fellows lead a manly, Christian life. Religious meetings are held once a week, and in addition Bible-study classes conducted by the upperclassmen are carried on during the winter months, and are an important part of the work. All students are welcome at these meetings, and outside speakers are frequently heard. A few years ago the Association began the pleasant custom of giving the Freshman class a reception in the early part of the year. At this reception, some of the most popular "profs" speak, as well as the most prominent athletes, and the Freshmen are given their first taste of real Tech enthusiasm.

The "Tech Bible," that little red hand-book, so essential and so satisfactory in many a crisis on Tech Hill, is another product of the ingenuity and earnest, progressive spirit of the "Y. M." Starting with our Freshman year, this little encyclopedia of information for the Freshman, and that indispensable aid for the upperclassmen, has been a most pleasing feature of Tech life.

This year a new feature was introduced into the Association. An advisory committee composed of members of the Faculty and alumni have obtained a graduate secretary for the Association, who began his duties in May. This is a new feature for the Association, and it is looking forward to increased influence and effectiveness in the life on the Hill.

The Association has the hearty approval of the whole student body and the Faculty. This has from time to time been shown in their generous response to that "Y. M." collection. To the future generations at Tech, we commend its hearty support and enthusiastic approval.

Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS

President, P. C. Kneil, '11.

Vice-president, L. H. Treadwell, '12.

Treasurer, E. H. Keeler, '12.

Recording Secretary, A. H. Gridley, '13.

Corresponding Secretary, H. P. King, '12.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Bible Study, E. E. Gilmore, '13.

Religious Meetings, A. E. Stewart, '12.

Missions, D. Purrington, '13.

Handbook, J. M. Walker, '12.

Information, G. I. Gilchrest, '12.

Northfield, R. D. Whitmore, '09.

Industrial, J. A. Bullard.

Graduate Secretary, C. P. Shedd.

The Journal



THE *Journal*, characterized in the catalogue as the official organ of the Institute, finishes, with the expiration of the current school year, its fourteenth volume. It first made its appearance in 1897, and was started, partly to fill the blank left by the defunct "W. P. I." and partly to furnish a medium for the publication of articles of scientific or engineering interest written by men connected with the Institute. It appears bi-monthly, five times during the school year. The undergraduate staff consists of three editors and three managers, under the direction of a member of the Faculty, who acts as managing editor. Besides the space devoted to the articles mentioned, the *Journal* contains departments as follows: Institute Notes, Alumni Notes, Proceedings of Societies, and Book Reviews. Owing to its infrequent occurrence, and hence the antique flavor of its news items, the *Journal* has never had much of a circulation among the student body; it is, from its very nature, an alumni publication, and as such it is a decided success. During the current year, the staff has endeavored to make the publication still more efficient as a bond between the alumni and the school, and between the alumni themselves. Efforts have been made to have each class represented by at least one item in the Alumni Notes of each issue; and the managing editor has given much of his time and attention to making the secretaries of the graduated classes realize the influence they can wield by keeping in touch with every member of their individual classes, and keeping each member interested, as much as possible, in the affairs of the Institute.

The Journal Staff

Philip S. Cushing, '11, *Editor-in-chief*.

Franklin B. Furber, '12, *Assistant Editor*.

Harry B. Lindsay, '13, *Assistant Editor*.

Representing the Alumni, A. D. Butterfield, '93, Worcester, Mass.

George A. Denny, '95, Philadelphia, Pa.

Allen H. Foster, '83, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. H. Drury, Chicago, Ill.

Robert H. Taylor, '95, San Francisco, Cal.

Louis C. Smith, '92, Boston, Mass.

Percy E. Barbour, '96, Goldfield, Nev.

F. O. Price, '00, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F. R. Davis, Schenectady, N. Y.

J. E. Smith, '06, Washington, D. C.

W. D. Stearns, '06, Worcester, Mass.

R. J. Dearborn, '03, Pittsburg, Pa.

F. C. Brigham, '02, Springfield, Mass.

E. B. Whipple, '94, Providence, R. I.

Prof. George H. Haynes, *Managing Editor*.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Prof. A. W. French, Prof. A. D. Butterfield, Prof. C. M. Allen, Prof. J. O.

Phelon, Prof. Frederic Bonnet, Jr.

Edward H. Classen, '11, *Business Manager*.

John M. Walker, '12, *Assistant Business Manager*.

Ernest A. Hamilton, '13, *Assistant Business Manager*.

TECH NEWS



VOL. 2—NO. 10.

WORCESTER, MASS., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1910

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HOLY CROSS COULD NOT COME BACK

Rah! Rah! Tech!

Hoya, P.I., P.I., Chu-Chu, Hika-
Hika, Tech!

0-0

Tennis Tournament Completed

Kennedy Again Victor

Ball Team Wins, 16 to 3.

Tech Ball Team Annihilates Pratt
Institute's Pitching Staff.

Whatever doubt may have been entertained
hitherto about the ability of the
Nims pitched a magnificent game.

Wireless Association

E. B. Moore Addresses
First Meeting

Worcester Tech, Oh Polytech.

Relay Team Defeats Brown University at Providence

In the swiftest and most spectacular
relay race of the evening, our relay team
took the measure of the Brown team
and won a hard-fought victory at
annual indoor meet of the Army
held in the State Armory at
last Saturday.
Time 23.10

Tech News Association.

First Steps Towards Perpetuating
the Newspaper.

Seniors Struggle

Neither Side Has Wind Enough
to Score

The big game has come and gone.
Everybody is living, or rather



NEW HEADQUARTERS THE TECH NEWS

Tech News will be located
in the building shown in
the New News has
Dr. Mass its
SIC-VA XI
to the regular meeting of the 11th.

BALL TEAM WINS.

Trounces Rhode Island State College in
Handy Fashion.

SCHMIDT AGAIN!

At Myopia, Sept. 26 and Oct. 1, Mass.
and Pennsylvania teams on Friday
morning, a set of 10 singles in the
morning, and 1 out of 3 in the
evening.

Alumni Spirit Strong

Board Track a Certainty at Tech

Tech and M. I. T. to Combine

President of the Latter to Make Visit
To-day

Farmers Fall.

Fall River Club Wins a Decisive
Victory at Baseball.

Mass Meeting

Professors Present
Prizes

Loses Hard Game

Captain Halligan's Touchdown

Not Allowed

Delegation at Student Conference

Seven Men Go To Northfield—A Most
Successful Summer

Tech's delegation to the TECH NEWS has six hundred readers
every week. The up-to-dateness and the quality
of the NEWS have a hold on its readers.

The Musical Clubs

An Announcement

This year the Glee Club is looking for
to an unusually successful season
and all the best



SDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910

Tech Admitted

Elected as Member of
N. E. I. A.
Intercollegiate Asso
In Boston at Note

Sophomores Take a Ride

Freshmen Tow 1913 Through the
Pond
Gently, very gently, with
leaps and bounds.

WEDNESDAY
Glee Club
Y. M. C.
THURSDAY
Y. M. C.
Cosmopolitan
FRIDAY
Orchestra
Y. M. C.
Meeting
Social
Meeting
5 p.m.
and
Y. M. C.

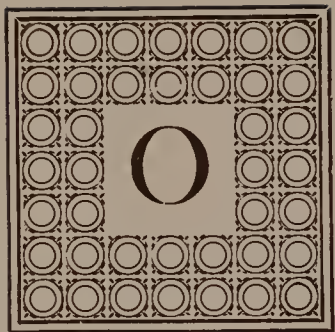
CHEMISTS GO SURVEYING

In double as to whether the locality
that and about Tech Hill has ever been properly
surveyed, and clearing accurate

Tech News

SCENE I

“ The seed is sown ”



ON A hot summer's day two years ago, there might have been seen sitting on the steps of a laboratory at the great University, Harvard, two gentlemen, who from all appearances were engaged in some important discussion. One, a slight chap, erect, with twinkling eyes and black, wiry hair, held a cigarette in his lady-like hand, with which he occasionally described figures in the air to add emphasis to his harangue. Below him sat a thick-set, sturdy fellow, a look of most intense, agonizing concentration on his face, and as the speech of his mate neared its climax, the emphatic gyrations of his head showed that he heartily concurred with the views expressed. “ Yu shu are right,” he returned, with a word-defying shake as the other paused to take a puff from the cigarette, and then with renewed vigor to take up the thread again as the pair entered the laboratory.

SCENE II

“ And some fell upon good ground ”

The background has shifted and now we return to familiar ground. It is a “ Tech ” room: “ Tech ” banners adorn the walls of a brightly lighted room, the members of 1911 gaze down in two compact groups, memories of hard-fought fields. Yonder on a couch, with his legs tucked under him, sits our black-haired friend with his ever present cigarette, and a stream of sorely tried English pouring from his vocal organ. A graphophone, under the skillful management of our other hero, is grinding out the soothing strains of the “ Merry Widow,” and he is doing his best to help along with a piercing whistle while keeping time with his head. Suddenly a quick, nervous step is heard, and a military looking gentleman strides into the room: “ You make me tired, Stewart; you're only here ten minutes, and you're whistling already. And you, Chin, cut out the smoking; Lee, for

heaven's sake, forget the rare earths. Let's get down to business," and with nervous rapidity, Baron Eschholz seats himself. And now came a battle of words. Did Tech need a paper? In fifteen minutes, with thirty thousand well-chosen words, Chin proved the necessity. Its possibilities, all could point them out. Would it be successful? Steve Brodie took a chance! Late that night, the group broke up, and the graphophone told how "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

SCENE III

"And some fell in Missouri "

A double-chinned, rather corpulent gentleman, chewing a clover-stalk, sat cross-examining three of our actors, he of the cigarette (it was among the missing just then), the Rooseveltian type, and the high-tensioned Dutchman. Hope, touched somewhat by anxiety, shone from the faces of all, but the questioner fired the questions so thick and fast that their faces soon became as glum and long as Tech Hill on an icy morning. The prosecution summed up their case (a long, masterly attack), and then the cross-examiner made his reply, "I'm from Missouri." All three filed out and repaired to the Tech room, where he of the rare earths sought to console them with "Cheer up, My Honey," on the graphophone. At this the Dutchman proved his color by flying (about the room) in a rage; the others left *sine die*.

SCENE IV

"And on his trembling slide rule— "

Same scene as II, same characters. Now all were serious, and with great care and deliberation they made and compared calculations and estimations. At last there was a shout of triumph; they had conquered.

SCENE V

"And yet 'twas a wondrous victory "

A room in Boynton Hall. The same three are presenting a case to three older figures. One a tall, lank individual, ornamented with a slide rule, did most of the questioning. Joe P. and 'Lil' Arthur bowed their entire confidence. Everything ran on smoothly, for Dutchy smoothly and dexterously answered all inquiries, and after a short conference, there was a vote of consent; and with joyous hearts the three hurried off to announce to the rare earth individual that a new Tech paper was possible. "Hurrah for the *Tech News!*" he shouted, and *Tech News* it was.

Thus it was that *Tech News* became a part of our Tech life, and came to mark one of the greatest advances in student activity on the Hill. Well

may we of 1911 thank its originators—now, alas, only one is with us—for they have done something that in future life will bring a thrill of pride to our breasts and of joy to our hearts. To us the names of Otto C. Eschholz, Yu Shu Chin, Olan Ivan Lee and Stanley P. Stewart will always recall the fondest and proudest memory of our class history.

Once that permission was granted, work pushed on at a merry pace, and with the beginning of our Junior year at Tech came the pleasant surprise to most of us, the *Tech News*. A bright, breezy sheet, it filled a long-felt want, and leaped into instant popularity with the student body. Modern methods prevailed, the editors followed school life and subjects closely, and Wednesday morning began to be looked forward to. A Tech News association was organized and the following officers elected:

President, W. T. Montague.

Vice-president, Wm. Coley.

Secretary, Carl Weidenmiller.

Treasurer, the Business Manager of *Tech News*.

Under the supervision of Eschholz and Power, assisted by Flaherty, Cummings, Kennedy and Poore on the editorial staff, and by Stewart, Bigelow and Montague of the business staff, the first volume of the paper was published with a marked degree of success. Thirty-one issues were run, including innumerable cuts, four thousand inches of news, and fifteen hundred of advertising matter. The staff for the first year of its existence included:

Editor-in-chief, Otto H. Eschholz, 1910.

Assistant Editor, Henry R. Power, 1911.

Society Editor, Edmund M. Flaherty, 1911.

Athletic Editor, Paul S. Kennedy, 1910.

Department Editor, Howard E. Stowell, 1911.

Managing Editor, Homer D. Poore, 1911.

Business Manager, Stanley P. Stewart, 1911.

Advertising Manager, Bryant Bigelow, 1911.

Subscription Manager, Wallace Montague, 1911.

Settled firmly in the hearts of the student body, and with everything bright for success, the *Tech News* entered the second year of its existence, the last year which we spent upon the Hill. More than ever its columns were the outlet for student opinions, and the masterly endeavors of Billy Aitch helped to liven the snappy issues. Not to be behind, the *News* managers succeeded in obtaining the use of an entire building for the office and home of the paper, and to-day the *Tech News* stands as an equal with any

college paper in the country. More cuts and inches of advertising were run than during the first year, and the number of subscribers was increased. During the year the staff was made up as follows:

Editor-in-chief, Henry R. Power, 1911.

Assistant Editor, Philip S. Cushing, 1911.

Society Editor, Edmund M. Flaherty, 1911.

Athletic Editor, Patrick E. Hanaver, 1911.

Department Editor, Howard E. Stowell, 1911.

Managing Editor, Homer D. Poore, 1911.

Exchange Editor, Leon H. Treadwell, 1912.

Business Manager, Stanley P. Stewart, 1911.

Advertising Manager, Carl R. Weidenmiller, 1911.

Subscription Manager, Clarence W. Taft, 1911.

The Class of 1911 leaves behind a monument to the energy, push and executive ability of its members. A peculiar monument, it cannot stand alone; it rests on the foundation sustained by the living student body. If this body is stupid, disloyal, lazy, or dull, the foundation, and hence the structure, falls. We who are leaving do not expect to see the monument leave its position. If anything, we desire and expect to see in the future the foundation strengthened and reinforced by active loyal Tech men. We expect and hope on returning to the Hill to see this monument firmer than ever, standing to quicken the pulses of all Tech men, recalling that there is real unity of purpose, and a credit to our class and to the Institute.



The Cause of the Riot

All was quiet on the Potomac, figuratively speaking, meaning that while "Ding" talked to A. H., "de gang" dozed peacefully before a lay-out of isometric, third angle, and other nondescript (literally speaking) projections of purely imaginary and impossible machinery. Back in the ten-cent seats a little light conversation enlivened a portion of the otherwise dull atmosphere. Suddenly, the atmosphere became electrified, and all sat up to take notice of the cause of the forcible and decisive enunciation, "I'm on!" In a few moments, the articles of war came around for the signatures of the daring ones who would invite the ridicule of the jealous ones, whose facial adornments did not include the makings of hirsute paraphernalia. In its final form it appeared thusly:

DIVISION A

CLASS



OF 1911

SIGILLUM
PINWHISKOS



HEREAS:=====

HOC SEMPER FRUSTRATIBUS MCGINNIS

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO UNITE TO ACT TOGETHER IN THIS SCHEME:

THAT, HENCEFORTH, UNTIL EASTER VACATION, TO LEAVE THE UPPER LIP UNSHAVEN, VARYING ONLY ON WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE COMMITTEE; THIS TO TAKE EFFECT AS SOON AS THE SENIOR PORTRAIT BE TAKEN.

W. S. Porter
Chas. T. Leigh
Horace Z. Landon
D. A. Hamilton

W. I. Randall
A. H. Reid
H. G. Parker
"R- T-" Read (P. H.)

H. E. Stowell
S. P. Stewart
Noel Totti
J. A. Patch

Charles E. Gillett L. S. ☐
Wm. T. Donath L. S. ☐

Howard P. Chace L. S. ☐
E. H. Classen

Not till after the Tech banquet did all join the procession, and some made excuse of an intercollegiate fussing trip for violating the rules. Finally, all lined up for business, and just before vacation, all who believed the crop worth exhibiting lined up for a picture. The over-zealous photographer failed to show on his films the bristles in sufficient quantity to justify his labor expenditure, so, to be strictly truthful, gentle reader, this picture portrays those who thought they had a chance of raising a real mustache before shuffling off this mortal coil; but several of those warlike mustachios are the product of the photographer's art, rather than the result of the evolution of natural physiological processes.



Social Meetings of the Cosmopolitan Club

- Oct. 2, 1910. Dr. Morton Masius, "German Student Life."
Dec. 4, 1910. Professor Webster of Clark University, "The Centennial
Celebration of the Founding of the University of Berlin."
Dec. 18, 1910. Mr. B. T. Hill, "Early Life at Harvard."
Feb. 5, 1911. Prof. A. W. French, "Jamaica."
Feb. 19, 1911. Prof. W. W. Bird, "Experiences in City Government."
Mar. 26, 1911. Prof. A. L. Smith, "Switzerland and the Alps."
April 23, 1911. Prof. E. L. Hancock, "Mining in Wisconsin."

Members of the
Worcester Cosmopolitan Club of W. P. I.

For the second term of 1910-1911

WILLIAM C. GREENOUGH, *Secretary of the Atlantic District.*

HENRY R. POWER, *President.*

ETIENNE TOTTI, *Vice-president.*

HAROLD B. WOODS, *Recording Secretary.*

GILBERT S. VERNAM, *Corresponding Secretary.*

PEDRO M. CAPDEVILA, *Treasurer.*

Dr. Walter L. Jennings.

Prof. A. Wilmer Duff.

Dr. Frederic Bonnet, Jr.

Rafael Vidal.

Michele F. Croce.

John Wong.

Yi Chi Mei.

Joseph Twichell Lansing.

Prof. Zelotes Wood Coombs.

Prof. George R. Olshausen.

Stanley P. Stewart.

Charles T. Leigh.

Noel Totti.

Charles P. Ball, Jr.

Tsong Kyien Yuan.

H. Souto.

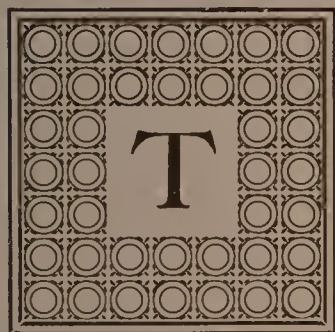
Hugo F. Schmidt.



MUSICAL ASSOCIATION



The Musical Association

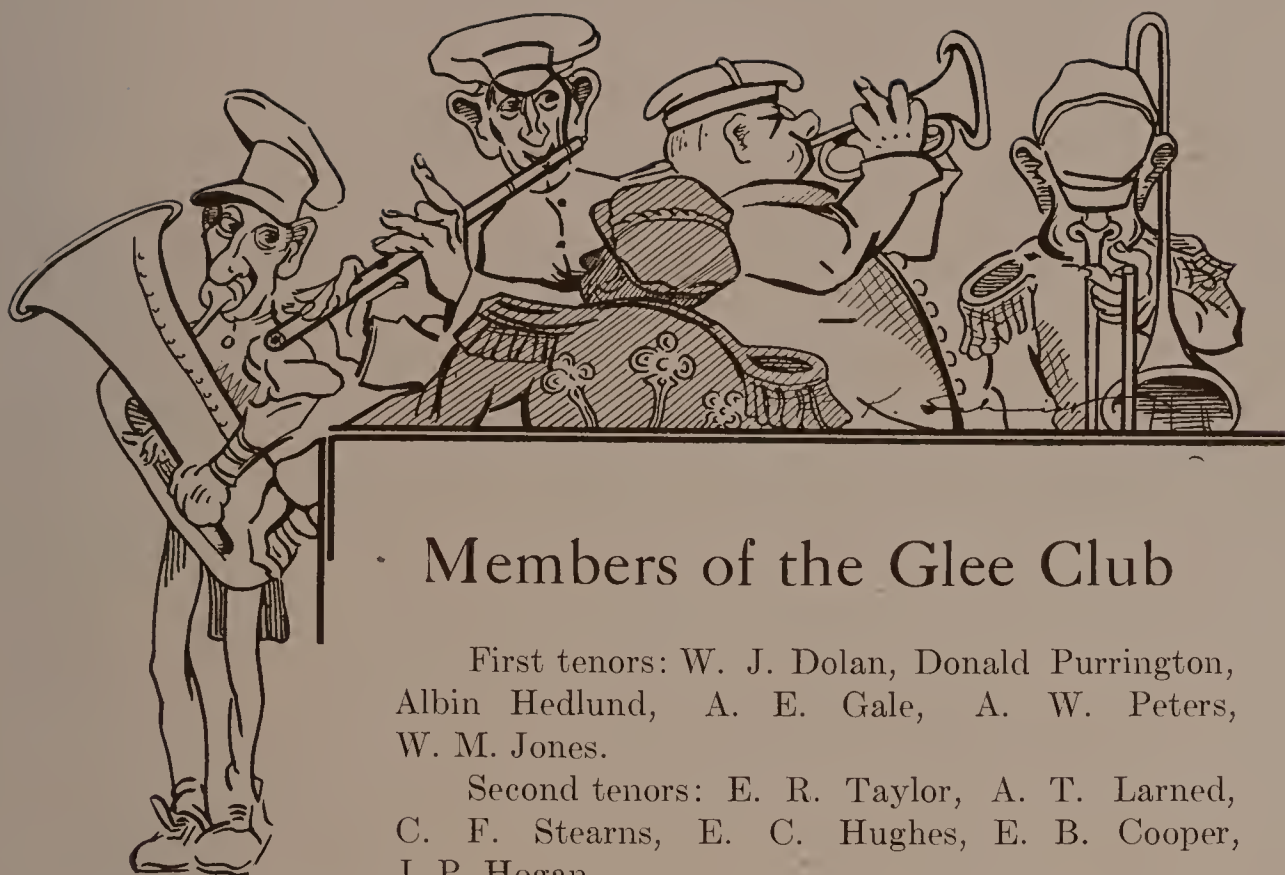


THE Musical Association has been an organization of the most deliberate growth. We are told that in the days before we had attained to the scanty dignity of the Tech Freshman, there existed on the Hill sundry glee clubs and mandolin clubs, and for proof we have had pointed out to us the large and imposing photograph, in Boynton Hall, of a Tech Glee and Mandolin Club, taken in the days when everybody parted his hair in the middle. In our Freshman and Sophomore years, musical activity was confined to the band that blew at the Holy Cross game; but in the fall of 1909, through the interest and activity of William A. Sleeper, ex-'11, a glee club was organized. Mr. Sleeper directed the Club and E. M. Flaherty, '11, acted as manager. Several concerts were given during the year, in conjunction with a six or seven piece orchestra, the creation of F. W. Butler, ex-'11, and considerable enjoyment was extracted from them by the performers if not by the audience. The sad part of it all was that the treasury was shy some two dollars and nineteen cents, a deficit which was carried over the summer by the leader, in emulation of Professor Coombs.

The next year the Glee Club work was taken up where it had been dropped, and, with a nucleus of men who had gone through the campaign of 1909-10, the standard was rapidly advanced. Mr. Sleeper acted as leader during the first half, and Ray C. Crouch, '13, was elected manager. The Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Sleeper and the management of Carl R. Weidenmiller, '11, also improved in quantity and quality, and accompanied the Glee Club on the trips. After midyear's, E. R. Taylor, '12, and H. Z. Landon, '11, were elected to lead the vocal and the instrumental sections, respectively, and Mr. John T. Russell, of Worcester, was engaged to coach the Glee Club. About this time the Mandolin Club, led by G. P. Dixon, '13, and managed by E. I. Gardiner, '11, came into prominence, and it was thought best to combine the three organizations into one. This was done, and the following officers were elected: President, Philip S. Cushing, '11; Vice-president, Alfred E. Gale, '13; Secretary, Donald Purrington, '13; Treasurer, James C. Ryder, '12. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, providing for the policy of the Association, and referring ordinary matters of business to an executive committee.

The Glee Club includes a male quartette, composed of Messrs. Dolan, '14, Taylor, '12, Riordan, '12, and Cushing, '11, which is capable of producing good harmony in ensemble work, but which shines particularly bright as an excuse or, rather, a setting for some of "Dan's" baritone solos.





Members of the Glee Club

First tenors: W. J. Dolan, Donald Purrington, Albin Hedlund, A. E. Gale, A. W. Peters, W. M. Jones.

Second tenors: E. R. Taylor, A. T. Larned, C. F. Stearns, E. C. Hughes, E. B. Cooper, J. P. Hogan.

Baritones: D. J. Riordan, E. T. A. Coughlin, R. E. Parker, R. G. Trumbull, W. R. Stults, E. I. Gardiner, I. T. Norton.

Bassos: H. E. Carrico, P. H. DeLong, D. M. Russell, P. S. Cushing.

The Orchestra is composed of the following men:

First violins: Fred W. Kennedy and L. T. Hamblin.

Second violins: H. E. Ackerman and E. H. Thomas.

Viola: H. Z. Landon.

'Cello: J. C. Ryder.

Clarionets: R. H. Wolcott, F. W. Smith and J. W. McGregor.

Cornets: E. N. Hennessey and P. W. Burgess.

Flute: P. C. Howes.

Trombone: A. E. Gale.

Traps: C. R. Weidenmiller.

Piano: C. G. Carlson.

The Mandolin Club:

Mandolins: G. P. Dixon, J. M. Walker, J. N. Donovan, S. A. Spencer, L. C. Stanley, A. R. Leavitt, D. A. Hamilton.

Banjos: E. I. Gardiner, C. P. James, E. W. Norton.

Guitar: A. L. Brown.

Piano: L. M. Smith.

Originality

Have you ever noticed a sameness
Of things up here on "the Hill"?
How many ideas are repeated!—
They have been and always will.

For example, take Coombs' lectures—
We all know them now by heart,
"How the robber came out from the ice-house,"
And the "theme regularity" part.

Then the various ways of spelling,
"Beleave," "receeve" and "alright,"
"The advantage of physical training;"
And "our team surely made a good fight."

There are other things you have noticed.
Don't French and Haynes look alike?
No, "P—nk" never fails to say "Scuse me!"
And "Jennings" goes round on a bike.

Then those some two initials "A. W."
That are hitched to the "terrible four;"
Ewell and Hull have a couple,
While Duff and French have two more.

All Seniors look bored and are worried;
The Juniors just barely get by;
The Sophomores go "fussing" or "hazing,"
While the Freshies are awkward and shy.

The Sophomores survey the same places
That hundreds of "grads" have surveyed;
The Mechanics forge the same pieces,
As those which their grandfathers made.

"Chicky" still springs the same chestnuts,
"Prexy" still drools when he talks;
Joe Phelon and "Jennie" still whisper,
While Butterfield "checks" us and "chalks."

All of us think they're original,
When such things first happen to us;
And we live a long time without knowing
That they're covered with cobwebs and dust.

The Chemist

The Chemist is a jolly elf—
There's reason why he's so;
He always does enjoy himself,
And won't be laid up on the shelf
Until it's time to go.

He doth all matters analyze;
Writes formulas to show
Just what he finds there in disguise.
[Things that you never would surmise
Unless he told you so.]

Then after he has made a test,
You'll find there's nothing slow
About the way he takes a rest
Among the "spiits" he loves best,
"Down where Anheusers flow."

If I were asked to briefly note
His chief characteristics,
I'm sure that none surprised would quote
My observation if I wrote
The one word "optimistic."

Billy Aitch.

The Mechanic

Who is de awful lookin' guy
W'at looks just like a panic—
Grease, oil and doity overalls?
Him?—oh, he's a Mechanic.

He studies "steam" from morn to night,
And "talks" thermodynamic.
Who does—dat doity lookin' cuss?
Yes him—he's a Mechanic.

In "pattern-making" he's a shark,
In "foundry practice" he, too,
Comes out ahead in work and mark,
The same "machine-shop" also.

He designs machines—makes boiler tests,
With things electric fools—
In fact, makes anything from chests
To complicated tools.

There's not a thing but he can do—
His motive power's titanic.
[Now who'd have thought it of dat gink,
De oil-besmirched mechanic?]

Then even if his looks are "fierce,"
You'll find there's naught tyrannic
About his ways—so let's sing the praise
Of him who's a Mechanic.

Billy Aitch.

The Electric

Would you like to hear the story
Of "the bold and bad" E. E.,
And how he spent his balmy college days?
Then listen to this little tale
And maybe you will see
That he's a "good old scout" despite his ways.

In the years he's haunted Worcester,
Which has not improved at all
By reason of his long, protracted stay,
It seems to me—I'll say it,
Though he'll think I've got the "gall"),
He's launched Old Worcester on the downward way.

During all those nights when orders
Were to "study up A. C.,"
And "figure out resistances" galore,
This pleasure-loving heathen
Closed his books—went on a spree,
And after each debauch just longed for more.

Then the hours he went "a-fussing,"
Togged out in his Sunday best—
No matter what the terrors of next day.
He always was a ladies' man
And far excelled the rest,
In this high art was charming, blithe and gay.

So the tale might run forever
Of the "bold and bad" E. E.,
But it will have to close now—right away.
In short—he has a good time—
Offers no apology,
And believes that "every dog must have his day."

Billy Aitch.

The Civil

Who's the " Big Noise " on the " Hill " ?

Oh, the Civil.

Who has led and always will?

Oh, the Civil.

Who's done more than others could

With subjects little understood,

And handled them all, well and good?

Oh, the Civil.

Who can figure " Stresses," " Strains " ?

Any Civil.

Design sewer pipes and mains?

Any Civil.

Who can lay a railroad track

Out to Chaffinsville and back—

Make things hum when times are slack?

Any Civil.

Who delights in work galore?

All the Civils.

Who are they that ask for more?

All the Civils.

Who are they that work all day

And long at night o'er books to stay—

Still finding time for fun and play?

All the Civils.

Something, sir, you'd like to know?

Ask the Civils.

For information always go

And ask the Civils.

They know all things great and small—

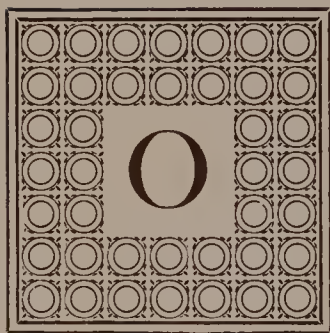
Lean ones, fat ones, short ones, tall.

When for brains there is a call,

Ask the Civils.

Billy Aitch.

Electrical Engineering Society



ONE of the liveliest, most progressive and most prosperous institutions on the Hill is the Electrical Engineering Society. This Society, the only one to be affiliated with any national organization, being a branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, has done more service, not only in a scientific way but in a social way, than any other society in the course of our four years on the Hill. The open meetings of this Society, particularly the ladies' nights, have always been a signal for an instructive meeting and a jolly good time. However much a chemist, a mechanic, or a civil may proudly boast of his organization, when all is said and done, it will be found that one of the nearest memories of Tech will be the pleasant informal social evenings when the Electrical Engineering Society were hosts and the W. P. I. Orchestra tried nobly to make the navigation of the broad gallery a dreamy voyage.

It is to this Society that the credit for bringing into Tech affairs that social life and interest which, hitherto, all Tech gatherings had lacked, and which were so sadly needed, should be given. The institution of ladies' night for some of their meetings was a step in the right direction, and the effect was immediately shown in the large attendance of students of all branches, besides a profusion of the fair sex. Such an institution filled a long-felt want at Tech, and all of us who have enjoyed the pleasures of these informal gatherings will always bear witness to the progressive and hospitable spirit of the Electrics.

In order to uphold such a reputation, the Electrics this year branched out into fields of oratory, and many of the disputed points in this field of engineering have been settled conclusively. The practice of holding debate meetings was instituted, and now the halls of the Electrical Building re-echo with the outbursts of the defenders of brake testings, diagrams, and other disputed questions. It is another forward step, and we all applaud.

In the scientific line, this Society has not been idle, and some of the leading men of this profession have addressed the various meetings. A very favorable characteristic of these meetings has been their popular side, for not only were the addresses interesting to the electrical engineering

students, but also to the student body at large. This is a characteristic which should permeate most of these organizations, and which, perhaps, in the future will. However, in the future, when we are no longer present, we shall recollect the time when A. I. E. E. meant one of the best times in our student career.



Mechanical Engineering Society



SA means of advancing the knowledge of mechanical engineering practice, and also as a means of giving the Seniors opportunity for garnering the hard won knowledge of experienced men, the Mechanical Engineering Society fills a very important niche in the life of the Tech "greasers." With an outlook and scope not nearly so extensive as the other societies, this Society has, nevertheless, a most progressive, energetic and enthusiastic membership, and its meetings have always brought together actively interested and live Tech men who are proud of their profession and Society. During the past year the Society has been addressed by experts in the various lines of conservation, heating and ventilation, materials, shop management, gear drives, transmission and aviation.

The officers for the past year were:

President, Edward H. Classen, '11

Vice-presidents

Charles E. Gillett, '11

John D. Power, '12

H. Conant, '13

Secretary, James W. Cunningham, '12

Treasurer, Nelson E. Baxter, '13

In the future, when the struggle of life is hard, and the memories of school fade and grow dim, then may the Mechanic of 1911 pause and call to mind those meetings of his Society, where it was always good weather, and good fellows got together.

Civil Engineering Society



FOR the purpose of keeping in touch with the modern engineering performances and advances, as well as giving the students opportunities for social meetings and good fellowship, the Civil Engineering Society has done most efficient service. Although at one time it appeared as if the end of the Society was not far distant, owing to lack of interest and enthusiasm, the Civils suddenly awoke to the advantages and pleasure which they were about to lose, and, led by the men of 1911, reformed and supported one of the most successful and enthusiastic societies on the Hill. Contrary to former years, the interest displayed this year has been far above the ordinary, and the meetings have always been a centre of active engineering interest and good feeling.

During the past year the Society was in charge of the following officers:

President, Harold P. Conklin, '11

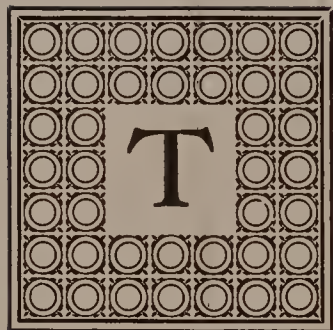
Vice-president, Winfield F. Potter, '12

Secretary, Ned F. Nutter, '13

Treasurer, Stanley F. Hunt, '13

To the Civils this Society will always be a pleasant and happy memory, for it was here that those bonds of common interest and pleasant fellowship which unite the members of such a profession were first formed, and which in the future will form the happiest memories of Tech.

The Chemical Club



THE most ambitious effort to keep the torch of pure science burning brightly on the Hill is the Chemical Club. At its gatherings some of the most important discoveries of our own and other Chemists have been announced to the world, while the ginger beer corks merrily popped, and the cheese and crackers filled in the spaces which even the dyed-in-the-wool Chemist occasionally feels. From its earliest days it has proved a great source of pleasure and valuable information to all those interested in the science of chemistry.

In former years it was the custom to have the membership of the Club composed of the students and Faculty of Holy Cross, Clark and Tech, as well as the Technical chemists of the city. The President of the Club was elected from the Faculty members, and the other officers from the students. In order that the Club be more essentially a Tech institution, similar to the other engineering societies, a new plan was put into operation this year, and membership was composed of Institute men, the officers for the past year being:

President, Philip S. Cushing, '11

Vice-president, Arthur S. Kloss, '12

Secretary, Lawrence L. Steele, '12

Treasurer, Albert L. Brown, '13

Executive Committee

Henry R. Power, '11

John M. Walker, '12

Harold B. Woods, '13

During the year the Club has held some very successful and interesting meetings, culminating in its usual annual "affaire" at the Bohemian Club, where the fellows managed to obtain a few glances at the "lights" of the department as seen through the eyes of men. In the death of Doctor Kinnicutt the Club lost a member whose presence and influence were sadly

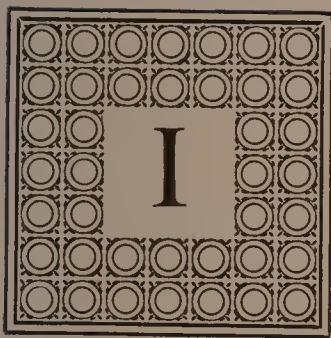
missed. A constant and regular attendant of the meetings, he exerted a forceful yet most free and democratic power at the meetings, and was always the centre of sociability and good fellowship. It is with fond memories of him that the Chemists of 1911 will recall their membership of the Chemical Club, where so many happy and serviceable hours were spent.



KINNIE AT WORK



Tech Athletics



IN A review of nearly any well-ordered college career, athletic activities stand out prominently against the more staid background of scholarly effort and student achievement. The feats of the "team" hold a favored place in the recollection of every alumnus. To hold forth, in a miscellaneous gathering of old "grads" and latter day sports of anywhere or everywhere, on the "stunts" of his particular Alma Mater is a sweet delight and a special delectation, a little unconscious, unobtrusive boost to his own vanity. And it is an agreeable picture, a seasoned, world-hardened old duffer smacking his lips and chuckling his delight over "Them was the good old days."

The Class of '11 will have much to carry away of this sort. Twenty years hence we may expect that even Goddard will enthuse over the great day when Holy Cross didn't score, and perhaps "Shuly" will thrill as he relates to his later associates the wonderful time when he collected "all" the athletic dues in the chemistry division. Bill Coley will cross his feet and expand his chest as he edifies his hearers with tales of those remarkable four years when he never missed a Tech function. What a joy to clasp the hand of one of the old boys who used to play the game, and slap his back without a possibility of removing that tickled grin from his crusty visage!

A pleasant recollection is a sure rejuvenator, and years from now we shall have a chance to get coltish over these days of athletic advancement at the Institute. Nineteen Hundred and Eleven never broke a record, but effective ideas have been abundantly applied. Good managers have worked from the teams, and the class is mostly responsible for the *Tech News*, which has proved the missing link between the teams and the students, and still has tremendous possibilities of development. The sentiments of the class toward the sports are summed up in its selection of a class gift for the Institute. At this writing, the choice lies between a scholarship for the best athlete in the school for four years who is also an able student, and the founding of a gymnasium fund, with the hope that succeeding classes and the alumni will take up the good work.





FOOTBALL TEAM

Football



CAPTAIN HALLIGAN



FOOTBALL in the last two years has placed itself up into top notches in Tech athletics.

It is one sport which receives its full share of support from student rooters. The home games have brought the crowd out to a greater extent than anything other than the Tech Show. The secret is that great game for the season's end which keeps the spirit on the Hill all season.

This year has proved a record-breaker for mass-meeting attendance and enthusiasm. On Wednesday and Friday preceding the big game, five hundred students crowded the lecture-hall to hear "scintillating, iridescent" enthusiasms on the part of the "profs" and optimistic remarks from Captain "Birdie" and some of the "grads"; and on the famous Saturday, the same noisy bunch descended on Fitton Field in ordered rank and file to the music of a zealous, well-intentioned but too individualistic band, which, a few hours later, helped to celebrate the second successive 0-0 game with Holy Cross.

This practical victory for Tech came at the end of an almost disastrous

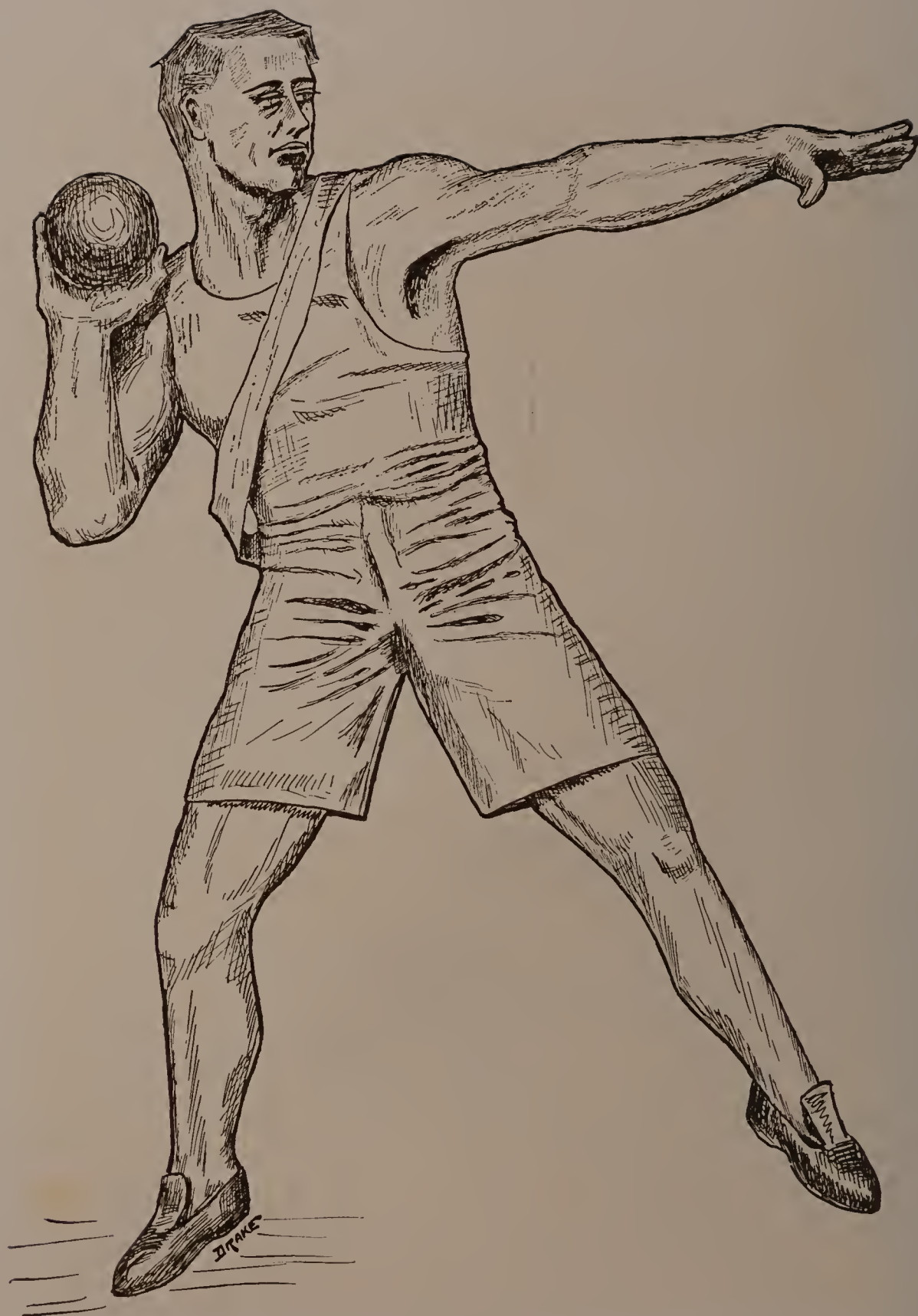
season for the team, showing the real ability which underlay the work during the season, and the possibilities which a few facilities and a little time might do for Tech football. For two years five 1911 men have appeared in the line-up of this big game, and both times have resulted in a 0-0 win for W. P. I.—“ Birdie ” Halligan, Brown, Gillett and Read in both games, and Sanderson and Leckie in one.

Manager Landon has made this season’s games against big teams, and the scores would make a sad record were it not for that redeeming brilliant finish.

W. P. I.	Opponent	
0	Trinity,	21
0	Springfield Training School,	6
5	Amherst Aggies,	14
8	Rensselaer,	0
0	Amherst College,	23
0	R. I. State College,	22
0	Holy Cross,	0



CHAFFINS





TRACK TEAM

Track



CAPTAIN HALLIGAN

culty of traveling back and forth to the Academy or some down-town gymnasium.

Taken as a whole, the Track Team represents the real standard and the true quality of all-round athletics at Tech.



IN THE Track, Tech has almost always had considerable ability, and in a year tremendous developments have occurred. Our Track Manager, the nervous "Pete," has done stunts away and beyond the ordinary. With "Charlie" O'Connor's clever coaching, a relay team has been developed which shines anywhere, and more meets than it is possible to handle at an institution where so little time is given athletics have been requested from other schools.

Tech is again a member of the N. E. I. A. A., and scored to the exclusion of many strong colleges in the 1910 meet, when Clif Clough broke his own record in the shot-put. In the dual meets, Tech has also carried away most of the honors, and in a big triangular event with Rensselaer and Holy Cross, swooped more points than both other schools together; the score standing: Tech 65, Rensselaer 31, Holy Cross 30.

By hard work and persistent effort, Manager Hartwell has secured, from contributions of the alumni solicited by him personally, the erecting of a board track on Alumni Field for work during the harder weather. This is a big advantage to the team, saving the time and diffi-

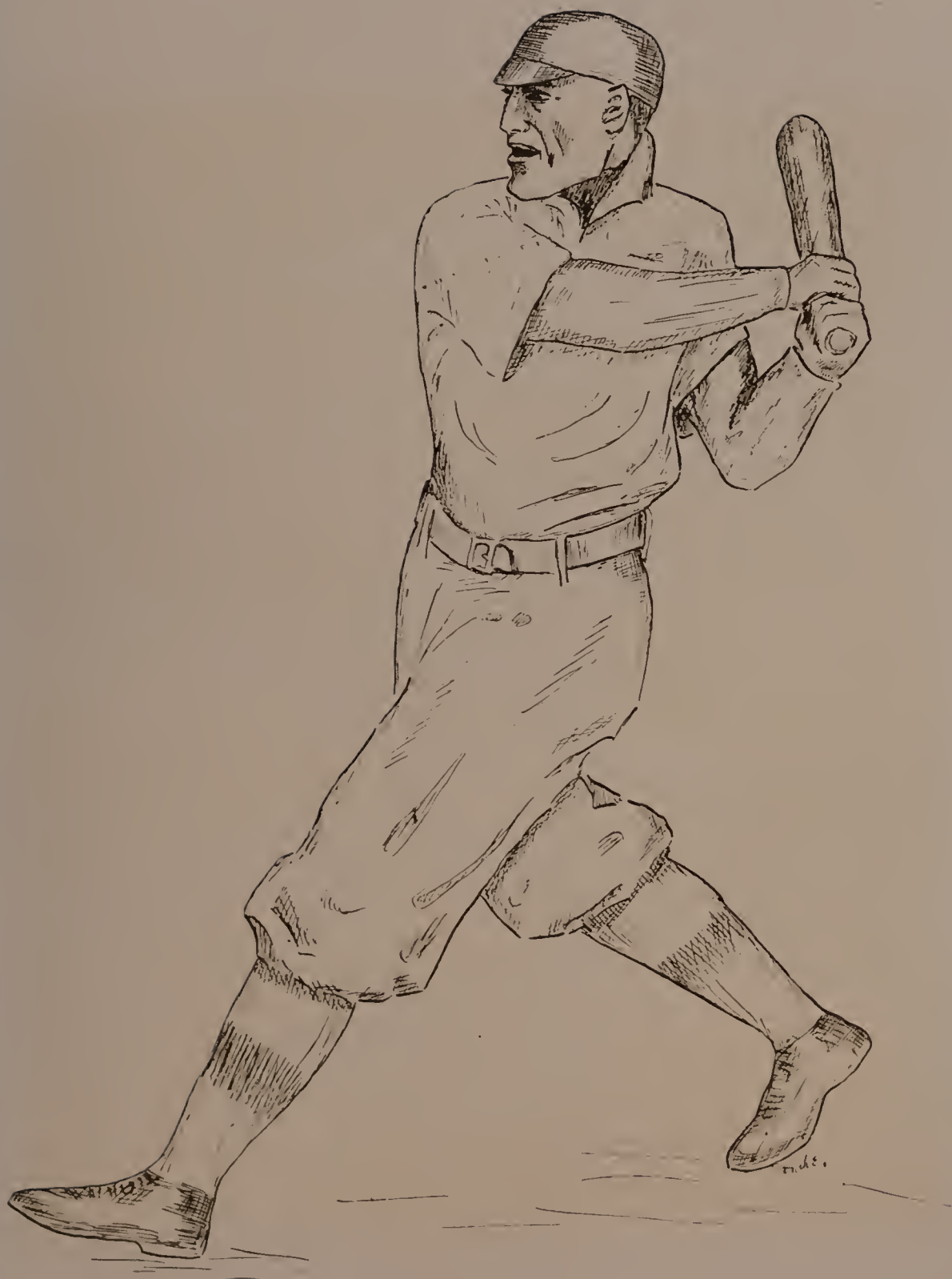


Track Record

Event	Record Holder	Record
100-yard dash,	H. L. Dadmun, '91, S. A. Davis, '08,	10 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
220-yard dash,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	23 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
440-yard dash,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	51 sec.
880-yard dash,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	1 min. 59 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
1-mile run,	R. L. Keith, '14,	4 min. 37 sec.
2-mile run,	G. H. Slocumb, '12,	10 min. 32 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
120-yard high hurdles,	O. W. Lundgren, '97,	16 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
220-yard low hurdles,	R. F. Hall, '11,	27 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
High jump,	L. W. Stanton, '03, H. F. Taylor, '12,	5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Broad jump,	C. A. G. Pease, '10,	21 ft. 9 in.
Pole vault,	C. E. Barney, '10,	10 ft. 7 in.
Discus throw,	C. C. Clough, '13,	111 ft. 6 in.
16-lb. shot-put,	C. C. Clough, '13,	40 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
16-lb. hammer-throw,	J. D. Power, '12,	125 ft. 7 in.



RELAY TEAM



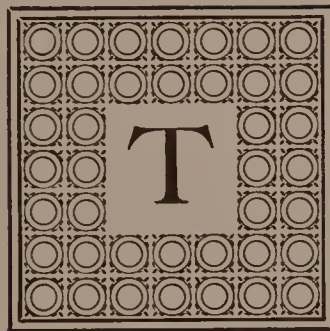


BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball



CAPTAIN NIMS



HIS sport has perhaps as many facilities as any at the Institute, and certainly the best season of the year.

“Jack” Sharrott and Captain Brown have sported a pretty clever team for the 1910 series, and incidentally a fairly successful second team has attended the success of the first strong men. A schedule of three home games out of seven in all was arranged by Manager Wolcott, a rather daring undertaking at Tech, but carried out successfully. With one game canceled because of rain, the team won four of the remaining six, with one of those lost considered by both sides a straight “roast.” The season was successful from all standpoints, and goes to make another showing toward the increased life which has become evident at Tech of late.

Besides the regular varsity work, many incidentals have shown the general interest in the national game. The famed Fall Riverites have strenuously contended with the Franklin County wildmen and plans are being made this year for inter-fraternity contests. But the big game, the

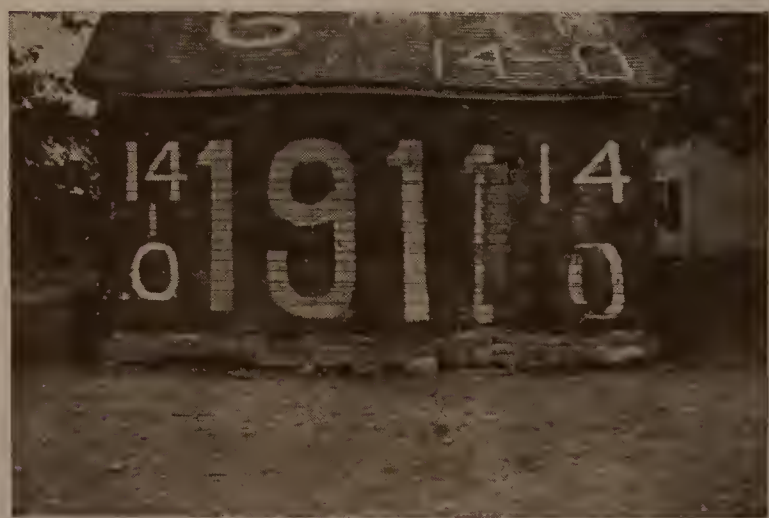
grand attraction, the one illustrious meteoric event, was the stupendous contest between the stringers and the runts, the ungainly and the squat.

A noble contest!

Five hundred persons appeared at Alumni Field on Saturday afternoon, the day of recreation and reaction from toil, drawn away from innumerable lesser pleasures and amusements by the possibilities offered in this hotly discussed event-to-be; and nobody was disappointed! It was terrific, heart-rending (side-splitting)! Phenomenal (attempts at) catches; trouser-rending, friction-heated slides to second; vicious, powerful, unsuccessful mighty swings at an elusive, deceptively whirling sphere! The maximum of zealous, loyal, inspired (ludicrous) effort. It has gone down in Tech history, suggested and carried out by members of 1911, a monument of ingenuity and ambitious originality to the class.

1910 Schedule of Games

W. P. I.	Opponent	
1	Worcester Academy,	2
5	R. I. State College,	0
8	Springfield Training School,	3
16	Pratt Institute,	4
3	New Hampshire State College,	6
	Massachusetts A. C.,	rain, game called
5	Rensselaer,	3







CLASS OF 1912



1912

"I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present." *Shakespeare.*



FROM innocence and English, fear and physics, we at last reach provisional security and poly sci. We let the past drop; we hope for an intermission where the refreshments will have no garnish of the fifth and sixth letters of the alphabet.

Lost in the arms of sleep as we may appear to the casual observer, and unwilling to arouse ourselves to take a vociferous interest in doings, nevertheless we have dreamily stumbled through a little business.

To begin—we elected, that is, some of us, to devote ourselves to a Half-Way-Through Banquet. With our usual precipitancy in matters of a social nature, we all liked the idea and voted for it, but were, in the majority of cases, unable to attend that function. The class delegates brought back to us the history that was made there and generously neglected to twit us about our exchequers.

Then having polished off the past, our new lease of life began. In the

first half we were under the efficient administration of Halligan, president; Gleason, vice-president; and W. Steele, secretary and treasurer.

We commenced to build up a schedule that was to prove nearly too much for us.

A scheme was presented for producing something in the histrionic line that would make Poli forget our obligations to him. To speak in words of one syllable, we were in a position to put up a show. Many moons waned while our talented and stage-struck members debated what we ought to do.

Thanks to able workers, the scheme has prospered and we may be credited with the institution of a new Tech activity. The class itself has lost control of the matter; it has passed into the hands of a few of our members who purpose to form a dramatic club of those interested in all classes for the future security of the scheme.

Perhaps that famous "pocket nerve" felt twinges of approaching pain after this. We had a pretty wild time over the question of a Junior Prom. To many of us the possession of several weeks' board money struck a more pleasing note than a prom fiddle could produce.

Then, too, there was the ever-appearing demand for athletic dues. Unfortunately we lost money when we dropped men at exams, and our pledge stands. Perhaps we'll have to break our missionary banks as we did in 1908.

Talking about missionaries, we have voted to continue the *Tech News*. Nineteen Hundred and Eleven has been the fond parent of this exponent for social life. The idea of the organ does our present Seniors great credit; it will devolve on us to win a little merit by setting the example for making the *News* a permanent Junior function.

Amid the cares of such active business life, it tickled us to see 1913 get a bacteriological bath in the pond, just such a one as they had given us for getting up the rope-pull.

Steele, Whitney and DeLong were elected to office by a sadly depleted after-mid-year's class.

Life in class meetings in the second half laid emphasis on the Show, the athletic dues, and class matters in general. It is consoling at least to know that the photographer has immortalized us once more. By the picture you might think we look pretty wide-awake after all.

And last but by no means least in importance, we have contributed men to the athletic teams, to football, basketball, baseball and track, to the Y. M. C. A., to the engineering and the honorary societies, and to the *Journal*.

We record ourselves as heartily appreciative of the examples set by 1911 in all activities that redound to the credit of Tech, and we take this last opportunity to wish our Senior Class, collectively and individually, the utmost good fortune in a professional and social future.



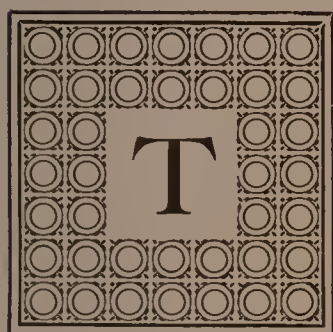
MID-YEAR EXAMS



CLASS OF 1913



1913



THE class of ill omen has survived two years of General Sherman's idea of war without having done—or having failed to do—anything spectacular or sensational enough to attract world-wide and, speaking candidly, we may say city-wide, attention (if you bar a headline announcement in the *Worcester Telegram* of the occurrence of the annual attempt of the Sophomore and Freshman classes

to turn the Electric Laboratory into a temporary aquarium). But the way they did the latter job justifies our dragging it out of parenthesis.

Every Freshman Class is forbidden by its contemporary Sophomore Class to gather *en masse*—get that?—to gather *en masse* on the front steps of the above mentioned Electric Laboratory for the purpose of having a photograph taken. Although the infant 1914 assembled at the unseemly hour of 7 a.m., armed with permission from the authorities, and a photographer skilled in the hazards of that particular sitting, they were interrupted at 7.02.

The battle aquatic raged wet and wantonly; the faces of Electric grads refused to witness the sacrilege and descended from the corridor walls with jingle of glass and sozzle of water. “Prexie” viewed the ruins, ordered

repairs, bought the janitor a new pipe, put a tin roof on the east wing and a carpet in H. B.'s office, and sent the bill to the Class of 1913.

Now that's the only thing really extraordinary that '13 has done—far be it from us to give anyone the impression that they have not had all the usual honors, from the appreciation of Z. W.'s commendable regularity to the echo from "Chick" when he hears a nail flirting with his band-saw. When they are Seniors they will point with pride to the enterprise which they showed in this and that and the other proposition, but from here '13 looks like the ordinary run of Sophomore classes, with its shining ones in due proportion to its bone-heads, and its accomplishments duly subordinated to its failures.

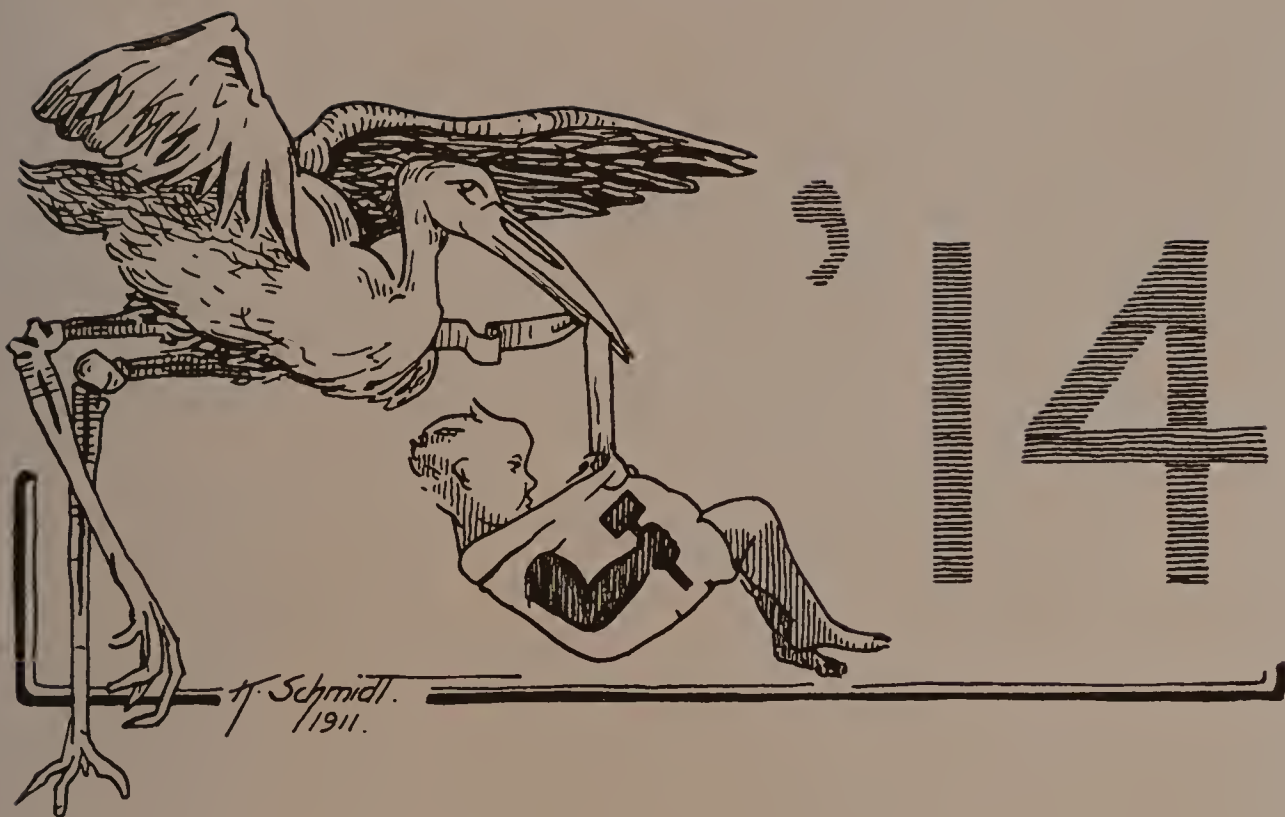




BOYNTON HALL



CLASS OF 1914



We-uns of '14



WITH a sigh and many a tear did we infant prodigies ply the shears that cut us from our mothers' apron-strings and sent us forth to the hard, cold and cruel outside world called Tech. Many a plebe, for the first time separated from his pater and mater, wisely listened to the advice given him on all sides regarding college life. Most of this wise counsel was heeded, with perhaps the one exception of the obnoxious, egotistical, red-and-grey posters which were spread broadcast over Tech Hill. We read these rules with open mouths and ascended with hesitating, awkward steps to the grand, spacious lecture-room in Boynton Hall. Here we affixed our signatures with trembling hands, for were we not signing our death pledges? Death to all childish frivolity and gaiety. Death to all fun and recreation. Here we listened closely to the words of the revered Doctor Engler who said, "Blessings on thee, little ones, come unto us, for of such is the future of Tech." A short and impressive dis-



course was given by Professor Coombs on the "Whichness of Why" and "How is a Brick," into which he drew parallelisms on Tech athletics and activities. After the ceremonies, we again entered the sunlight proud to feel that *we were Tech*, and that, after all, the egotistical Sophomores were not *all it*. Nevertheless, we obeyed the rules to the letter until about the middle of October when the fall winds chilled Salisbury Pond to a nice degree of coolness. There it was that our dormant class spirit awoke with a vengeance. Forty hale and hearty Sophomores trudged braggardly down to their side of the pond, where awaiting on the other side were an equal number of Freshmen. You have heard the rest in the *Tech Newses* you have read. How the forty Sophs struggled with might and main against the cool, calm strategy of 1914. How their pride suffered a sudden damp as each and every man took to the wet, and how our stock immediately took a boost which it held and now holds to this very day. In the annual football game between the Sophs and Freshmen we managed to hold the score to five points, a trick considered by our learned brothers of '13 to be practically impossible. Our class picture and the deluge which it caused we pass over in silence.

The crowning feature of the year proved to be the Freshman Banquet. In spite of desperate and drastic measures taken by several members of the Sophomore Class to prevent this social function from taking place, we managed to reach the remote country around the Sterling Inn without losing a man. Needless to say, the banquet proved an overwhelming success and the speakers of the occasion were anything but *DRY!* Thanks to Jupiter Pluvius and the rest, it did not rain, or else the wetting would have been outside as well as within.

In the class-room—oh! what exclamations of joy and happiness those words bring to our lips—we have excelled equally as well as other beginners,

and if space would permit we would be glad and proud to display the list of names of our honor men. Mid-year's found us minus a few, and finals also diminished our number considerably. The truth as well as poetical beauty of the saying, "Many are called, but few are chosen," is evident by the enrollment at this stage of our progress. We have formed a firm and loyal devotion to our Alma Mater, and each and every man may look back upon his first and initiatory year at W. P. I. as a pleasant memory, and we will try and make the next a year equally as instructive and interesting to our posterity, the Class of 1915. Hail to the next, "Future of Tech."





K. Schmitt

The Junior Prom



FOLLOWING the well-established Tech custom by virtue of which the masses of the Junior Class provide a prom for the classes, about the middle of our Junior year the matter began to be agitated. Class meetings for the first time took on interest. Well do we remember that exciting series of Butler-Power debates, in which was conclusively decided whether or no the President could appoint himself a member ex-officio of a special committee. We have long since forgotten which way the matter was decided, resting content in the knowledge that the question was settled once for all. Prom was the theme of all the class meetings in those days, and while Henry delivered the official platform to "Pat" (who, for lack of other amusement, twirled his thumbs and said "Well—") and descended into the arena to argue with Butler, the rest of us sat gazing at an imaginary wad of greenbacks melting swiftly into the dim distance, and decided that we did not care for formal dances. In spite of opposition parliamentarians and frenzied financiers, a delightful time was enjoyed by the faithful few who attended. Terpsichorean Hall was decorated in keeping with the occasion, and the night of April 20, 1910, saw forty couples attired in gay raiment tripping the light fantastic to the seductive strains of the music of Hardy's Orchestra. The "cozy corners" which the committee had so thoughtfully provided proved a star attraction, and rumor hath it that the most secluded, the result of several hours of Frank's labor, was so well appreciated that he derived no benefit from his work aside from the pleasure (?) he experienced at seeing his handiwork so popular. The enjoyment lasted through the whole programme, which, for the benefit of the missing but not greatly missed, we print below, and in the wee small hours we wended our ways homeward, still humming the last strains of the music. The committee which so successfully conducted the affair was composed of Frank W. Butler, chairman; H. R. Power, Stanley P. Stewart, Edward H. Classen, Daniel J. Riordan, Harold R. Frizzell, Philip S. Cushing.

Patrons and Patronesses

Dr. and Mrs. Edmund A. Engler
Prof. and Mrs. Edward L. Hancock

Order of Dances

JUNIOR PROMENADE, CLASS OF 1911

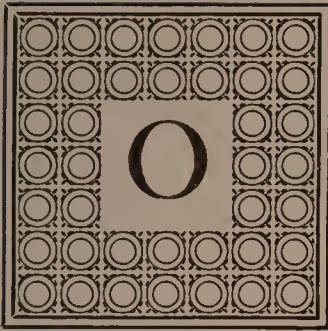
TERPSICHOREAN HALL

April 20, 1911

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|----------------------------------|
| 1 | Waltz—"Nora Malone"..... | | Intermission |
| 2 | Paul Jones—"Pearl Feather"..... | | |
| 3 | Waltz—"Ciribiribin"..... | 11 | Two-step—"Yale Boola"..... |
| 4 | Two-step—"Mrs. Casey"..... | 12 | Caprice—"Cynical Val"..... |
| 5 | Waltz—"Yankee Prince"..... | 13 | Waltz—"Unrequited Love"..... |
| 6 | Schottische—"Cuddle up a Little
Closer"..... | 14 | Schottische—"Soft Pedal"..... |
| 7 | Waltz—"Bright Eyes"..... | 15 | Waltz—"Sweet Remembrance".... |
| 8 | Two-step—"2d Connecticut"..... | 16 | Two-step—"Daddy's Old Red Pung" |
| 9 | Duchess—"Old Gray Bonnet"..... | 17 | Waltz—"Eily Riley"..... |
| 10 | Waltz—"Campus Dreams"..... | 18 | Schottische—"Cheer Up, My Honey" |
| | | 19 | Two-step—"Teddy Went to Harvard" |
| | | 20 | Waltz—"Be Good, So Say, Ta Ta!" |



Tech Banquets



F A somewhat less hilarious but none the less enjoyable nature have been the Tech banquets, when all lines of class and degree have been dropped for an evening, and all, from the President to the smallest, greenest Freshman, have hobnobbed as equals at the festal board. While the attendance has been large, the lower classes as a rule do not attend in great numbers, being young and bashful. The star speaker of the evening is generally the most newly elected professor. In case there is no new arrival in these ranks, some of the reputed Faculty wits perpetrate their wares on the unsuspecting diners. Then, too, we are treated to samples of the eloquence of class presidents, or representatives, whom the toastmaster of the evening selects.

A few of our number attended, and remember with pleasure, the banquet of our Freshman year. It was held at the Bay State House, with Professor Haynes as toastmaster. Doctor Olshausen gave the headline address on the edifying topic, "Up in the Air." His title permits of two interpretations. One was that which he himself elucidated to the assembled multitude. The other, which students taking his courses believed to be the proper one, he entirely ignored. Places in the familiar "Bottomless Pit" were eagerly sought for their faculty friends by the students. The crowd dispersed after seeing all their particular friends thus disposed of.

The banquet of our Sophomore year was held at the Automobile Club, with Professor Coombs at the helm. The usual assortment of speeches was handed out to an appreciative audience, the feature of the evening being Professor Butterfield's exposition of "Rambling Remarks." If inanimate remarks can ramble, these did, but we are glad to record the fact that their path was a closed curve, and that they came back to the start in good order. It was at this affair that Professor Read unexpectedly inherited the appellation "B. A.," which has ever since been puzzling both him and "Prexie."

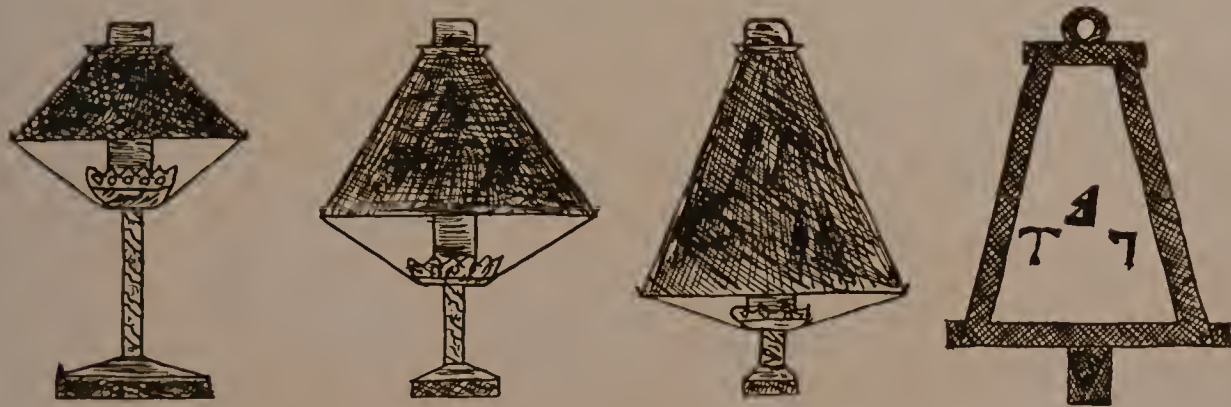
Junior year saw us again at the Bay State, where we filled to overflowing the large dining-hall, so that some of our number were forced to emigrate to the small rooms. During the banquet the "Bottomless Pit" was filled several times. Professor French did the honors as toastmaster,



and gave us several star acts. The newly organized Glee Club sang the newly written Tech songs, the prizes for which were awarded at that time. Professor Hancock, the latest recruit to the professional ranks, gave some interesting reminiscences of life at the colleges of the middle West. The star act of the evening was "Prexie's" famous rendition of the classic song, "Old Dog Tray," with all joining in on the chorus. After the speeches, Professor French, quoting from one of Professor Hancock's stories, invited "that red-headed, freckle-faced fellow in the back row" to "spit out that cud of tobacco and lead us in a cheer," to which Cummings, one of the "high lights" of our predecessors, bravely responded, and we dispersed humming the strains of "Prexie's" favorite tune.

Our Senior year gave us the largest attended but most quiet affair of the four. It was held at the State Mutual Restaurant, with Professor Haynes in the chair. Music was furnished by the Glee Club Quartette and the Orchestra, who nobly endured the pangs of hunger and furnished music till we had had our fill, when they departed to the other room in quest of edibles. But one attempt was made to send a consignment to the "Pit," and this died of stagnation. Addresses by Doctor Engler, President Baker of the general Alumni Association, and the four class presidents were given, and then Professor Haynes called on Doctor Bonnet to talk one and one-half hours in eight minutes, which he did on schedule time. After a few cheers were given we dispersed quietly to our resting places.

These four events will always stand out in the memory of all who attended as among the most enjoyable of the events of the course. Lacking in the hilarity and spontaneity of a class banquet, they proved to be conducive to general good fellowship and to extend our acquaintance among both students and Faculty.



What the Profs Say

Every little while they tell us
Of the men who used to go
To this noble school of learning,
In the days of long ago.
“How they always loved their teacher,”
“Learned their lessons every day”—
“But it seems the men that go there
Nowadays are not built that way.”

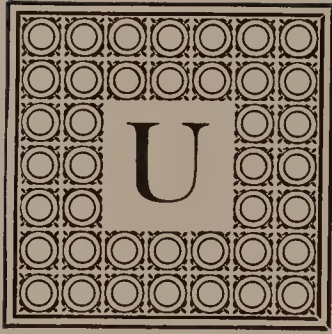
Oh, these mythical forerunners
Certainly were mighty men.
“Seems they never got assignments
Which were thought too long”—and when
Any prof—just out of pity—
Gave them lessons by the score,
All these knowledge-thirsting wonders
Just sat up and asked for more!

“Seems their appetites were boundless,
Never got quite work enough”—
“Used to find it very joyful
Solving problems, learning stuff ”
That we “simply couldn’t tackle,”
So the profs say,—but remember
All this happened long ago.

It may be that we are different
From the men of whom we’re told,
But it’s certain human nature
Is the same now as of old;
When they speak of “mighty men,”
They’ll look back at us now struggling
And say, “Yes, there were giants then.”



Tech Show



UNDER the efficient tutelage of 1911, the underclassmen became anxious to show their Tech spirit. Finding themselves left hopelessly in the shade by us, our immediate successors were obliged to develop new lines of activity. Being dissatisfied with Tech theatrical activities, then limited to Tech Night at Poli's, they proposed to have a real Tech Show, by real Tech men, to be given before a real Tech audience. The class took it up and appointed a committee. The play, "Eldern's Uncle," was written by Howard P. King during the remainder of the year.

The fall of 1910 saw the play being pushed forward in a manner that meant real business. Valuable assistance was obtained from Mr. Charles C. Gray, Clark, '10, who was employed as secretary to President Engler. Being well versed in college dramatics, Mr. Gray collaborated with Mr. King in rewriting the play, and also coached the players.

The ready support given by the student body at large proved how long-felt a want this supplied. The Tech Show was kept before the students as a pleasure to anticipate, and when produced it filled the bill. Tickets on the Hill went like hot cakes, and the fight for seats went on till the morning when tickets could be exchanged for seat checks. In the chill gray dawn of that Monday morning a mysterious figure crept stealthily around the corner at 3.30. Soon came another, then another. Ever and anon there hove around the corner another cargo of misplaced sleep, till the police began to be uneasy and threatened to call out the reserves, when a miniature rough-house started. By the time the box office opened, the line was in close proximity to the railroad far below. Before the line was half gone, the manager was hunting for the antique S. R. O. sign, which he has not had opportunity to use for many a long year. Before he could find it the rush was over, and the seats were gone but not forgotten, this being the first show in our Tech course where the majority of Tech men attending did not sit in the "gods."

The great night saw the house full of Tech men, a few going "stag," but, for the most part, each had with him a tempting little morsel of femi-

ninity to whom he would endeavor to explain the point of the various jokes. Behind the footlights a real Tech cast gave a real Tech play, in front of them a real Tech orchestra played real (alas, not Tech) music, and beyond, a real Tech audience showed its appreciation of the combination.

Making a gallant recovery after striking several snags in the opening yells, the cast did itself great credit in the various parts assigned. Aside from a little lack of spontaneity in the yells, and a poor interpretation of the stage kiss, the play was carried through from start to finish with a snap and vigor often lacking in professional performances. The thugs showed their innate gentility in their handling of the hero to so great a degree that we are almost constrained to believe that they are not thugs in private life. From start to finish of the cast, we can give nothing but encomiums, and were we desirous to knock, we should be scarce of material. The cast was well balanced, and their work reflects great credit on them and on Coach Grey.

The play deals with the mishaps of Eldern B. Fisher, 2d, Senior at W. P. I., and first pick for stroke of the Tech crew, who, to inherit a fortune from his uncle, Eldern B. Fisher, of Australia, represents himself to be attending a co-ed school, married, and to be abstaining from athletics, also all the minor dissipations. Receiving word that his uncle is to arrive shortly, he persuades the daughter of his landlady to pose as his wife for the day, which is that of the race with Hampton. His roommate goes out to get students to pose as co-eds. His uncle arrives and reminds him of the conditions of the agreement. Just at the close of the first act, a crowd of students rushes in to congratulate Eldern on being chosen as stroke for the race.

The second act is staged at a purely imaginary Tech boathouse at Lake Quinsigamond and supplies most of the comedy. Here comes the attempt of Durgin, Eldern's rival, to play a trick on Eldern through his chauffeur, Mickey, the failure of which forces him to have him waylaid in the boathouse by the thugs, bound, and put into an empty room, Uncle Eldern coming into the room in time to observe the last move. The evolution of co-eds from the various types of raw material available supplied a large part of the comedy. Durgin's attempt is frustrated by Uncle Eldern, and Eldern takes his place in the race, during which Uncle Eldern's flirtations prove amusing. At the end of the second act he is denouncing his nephew for deceiving him.

The third act purports to show Worcester Common. Here the three love stories of the play are brought to a successful finish. Eldern and his wife of the day; James Rankin, grind and comedian; and the sister of Eldern's wife-to-be contract engagements which are approved finally by Uncle Eldern, who has discovered in the mother of the two girls his first love, who

jilted him because of jealousy of his attention and devotion to athletics. The act ends with a typical nightshirt parade.

Among the minor parts, special mention is deserved by Bassett with his harem skirt, and Spencer and Hughes in their fussing exposition. Honorable mention is well deserved and shall be accordingly given to our sedate classmate, Philip S. Cushing, "basso profundis" of the first water, who essayed under the disguise of a blond wig, a black dress and the assumed title Mlle. Lucille Aurielle of New York city to sing a soprano solo. His singing proved acceptable in spite of his physical inability to perform his contract as advertised.

When all is said and done, we must still come back to the most important fact of all: that a Tech show by a Tech author was given by a Tech cast, assisted by a Tech orchestra, to a Tech audience, and that the affair was a huge success from every standpoint. Congratulations to the class, the cast, the management, and all who had a part in the production, and to the audience and student body which supported it and made it a financial success. May the custom live long, and may this be the first of a long line of equally successful, distinctly Tech dramatic affairs.

Cast of Characters

ELDERN B. FISHER, Eldern's rich uncle from Australia,	Edgar F. Tierney, '13
ELDERN B. FISHER, 2D, student at W. P. I.,	Daniel J. Riordan, '12
FRED HOMER, Eldern's chum and roommate,	John M. Walker, '12
WALTER DURGIN, Eldern's rival for position of stroke,	L. F. Wheeler, '12
JAMES RANKIN, a senior and old grind,	Walter G. Bullard, '12
COACH OF TECH CREW,	Walter P. Fay, '14
MICKEY, Eldern's chauffeur,	Walter J. Dolan, '14
MAY LITTLE, Eldern's wife for the day,	Edmund B. Cooper, '14
BERTHA LITTLE, May's sister,	Ernest S. Jefferies, '12
MRS. LITTLE, the girls' mother,	Ernest R. Taylor, '12

CLOSE FRIENDS OF ELDERN, the Tech Co-eds—

Harry,	Alton H. Kingman, '12
Pete,	Clayton R. Wilcox, '14
Walter,	Philip W. Prouty, '14
Jack,	Howard P. Drake, '14

SOME MORE CO-EDS—

Parker, '14,	Hughes, '14,
Purrington, '13,	Coe, '14,
Stearns, '12,	Campbell, '14,
Thurston, '14,	Dicker, '14,
Miller, '14,	Littell, '12.

STUDENTS AT TECH—

Hogan, '12,
Jones, '13,
Geer, '13,
Hewitt, '14,
Spencer, '14,
Sawyer, '14,
Harris, '14,
Dayton, '14,

Peters, '14,
Gowing, '13,
Keith, '14,
Stanley, '14,
Glover, '14,
Luman, '14,
Bartlett, '14.

TECH CREW—

Frizzell, '12,
Gilchrist, '12,
Lane, '13,
Juvenal, '14,

Gleason, '12,
Peters, '13,
Mellen, '14,
Sproat, '14, coxswain.

THUGS—

Nelson E. Frissell, '12,

Earl W. Gleason, '12.

WORCESTER POLICE FORCE,

Kirtland Marsh, '14

Tech Show, 1912, Management

General Manager,

Frank H. Plaisted, '12

Assistant Manager,

Arthur C. Burleigh, '13

Business Manager,

Ernest R. Taylor, '12

Assistant Business Manager,

Anson C. Burwell, '13

Advertising Manager,

Merville G. Halligan, '12

Assistant Advertising Manager,

George E. Chick, '13

Stage Manager,

Guy F. Whitney, '12

Assistant Stage Manager,

Walter E. Spicer, '13

W. P. I. Dramatic Association Officers

President, Frank H. Plaisted '12

Vice-president, Daniel J. Riordan, '12

Secretary, Edmund B. Cooper, '14

Treasurer, John M. Walker, '12

Sergeant-at-Arms, Earl Chadwick Hughes, '14

Act I

SCENE—A room occupied by Fred and Eldern in Mrs. Little's private boarding-house.

TIME—Morning of the day of the W. P. I.-Hampton College boat-race.

Act II

SCENE—W. P. I. boat-house at Lake Quinsigamond.

TIME—Afternoon of the same day.

Act III

SCENE—Worcester Common.

TIME—Evening of the same day.

Head Usher,

George P. Dixon, '12

Ushers—

Edward I. Comins, '12,

Winfield T. Potter, '12,

Herbert F. Taylor, '12,

James W. Cunningham, '12,

Philip H. DeLong, '12,

Eric G. Benedict, '12,

Ralph M. Wilder, '12,

Lyman M. Smith, '12.

Musical Programme

W. P. I. Orchestra, H. Z. Landon, leader.

Overture—"Lustspiel,"

Kela Bela

"The Thoroughbred,"

Englemann

"Futurity,"

Hearn

Selection—"Girl of My Dreams,"

Hoschna

"Dixie Land, I Love You,"

Ayer

"Red Pepper,"

Lodge

"Katy Did,"

Hoschna

"Frat,"

Barth



Class Banquets



THE mere mention of class banquets brings back pleasant memories of long and varied "feeds," beginning with a half dozen luscious, fat, slimy, juicy bivalves marooned on the half shell in a puddle of water on a regulation "hotel china" plate, guarded by two pieces of ice and a sector of a last year's lemon. This is a good place to stop for breath and reflect on our troubles, for well do we remember with what trepidation we watched our neighbor select his pitchfork and prepare for the onslaught. Fearful of making a "bull" in such a select company, we carefully engineered those six prize specimens to inside staterooms and heaved a tremendous sigh of relief, feeling that we had safely avoided the first of the shoals. These same fond memories take us on through the assortment of courses, interspersed with an occasional near-joke from the fellow across the table and a constantly replenished supply of cigarettes, which were thrown at us without extra charge. This is the one series of events of the course which has never been interrupted by the familiar query, "Hey, Joe, got any makings?" "Tailor makes" were good enough for the angry mob on banquet nights, and "Bull" and his "papers" took a well-earned night off. By the time we had reached the infinitesimal demi-tasse, we had consumed food and nicotine enough to last us a week. No London fog ever surpassed in density the pall of smoke which gradually grew downwards from the ceiling, finally coming down so far that we had difficulty in recognizing our classmates across the table. Then our Chairman of the committee would arise and introduce the toastmaster of the evening. Then we would all sit back in our chairs and prepare to hear stories about little Willie and his Sunday school teacher.

Our Freshman banquet was a howling success. The howls were heard in the late hours of the night after the visit of the "beetle-browed villains." The fateful night was Monday, February 17. With extreme care we slid out of back windows and sidled down toward the Bay State House, while our friends the enemy were chewing their after-supper toothpick. By eight o'clock the trenchermen had reported for duty as sources of consumption of grub and tobacco, and we soon sat down to the usual assortment of indigest-

ibles disguised under all sorts of fancy names and garnished with an unusually large collection of misfit poetry and job lots of Shakespearean puns. During the banquet, Roland Hall, a member of the Banquet Committee and also holding down the honorary position of Vice-president, happened to go out into the lobby, where the first person he saw was "Fitz." Hall grabbed this arch disturber of our Freshman calm and was intending to bring him in as a sacrifice to the gods of war. Fitz's honeyed eloquence prevailed upon Hall to let him go, and there we lost our opportunity. Hall came back to finish his feed, and Fitz disseminated rapidly into some forgotten corner of the atmosphere. After the feed had been slaughtered, Joe Payette rose in his official position as Chairman of the Banquet Committee and introduced President Robert H. Wolcott as the toastmaster of the evening. Being a minister's son, Bob was there with a full assortment of Sunday school (?) stories. Before, between and behind the toasts Bob took his innings. We listened to the following toasts:

Class of 1911,	E. Donald Beach
Athletics,	Richard Sanderson
The Fair Sex,	Ervin L. Winn
Football,	Burdette J. Halligan
The Faculty,	Edmund M. Flaherty
Basketball,	A. Leroy Atherton
The Future,	Henry R. Power

Several impromptu speeches were made by various victims selected by the toastmaster, including one by Yu Shu Chin on his first acquaintance with a Uneeda biscuit. This sounded so plausible that we did not attempt to deny a single statement he made.

About 11.30 the crowd broke up and the storm broke loose. Our coats were nowhere to be found. Bedlam let loose while we scurried around looking for apparel and vengeance. From the rathskeller to the attic we searched every nook and cranny we could find, but to no purpose. Finally we sallied forth in a body to look for Sophomores. They were scarce articles about that time. We stormed Newton Hall valiantly, but found no coats. We looked under all the lamp posts and trees along the road, but found no coats. Being very wrathful by this time, we woke up Fitz's landlord and his roommates, but still found no coats. Finally in the course of our wanderings we reached the Hill. Alas, our coats still eluded us. In the course of an hour or so some curious Freshman peered through the West Street door of the laboratories and discovered a shapeless mass reposing in the antiquated "Chaffins Express." After much persuasion we succeeded in gaining an entrance for three of the class, who solemnly swore to the property while the skeptical night watchman superintended the proceeding. The motley throng dispersed howling threats of dire vengeance against the perpetrators, should

they ever be discovered. The threats caused much amusement to the enemy, who promptly posted a list of the participants with the insolent inquiry, " Now, children, what are you going to do about it? " We bottled our wrath and ignored the jeers of our jubilant enemies and proceeded to forget the incident as soon as possible.

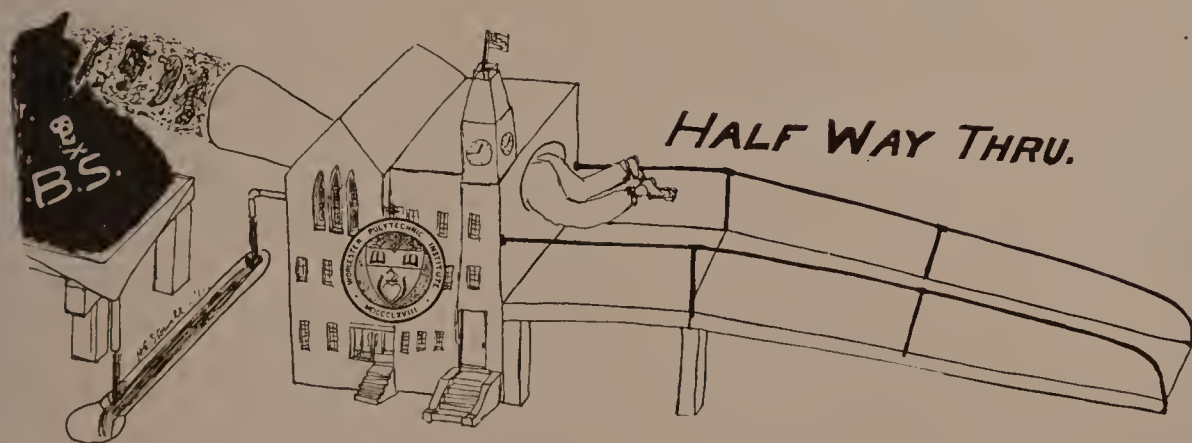
Our Sophomore banquet was marred by no such untoward events. Perched on the top floor of the Chase Building in the rooms of the Automobile Club, on the night of March 10, we could look down at the little Freshman manikins on the opposite side of the street and give them the merry " ha-ha " as they howled their grievances and threats on the chill night air. Some of the deluded infants still cherish the opinion that they almost broke up our banquet by stealing the ice cream. Be that as it may, we ate in peace and comfort the excellent menu provided by our committee, consisting of C. M. Brown, H. R. Frizzell, E. I. Gardiner, G. A. Hickerson, H. Z. Landon and J. H. Litchfield. After eating we had music, furnished by Messrs. Eschholz, Butler, Landon and other members of the class, with sleight-of-hand tricks by Mr. Bryant Bigelow. President Classen then did the honors as toastmaster, showing real class in some of his repetitions of " little Willie's " bright remarks to his Sunday school teacher. Eddie called on but four members for regular toasts. Flaherty told us how it seemed to be a Soph; Bobbie descanted on the whys, wherefores, advantages, disadvantages and minor details incidental to his knowledge of the fair sex; " Hi " told us who's who and why in athletics; while Butler took his subject, W. P. I., as a call to active service on the " anvil chorus," and proceeded to roast some features of Tech up to a welding heat and then pound them most viciously. Betwixt and between came the little surprise parties which Eddie sprung on us unawares, when he would propound a foolish question and spring it on some dreamy one for solution. " Scotty " started in this way to tell us how it happened that the source of a river should be bigger than its mouth, but he soon sidetracked without having proved his case. Eschholz was called upon to determine how much brass a motorman should have to be an efficient conductor. He was obliged to cry, " Not prepared," but said he thought Olan Ivan Lee could tell us. Accordingly, the whole general science course rose as one man and delivered a carefully prepared impromptu poem purporting to portray the effects of changing the arm and hammer of the Washburn Shops to a brilliantly gilded screw. We sang songs, purveyed cheers and jeers out into the chill atmosphere, and shortly before midnight decided to wend our way homewards. There were Freshmen to the right of us, Freshmen to the left of us, and Freshmen far away in front of us. They scattered like scared rabbits at our approach and shouted to the wailing winds what they would do when they caught us. Two of our number were held up by ten of the irresponsible infants and lost their wind trying to catch up with

these retrogressive belligerents. Thus passed our Sophomore banquet into the aisles of the dim past.

By our Junior year we felt that we had outgrown the plebeian facilities of Worcester. Boston could do its darnedest for us for one feed when we would say, "Hang the expense! Put another frog's leg in the turtle soup." Our committee was one of sagacity and judgment. It consisted of Messrs. Classen, Coley, Hallenbeck, Mead, Montague, Sargent and Weidenmiller. They looked around the wicked city of Beantown with a powerful microscope and deliberated long and thoughtfully, with the result that our banquet was set for Tuesday evening, September 14, at the Quincy House. By twos and threes we made our way to the scene of the carnage, and spent our hard-earned coin on ball games, theatres, or the beaches. By eight o'clock the old guard mustered in at the training ground. Some of us joined private expeditions of harbor investigation, devoting much time and thought to the study of bars and their possibilities. We then adjourned to the scene of carnage to discuss results. After doing the best we could to a long and varied menu, we settled back in our chairs with fat cigars in our faces and prepared to listen to the reports of things in general and 1911 in particular. Eddie again did the honors as toastmaster, with his usual good luck. After a little flow of his own hot air, he called for some real talking. The first to mount the rostrum was Conklin, who drew some weird conclusions from "The Integration of a Screw." What they were we have long since forgotten, but they were very lucid at the time. Butler then attempted to describe "An Inverted Image of W. P. I. as Seen in a Convex Mirror." After he had disturbed our ideas of the fitness of things, and Bigelow's nimble fingers had made us doubt the evidence of our eyes, Power followed to tell us how it happened that we were "Safe on Second." The athletic end of the speaking was handled by "Doc" Spicer, who gave a little dissertation entitled, "On Field and Floor." Then came the real stuff. Eddie fooled us nicely. Who of our detective staff would go to all the exertion necessary to find out that to Eddie the mass of verbiage, "Given: the Limit U R. To Prove: the External Attraction Exerted on the Constant Mass of 1911 Equals Infinity," would resolve itself into a simple toast on the fair sex, or what our old camp-meeting friend, Yu Shu Chin, deemed the equivalent? Chin sputtered away like a back-firing gas engine for a considerable time without proving his case, but we didn't care; we clapped just as hard. "Tit-bits of Commendable Regularity" was next contributed by our most efficient abrasive, Sparrow. At this juncture we had an impromptu demonstration of the fact that you can't keep a good man down. Eddie called on Flaherty to render that famous classic, "Casey at the Bat." Casey and his biographer evidently hadn't met for several weeks at least, and we lost the thread of the discourse several times, but we are glad to remember that Ed finished strong and got a good hand. The last contribution was entitled, "A Little Bit More," and was

rendered with great gusto by Landon. Ingersoll now announced the near approach of midnight, and so we collected our goods and chattels, our old and new ideas, and anything in the hotel or on the street which was not nailed down, and proceeded to Park Square, where a special car took us aboard about 1 a.m. Some of the navigators found the ground swell rather too lively, while some of the others were feeling fine on the up trip. Consequently a genuine rough-house started soon after the car did, and lasted nearly to Worcester. Our historian states that Power was the only man who dared to sleep on the car. He sat with his eyes closed for a considerable space of time, but if he should swear that he slept, we would think he was "kidding" us. The car deserted us at the barn about three o'clock, and we went home as noisily or as quietly as we chose, not really sleepy, you understand, but a little bit drowsy, to say the least.

This was the last such celebration that the class as a whole indulged in before this little vest-pocket book went to press. Unfortunately our final wind-up banquets, both of the divisions and of the whole class, can not be recorded in this volume, because they were held too late. The fondest memories of all will cling to these last, however, so this little reminiscence will fitly close with the best of all our undergraduate banquets, the Half Way Through.



“Old Sleuth” on the War-Path

SCENE—Top floor, Salisbury Lab, between the stock-room and the Freshman Lab.

TIME—3.30 p.m., Freshman division, including “Chat” Dodge, in the lab.

The Old Sleuth strides forth from the department room, but is fairly frozen to his tracks in horror on seeing a trail of dark-colored liquid leading from the stock-room to the lab. Only for a moment is he unnerved, and then—“Ha-a-a-ah!” and a low, guttural hiss, like an oyster on a hot stove-lid, escapes his exultation as he anticipates matching his keen faculties against the mystery.

But alas! on inspection, he finds that he is to be cheated out of his contest of wits. “ H_2SO_4 !” he snarls; and then, furious in his disappointment, he turns on the unfortunate stock-room boy: “Arthur, what do you mean by spilling sulphuric all over the floor like this?” “Beg pardon, sir,” meekly responds the subordinate, “we have been out of sulphuric since you forgot to order it last month.” “Be silent!” thunders W. L. “Sodium bicarbonate solution!” The reagent is brought, and a drop applied to the stain. “Hm-m! No effervescence. Very strange. Litmus paper!” Arthur obeys, and tests are made. “Hm-m! Color changes to brown in both cases. *Most extraordinary!* And yet here are unmistakable evidences of charring. Ha! possibly a phenol! The odor should determine.” And the exalted proboscis, now, alas, worn almost flat by tireless probing, is lowered, and the Old Sleuth sniffs delicately at one of the baffling stains. But see! An expression of disgust, of revulsion, replaces his look of panting eagerness. “Ugh!” he shivers, “nasty! *nasty!! NASTY!!!*” And he bangs behind him the door of the sanctum, abandoning the trail of—tobacco juice.







PHI GAMMA DELTA HOUSE



Phi Gamma Delta

Established November 20, 1891

Pi Iota Chapter

Active Members

1911

Edwin Donald Beach
Whitney Scovil Porter
Rollin Terry Read
James Frederick Thompson

1912

Eric George Benedict
Arthur Schubert Kloss
Lyman Marshall Smith
Frederick Holman Waring
Ralph Myron Wilder

1913

Anson Clark Burwell
John Harrison Conant
George Peleg Dixon
Eric Thorgny Franzen
Stanley Fuller Hunt
Oscar Stanley Porter
Frank Herbert Schopfer
Robert Warren Williams

1914

Philip Francis Coe
Charles Sherwood Fowler
Paul Williams Glover
Ogden Blackfan Hewitt
Chester Moore Inman
Richard Long Keith
Stanley Ashton Spencer
Lucien Carpenter Stanley

PHI GAMMA DELTA HOUSE—99 Salisbury Street.



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON HOUSE



Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Members of the Mass. Delta Chapter

1911

H. Z. Landon
H. G. Parker
J. A. Patch
J. A. Payette

1912

E. I. Comins
A. H. Kingman
R. P. Norton
W. T. Potter
J. D. Power
T. C. Wheaton

1913

J. W. Armour
E. B. Barnes
H. H. Chase
A. G. Cherry
C. C. Clough
W. S. Reid
L. F. Smith
R. H. Wulf

1914

G. W. Loring
I. T. Norton
M. S. Patterson
R. N. Ruiter
W. G. Very
P. D. Voorhies

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON HOUSE—Humboldt Avenue.



ALPHA TAU OMEGA HOUSE



Theta Chi Fraternity

Epsilon Chapter

1910

Millard Fane Clement

1911

Alfred Leroy Atherton
Frank Bryant Bigelow, Jr.
Carleton Murray Brown
Edmund Michael Flaherty
Edward Irving Gardiner
Edward Francis Higgins
Carl Reed Weidenmiller
Howard Fogg Wright

1913

John Barnard
Arthur Cilley Burleigh
Ray Clark Crouch
Alfred Edwin Gale
Harry Bernard Lindsay
Joel Willard McGregor
Thomas Crawford Mitchell, Jr.

1914

1912

Edward Earl Bard
Philip Henry DeLong
Nelson Emmons Frissell
Earl Wilfred Gleason
Ralph Emerson Harrington
Frederick Victor Hugo
Edwin Harold Keeler
Frank Mitford McGowan
Henry Joseph McKenney
Frank Harold Plaisted
Walter Eldred Steele
Leon Herbert Treadwell
Kenneth Irving Tredwell

William Clinton Blanchard, Jr.
Winthrop Blackley Brown
Harold Lionel Kane
Clayton Roberts Wilcox

THETA CHI HOUSE—1 Lancaster Terrace



KAPPA XI ALPHA HOUSE



Kappa Xi Alpha

Established in 1902 as Theta Chi

Active Chapter

1911

Herbert V. Leckie
Kenneth R. Allen
Samuel E. Nims
Stuart A. Nims
Don A. Hamilton

1912

Cyril B. Raymond
Waldo L. Sherman
Vaughn D. Griffin
Guy F. Whitney
Albert S. Littell
Harold L. Nickerson
Lewis F. Wheeler
George I. Gilchrest
Walter G. Bullard

1913

Stanley W. Barlow
Walter E. Spicer
William H. Acton
Harold L. Pierson
Wesley J. Gilson
George R. Barker
Albert L. Brown
Ivan H. Bradley
Earl H. Thomas

1914

Harold C. Black
Alvin S. Martin
Rodney E. Lancey
Herbert V. Sproat
Philip C. Foster

KAPPA XI ALPHA HOUSE—9 John Street.



DELTA TAU HOUSE



Delta Tau Fraternity

Active Members

Henry P. Ackermann
Edmund K. Brown
Harold C. Brown
S. Austin Craig
William T. Donath
Charles E. Gillett
Elliot E. Gilmore
Charles S. Hallenbeck
Ernest A. Hamilton
Harold E. Hartwell
Carl P. James
Winthrop M. Jones
Anthony B. Juvenal

Harold W. Lane
Herbert G. Morse
Asa P. Nutter
Everett P. Peterson
Robert E. S. Pope
William I. Randall
James C. Ryder
Emery St. George
Wallace W. Tuttle
Henry C. Whitlock
Ralph D. Whitmore
Harold R. Winter

DELTA TAU HOUSE—66 Park Avenue.

Society of the Sigma XI

Worcester Chapter

Established May 7, 1908

Officers

President, A. W. French
Vice-president, H. B. Smith
Recording Secretary, E. L. Hancock
Corresponding Secretary, A. D. Butterfield
Treasurer, W. L. Jennings

Active Members

E. A. Engler	A. W. Duff
L. L. Conant	A. L. Smith
W. L. Jennings	J. O. Phelon
A. W. French	C. A. Read
W. W. Bird	H. C. Ives
C. M. Allen	A. D. Butterfield
A. S. Richey	D. F. Calhane
G. R. Olshausen	F. Bonnet, Jr.
R. C. Sweetser	D. L. Gallup
A. A. Nims	F. W. Roys
R. D. Whitmore	A. W. Ewell
G. H. Haynes	R. H. Taber
H. B. Smith	E. L. Hancock
R. K. Morley	

1911

A. L. Atherton	H. E. Hartwell
E. D. Beach	H. Z. Landon
D. E. Carpenter	C. T. Leigh
H. P. Conklin	A. H. Reid
P. S. Cushing	S. W. Sparrow
L. Davis	L. C. Stevens



Tau Beta Pi Association

Founded at Lehigh University, 1885

Massachusetts Alpha Chapter

Installed May 14, 1910

Members of Tau Beta Pi

CLASS OF 1911

Alfred Leroy Atherton	George Allan King
Edwin Donald Beach	Philip Colburn Kneil
Harold Perry Conklin	Charles Thompson Leigh
Cyril Pike Crawshaw	Stanwood Willston Sparrow
Paul Rhodes Crooker	Lewis Chester Stevens
Philip Stone Cushing	Clarence Winfred Taft
Harold Russell Frizzell	Harold Rogers Winter
Harold Elbert Hartwell	Robert Henry Wolcott
Fred Warren Kennedy	

CLASS OF 1912

Arthur Bowdoin Anderson	Joseph Francis Granger
Edward Irving Comins	Arthur Thomas Larned
Philip Henry DeLong	Fred Grant Munson
George Irving Gilchrest	Walter Eldred Steele

GRADUATE MEMBERS

Ray Howard Taber, 1909	Albert Armstrong Nims, 1908
Ralph Delano Whitmore, 1909	

An Afternoon with "Ding"



ABOUT 12.55 the "neversweats" began to arrive. Promptly at 1.00 Ding emerges from the door of his sanctum and begins to call the roll. Of course "Whit" is late. Shaw isn't expected till 1.05, and it is generally 1.20 before "Monk" blows in. Boards are removed from the racks and placed on the stands, and we sit dreamily eyeing the network of blind trails planted thereon, vainly endeavoring to remember where we were going to put that bolt last week. "Ding" ambles around and works havoc in those careful designs. About 1.30 he lands in the seat beside Hugh. A sigh of relief is heard from the ten-cent seats. Joe locates his "papers" and "makings," and he and "Dan" promptly disappear into the lower regions. Artie and Brig soon follow. "Doc" meanders along, rubbing his hands violently, that is, as violently as he ever does anything. "Felix" heads for the "office." "Gin" trails after. "Monk" and Shaw go for a stroll down Main Street. The few who are left listen to a conversation something like this:

"Ding:" "What were we considering last time?"

A. H. : "The rocking device for this cradle."

"How many compartments?"

"I thought we would make twin compartments, to provide for emergencies."

"Are you going to have it roll over?"

"No, that would be too violent. We will just rock it gently."

"Why don't you use a lever?"

"That's just what I was going to do. I'm almost ready to sketch one to scale."

"A lever would be clumsy and might interfere with the upper frame."

"Yes, that's right; a lever isn't practical. We won't use one."

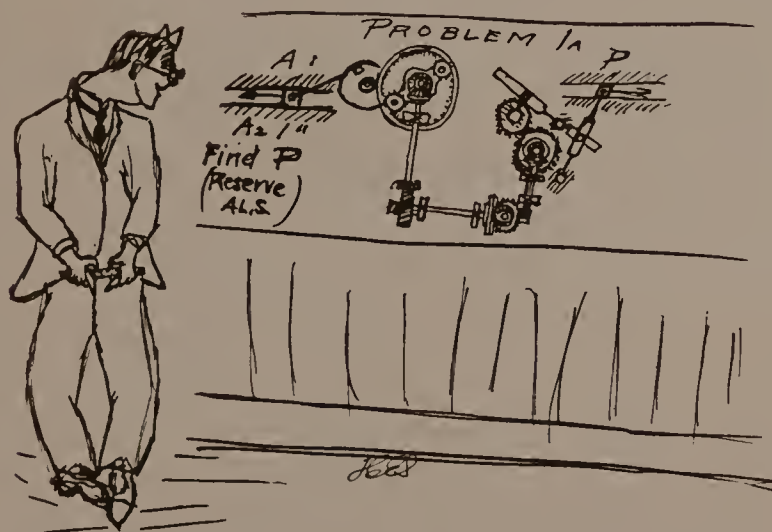
"Would a crank do?"

"Yes, sure. I think I sketched one, week before last, but I can't find the sketch now. I think a crank will do nicely."

"In the extreme position it would go too near the trunnions and the operator would skin his knuckles. That wouldn't do."

"No, no; a crank is no use. A molder doesn't like a crank anyhow. We'll use something else."

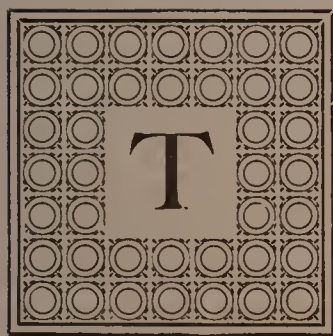
So on until the "seldomsweats" go out to join the "neversweats." A few of the men are left to absorb the gist of the discussion. About 3.30 one of the "nevers" strolls into the library. "Ken" sits gazing at the landscape over an idle slide rule. When asked, "What's Ding doing?" he comes to with a start, yawns, and says, "Talking to A. H. the last time I woke up," and relapses into his dreams. Around the table are seated "Chuck," "Hi," Stanley and "Pat" in divers attitudes of blissful repose. Reluctant to disturb them we go back up stairs. Ingersoll says 4.00 p.m. and we think, "Another hour!" and give three groans. As we enter the door "Ding" rises and says decisively, "No, a crank won't do; we'll have to rock it with a lever actuated by foot-power." A. H. assents and "Ding" walks around in quest of new developments. Nothing but an odor of "Bull" greets him, and as he passes to his office, "nevers" and "seldoms" straggle back one by one. At 4.50 "Ding" announces that the "class is dismissed," and we sleepily gather our goods and chattels and go home for a real sleep. It's a strenuous life for a nervous man.





BOYNTON HALL

Personally Conducted



THE brightest rifts in the cloud of dull care which constantly casts its all-pervading gloom over the hard-worked "Greasy Mechanics" have been those times when, carefully chaperoned by a dignified member of the Faculty, we have donned a clean collar and a care-free smile to replace those greasy overalls and the proverbial shop scowl, and have sallied forth to see how things are done, and why, in

a real shop. Our Freshman year seems to be much more remote in the aisles of dim antiquity because, though we may rack our tired brains till they rattle, Freshman shop memories assume a dull monotone of sawing, planing, sandpapering and puttying, the only bits of local color being supplied by the vituperative efforts of the unfortunate individuals who were so careless as to step in-front of a lump of putty as it whistled merrily on its way through that sawdust laden atmosphere.

'Twas not till we became really alive to our opportunities as Sophomores that we were allowed to congregate on a corner and proceed in solemn procession to the plant, which it was deemed advisable by the powers that be for us to investigate with care. Trips were a matter of serious consideration in those days. Ample notice was given in order that we should carefully train our infant intellects to absorb facts in rapid succession and with due regard for relative values. The rendezvous was also carefully considered, and our arrival was carefully timed in order that we might the more successfully avoid the snares and pitfalls on the way. Solemn admonitions to follow closely the guide, which the company so thoughtfully provided, and to pay the closest and most respectful attention to that which that same guide would elucidate for our especial benefit, completed our preparation, and we were then, in the opinion of the Faculty, perfectly competent in every way to go quietly through the hives of industry and see for ourselves that what "we have found that the F. E. Reed Co. recommends" was actually in practice, just as natural as life. Under the efficient chaperonage of "Pa," we made two such solemn pilgrimages, one to the F. E. Reed Co., and the other to the Norton Co. and the Norton Grinding Co. Both these trips were interesting and instructive, but the impulse was

irresistible to let loose the dogs of war as soon as we had passed outside the door, and we proceeded, in the most approved style, to "whoop it up with a whoop-la-la," and with a "Goodby, Ma; so long, Pa," we were off in a cloud of dust. There was always one feature of these trips which we could bank on. No matter how far from our accustomed haunts we wandered, how hard the wind blew, what the walking was like, or how much time we had, Stewart was late and we had to wait for him. After he came, we could proceed with certainty that none of our number were marooned on the corner waiting for us. Stewart's arrival was a signal for all to smooth down their hair, straighten their ties, and prepare to pass inspection by the office forces. All the professional charmers were dressed in their most fetching array for these dress parades.

Of so totally different nature were our afternoons off with our old friend John Jernberg that we feel it incumbent upon us to distinguish carefully between them. John's genial smile opened many a door for our inspection that might have otherwise been kept fast closed. When notice of a trip with John was posted, we all prepared to see everything there was to see, and to have all the fun possible in a trip of such nature. Going and coming usually meant a rough-house or fracas of some kind, which John would enjoy as much as any of the students, and in which he has been known to participate. Enjoyable afternoons were spent with him at the Worcester Pressed Steel Co. and the Morgan Spring Works.

For real class and studious attention to everything but business, our few excursions with "Reggie" must take first place. "Reggie" chose, with extreme care, a place where it would be impossible to keep track of us, and admonished us "to be there on time or I'll mark ye down in my book, by Guy." The way he would jolly the help during working hours was a crime. He used to kid us most unmercifully into the bargain, and when he splintered those near-jokes, of which he carried a large stock, and forced the remnants at us, the applause he got was deafening. After telling us for a half year that if "you take and go to work and hang around here and loaf all morning you won't get anything done, by Guy," he attempted to prove it to us by demonstrating the intricacies of the foundries of the Holyoke Machine Co and Rice, Barton & Fales. In both places we learned a good deal about molding, in spite of "Reggie's" lectures.

During our Sophomore summer practice, the powers that be decided that a break in the awful strain of hard labor would be advisable. So "Johnnie" took us to Athol to see how a real hardening and tempering plant looked. We swooped down on the unsuspecting town one fine June morning, and when they saw us coming, all the natives began to nail everything portable to the nearest fixed point, while every man who passed us hung onto his watch with both hands. En route to Starrett's, the first place we visited, we met the school girls marching demurely two by two on their

way somewhere. Several of the charmers of the bunch wished to elope with the whole collection without further formality, but most of us saw how infinitely more valuable it would be to them to go with John, so we tore them reluctantly away. We spent the morning very profitably at Starrett's. Competent guides were assigned to small parties, and we were shown nearly everything in the shop, and were told to ask all the questions that occurred to us. The guides who chaperoned the parties containing Gilbert and Stewart knew not till too late what large contracts they had taken. Stewart asked some 2347 questions, of which a few were pertinent and some of those sensible, while Gilbert had him trimmed by a majority of 7. Nine of Gilbert's were repetitions, however, and so we must yield the leather medal to Stanley. Both the guides toddled back to the office gasping for breath and calling for water. After we had acquired knowledge and catalogues from Starrett's, we went on a mad hunt for a place to acquire a civilized feed. Two places in the burg masqueraded as restaurants. Both were soon filled with hungry Tech men, who labored under the delusion that they were there to eat. They did eat, after long waits intended to aid the digestion. The proprietor had to raid a butcher shop on our account, and he nearly died of heart failure when he sold three sirloin steaks at the same time. Parts of those steaks are still in circulation. They had cohesion badly. The afternoon was spent at the Union Twist Drill Co., where we again had an opportunity to see a thoroughly up-to-date shop, and to learn a few new facts about the heat treatment of steel. Not daring to chance another meal in Athol, we went home on a sort of go-as-you-please basis, of which the most notable feature was that we all showed up the next day ready for work.

By our Junior year, trips had become merely a welcome diversion of shop time into more enjoyable channels. The first half afforded us only one trip, a visit with John to Wyman & Gordon's. This proved to be a most interesting trip, but by this time we had begun to acquire dignity, and the usual hilarity of our Sophomore trips was lacking. We moseyed along through the weeks without serious thought of trips, till one day "Piggy" announced that the Directors of the United States Steel Corporation wished us to inspect their South Works. We expected to be sheltered under his copious wing when we made this trip, and we were speculating as to what a trip with him would be like, when one day "Pa" announced that "Mr. Bird has decided that we will conduct the trip as we have done several times in the past," and then we knew what to expect. After we had gathered at the gate and were waiting for a guide, the big noise in the person of "Reggie," the Paper Bag Antiquarian, hove round the corner into our midst. Then we knew that the funereal qualities of "Pa's" trips would abate, if not wholly disappear, under "Reggie's" efficient ministrations. We explored the Steel Works and "Reggie's" pockets. Finding the latter

nearly empty, we were seized with the fear that the famous paper bag collection would be incomplete, and so we added all the samples his pockets would carry. It was too bad that the bag in which he attempted to collect some molten steel took fire—we should have prized that specimen so highly. We saw all there was to see, heard “ Reggie ” do a really creditable job of jollyng, and left the plant to its own devices. We hope it has not needed those samples yet, for they are securely bottled in the foundry lecture-room, where they act most efficiently as “ Reggie’s ” official tombstone.

On our next trip we wandered as far as Providence, where we spent a busy morning inspecting Brown & Sharpe’s plant. Adrian and Stanley shone here as at Athol, and had either tried to remember half the information he so eagerly sought, he would long since have taken up his abode in a padded cell. Stanley being handicapped by the tired feeling resultant from the strain of a fussing trip to a female college from which he tore himself away to join us, Adrian easily captured first place, being winner by some 989 inquiries. The company gave us a most complete set of catalogues, which took to the water like young ducks, and which have become fish food long since. Then ensued the usual hunt for hash, in which the group naturally divided itself into three bunches, who might be labeled the T. A.’s, the M. D.’s and the S. S.’s, or in plain Anglo-Saxon, the Total Abstainers, the Moderate Drinkers, and the Seldom Sobers. It is worthy of note that when the congregation for the afternoon trips was held, all the first group, part of the second and none of the third assembled. The afternoon was divided between the Alco Motor Car Works and the Gorham Manufacturing Company. At the last place we saw, among other items of interest, the molds for a statue of considerable size. Home was safely reached by all of us in spite of the fact that the trip was made on Friday, the 13th.

Summer practice was again made tolerable by trips. This time John took us to Millbury and Whitinsville to show us the difference between the mossback and the modern methods of doing blacksmith work. This was but a half-day trip, the only excitement offered being the trip home in a driving rain. Then “ Reggie ” took his last farewell bang at us. He took us to a little hole-in-the-wall called Fitchburg, and assisted us to run the gauntlet of several foundries. A sudden attack of almost human intelligence impelled him to relieve us from duty at 2 p.m. Naturally, several of the party immediately posted out to Whalom, where they acted like regular cutups, Stewart being mistaken on the way out for an inhabitant of a Y. M. C. A. camp in the region. The park was so dead that even five hilarious students with a quarter to spend could not wake it up, so after paddling around the pondlet, all the others went home and left Stewart and Stowell losing weight fast by taking their first swim of the season. Being determined to be real sporty, they stayed during the evening, and would have reached home right side up with care had Stewart kept his smile covered.

An old acquaintance recognized him by that smile and called for aid, for he had one girl too many, and handed the extra to Stewart as trustee. Chivalrous Stanley believed what his ward told him about the cars, and as "Monk" waited for him, both found themselves lost in the north woods, with no choice but to follow the car tracks or sleep under a tree, Stowell choosing the former and Stewart the latter. "Monk's" side-door Pullman failed to show up, so he slept on the soft side of the station platform, and beat it for home on the owl train, which allowed him to get to work on time next morning, while Stanley helped occupy one third of a room in a cheap hotel, and was an hour late. The finale of our last trip with "Reggie" was the sight of the two cutups sitting on a pile of molding sand and exchanging experiences, after which they solemnly vowed, "Never again."

As Seniors with varying amounts of dignity, we took a very sedate and instructive trip to Boston and vicinity. The trip was planned for the "grand finale" of the first semester's course in shop costs of production, but as the only interesting meeting the Mechanical Society held that year came on the evening when we should be away, "Piggy" refused to sanction the trip. We had given up all hopes of taking the trip when "Hi" thought it was time to start something, with the result that Friday and Saturday, March 10 and 11, were set for the trip. "Ding" consented to excuse us from our machine design nap, and we all got brave and cut thesis. Our train left at 7.55, which was very early for the "Seldom Sobers." Five of our braves deserted the expedition entirely. Brig, Joe, Dan, Felix and Ken stayed behind to "work on thesis." Such unexpected industry is suspicious. Whit went to Boston "mit eine Frau," but did not join "Pa's" perambulator class. Totti arrived in the evening to ask as usual, "What you do now?" "Artie" loved his morning sleep so well that he did not catch up with the procession till noon. The rest of the gang convened in time to take the train. "Monk" attracted a good deal of attention because of his very smoky headlight and the carefully manufactured tale of how he acquired his black eye "in church."

"Hi" acted as official guide, and through his careful ministrations we were enabled to stop at every little jerked station on the way to Faneuil, where our first inspection was to be the Watertown Arsenal. When we arrived at this little "pimple on the landscape," we had become so accustomed to stopping at out-of-the-way hitching posts that we did not know enough to get off. After a short interval of awful suspense, the whole crowd gathered on the platform, and proceeded through the dismal rain to the gates, where, much to our surprise, we were admitted without question. At the office a guide was assigned to show us the place. We walked around and looked wise. The one idea we got from this part of the trip was that when you work for the government, you don't need to sleep at night. Work hours serve the purpose just as well. Shortly after eleven o'clock we waded

through the mud back to the station. By some strange chance a train soon came along. The engineer's curiosity was so aroused by the sight of so many people on the platform at once that he stopped to see whose cow was on the track. Before he could get away again we boarded the train and refused to leave till we reached South Station, where the gang divided into small groups, who followed their noses to the lair of the perennial corned beef and cabbage. Hugh got sadly out of his element in this double shuffle. He was seated at a table in "Jake's" with several of the "Seldom Sobers." While waiting for the food to be served, one of the philanthropists of the crowd remarked, "What'll you have?" The orders came in merrily till it came Hugh's turn. Again he was asked, "Won't you join us?" Poor Hugh stuttered awhile with embarrassment till he caught his breath again, when he started on a Marathon speech, consisting of, "No, sir, no siree sir, no sir, no-no-no-no-no-no," which would have been going yet had not the waiter brought him a plate of hash, with which he managed to choke off the flow of frenzied negation. "Artie" joined the bunch about this time, and we embarked on the 1.15 for Quincy. All the pot-bellied cops the place boasted gathered around the plaza and watched the public hitching-posts till we left. There was nothing else to watch, for there was nothing else we could steal, and besides we wouldn't do such things, anyway, and we weren't out for plunder. With his eagle eye "Hi" spotted the corner drug store and decided he needed some liver pills or cascareds, or something of the kind, so he put on his official dignity as Lord High Manipulator of the Time Table, and nonchalantly strolled into the adjoining millinery emporium to make his purchases. He discovered his mistake before trying to make his purchase and transferred his carcass into its proper place next door. Most of the gang soon followed, and we had almost elected a successor to President Engler when a perambulator meandered along and offered itself as a common carrier. A short ride brought us to one of the numerous mud puddles which lie on the outskirts of the Fore River Ship & Engine Co. A short but very juicy walk brought us to the offices of the company, where we all as one man removed our hats in silent ovation as we heard "Pa" brevetted "Professor" by one of the assistant office boys. A guide, if such he may be called, was ruthlessly torn from his other duties and told off to watch the gang so that we would not carry off any of the ten-ton ingots. Our guide being nearly as loquacious as an oyster on the half shell, we soon despaired of getting much information except what forced itself by optical illusions into our domes. Stanley was very quiet, Adrian had long departed from our midst, and A. H. addressed most of his conversation to "Pa," so we were enabled to make good progress. Another toy car took us back to the town in time, so that by sprinting we caught the train back to good old Beantown. Supper was the next item of interest. The gang scattered as at dinner. Hugh avoided a repetition of his nauseating noontime experi-

ence by going home with Eddie. Promptly at 7.30 " Pa " marshaled his charges into the Auto Show. Here they walked around just as if they had money and could buy a car if they wanted. " Pat " got lost in the maze of a devious argument on the properties of oils with a man who thought he knew something about the subject. Starting on a basis of one afternoon's work on the oil-testing machine, " Pat " built up a structure of spurious facts which he would still be quoting to prove his incredible statements had not Totti come around and interrupted with his stock query, " What you do now? " After the show, the thoughts of the gang turned toward navigation. Being in dry dock for so long a period did not agree with several members of the party, so they took out pilots' licenses and started to hasten as many schooners as possible over the bar before the tide went out at eleven. Some very efficient piloting was done in that short interval. Not even the suds were allowed to graze the bar. Sleep was the last resort of the time-killers that night.

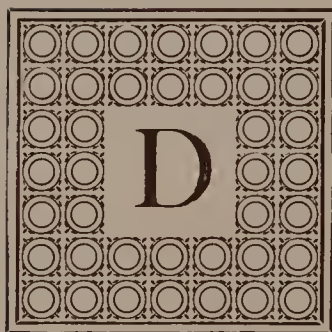
Eight-seventeen was the time set for our departure for Beverly. Eight dauntless huskies braved the chill morning air and showed up on time. The slow boys came in installments, with Shaw the scratch man, hopelessly buried under a handicap of an hour and a half. About noon the gang mobilized for the return to Boston. Here the trip finished in a cloud of dust, leaving the members of the party to their own devices. Every man looked out for myself, and the police would have got the hindmost if they had been awake. Navigation was studied by several post-graduates, while other members of a more mathematical turn of mind studied " figgers " in the various emporia where sine (or shall we spell it sign?) curves are studied eagerly through a powerful opera-glass, while the lights burn low and the music becomes soft and dreamy.

By twos and threes we straggled back to our respective domiciles in various stages of physical, mental, moral and financial decrepitude, but all agreeing that our last official inspection trip was by far the best of the series.



Senior Electrics' Inspection Trip

Niagara Falls and Others Taken in



URING the week of April 2, a small and more or less select party of the Senior Electrics disported themselves on an inspection trip which included (on the programme) Hoosac Tunnel electrification, General Electric Works at Schenectady and various plants in Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Several other things occurred which were not down in print and probably never will be—there's a reason. The fellows were given a rousing sendoff Sunday evening at the station by about twenty of Bill Coley's South Worcester gang, and then proceeded to enjoy themselves and the scenery, especially that on the train. Carrico took a chance, while the others looked on, although not from a distance, and entered into conversation with a couple of the fair sex. After they were aided off, the conductor came around and informed us that they were both married. We are still trying to figure out just whom the joke was on. About this time was also to be observed the phenomenon of the Instructor, Mr. Adams, assisting a young lady with her dress-suit case; but it afterwards developed that she had asked him, so that's how that started.

After registering at the hotel in North Adams, some of the fellows wandered out and finally discovered as many as eight arc-lights in town. Returning, seven of the fellows got in the hotel elevator, which refused to go up, so three had to get out and walk. Well, it looked like a real elevator, anyway. Early next morning the electrification of the Hoosac Tunnel was looked over or overlooked, as the case might be, and then the bunch left for Albany. Here a limited trolley-car for Schenectady was boarded. Stearns wanted to be sure he was in right, so he approached the conny and asked, "Is this an express?" The official looked at Charley, and then suspiciously at his dress-suit case and remarked sweetly, "Oh, no, this is a passenger." Stearns was carried in on a stretcher. That afternoon the party saw (and also heard) the works of the American Locomotive Co. At night the entire party, chaperon and all, attended the offering at the Mohawk Theatre, which was recommended by the hotel clerk. This production proved to be an all-

wool-and-a-yard-wide burlesque show (with the accent on the "show") of a capacity of about 150 leg-hours. As the *Boston Post* says of its "Story Pictures," this play was "very entertaining and highly instructive." [See Carpenter for further details concerning "one kiddo charmante," etc.]

All day Tuesday was taken up visiting the huge works of the G. E. Co. Petersen and Jachens were especially interested in the winding room—by the way, these machines are all operated by members of the fair sex. Tuesday night several of the fellows got their first introduction to the sleeping-car and the obsequious porter, who, to use military terms, asked for no quarter, but got one. Wednesday morning the menu called for the works of the Lackawanna Steel Co. Their territory comprises an area 9 by 10 miles, and some of the amateur pedestrians swore we covered every foot of it. Most of the paths were plentifully supplied with a fine quality of mud, which most of us did not fail to make much of. In the sub-station the guide confidentially told one of the fellows that the station was provided with A. C. transformers. In the afternoon the party drove to the new plant of the U. S. Light and Heating Co. in autos kindly furnished by the company. After this the entire party, with the exception of Bowers, dropped over to the Shredded Wheat factory, where it is only touched once by a human hand. Here the attention was divided between the machines and the fair co-ed packers, who were all fitted up with clean bibs and tuckers, being only one instance of the cleanliness and hygiene (that's a good work, Bo) of the factory. At 4 o'clock Bowers found it necessary to bathe his feet and owing to the extent of surface left immediately in order to appear in time for supper.

Thursday morning the huge hydro-electric power-house of the Ontario Power Co. was inspected, and then a short walk up-country brought us to the 110,000-volt sub-station of the Ontario Hydro-electric Commission. Here again we were favored by a goodly amount of muddy mud. Most of us made a wide detour to reach the station, but Bowers thought he saw a good path straight ahead. He therefore decided to stick to the straight and narrow way, and he did stick—in the mud. This caused one of the fellows to pass a remark concerning the recent development of Canadian gunboats. That evening we decided to attend a theatre in Niagara (what? Oh, no; this was simply a vaudeville show). Mr. Adams nearly took our breath away by announcing that he would require three tickets, as he was going to take a couple of friends. Then, noticing the general facial expression of bewilderment, he added that they were a couple of Tech alumni, who were working in Niagara; the party then breathed freely again.

Friday morning was spent in visiting various power-houses and other manufactories. Here, as in several other places, we met one or more Tech alumni, who were all doing well and were mighty glad to see us. In the afternoon most of the bunch took a walk over to and all around the Falls, drinking in the wondrous beauty of this great natural phenomenon. It is

most certainly a delightful, soul-satisfying, awe-inspiring and, withal, an indescribable sight which it is worth traveling far to witness. Several of the fellows were heard to remark that they were coming out here on their honeymoons. Ah, well! let us hope that they are good waiters. Friday evening saw most of the fellows leaving for dear old Worcester, fully satisfied with the profits and pleasures of the trip, and all ready (?) to take up the grind again for the last lap.

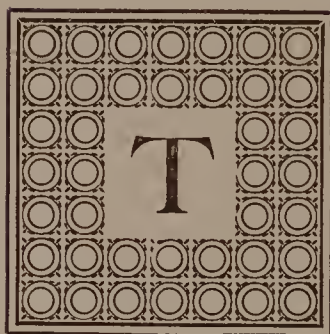




CLASS OF 1911, FRESHMAN YEAR

A Sad, Sad Story

Introduction



O ALL it is not given that they shall penetrate beyond that border line, that boundary which separates the experiences of human life from that beyond. To all it is not given that, like the im-

mortal Dante and Orpheus, they shall pass beyond the ken of mortal beings, and return unscathed to sing their wondrous tales. But there are a few to whom that impenetrable vale of darkness, that misty, cloudy land is no longer impenetrable, is no longer misty and cloudy; to whom that impassable boundary is no longer impassable; to whom that insurmountable wall is no longer insurmountable; to whom, in fact, the great unknown is no longer unknown.

Fortunate, we would say, is he to whom this wondrous opportunity is open; fortunate is he who can penetrate where few other mortals penetrate; fortunate, yes, but fortunate only in the eyes of the lesser endowed beings, they who plod day after day absorbed in the pursuit of their paltry pleasures and joys, not knowing or caring whither their steps shall lead them. But to him who has this wondrous power, this magnificent yet fearful opportunity, the journey is not always one of peaceful pleasure and good fortune. The way is not always smooth and unbeset with fearful adventures. There is not always an all-powerful guide to lead and sustain the trembling voyager along the darksome ways. The fiendish powers of darkness are not always restrained by the all-conquering power of Providence. Alas, some there are who, exercising their wondrous gifts, have met with adventures

and trials and tribulations to which the earthly trials have no comparison; who have encountered agony and torture unknown or even unconceived of in the realms of the world, and who have returned to the world with the memories of their experiences so irrevocably impressed upon their recollections that words have failed to describe them.

Thus it is that we may read of the wondrous journeys of Dante and Orpheus through the realms of darkness. Surrounded by an impenetrable wall of night, encompassed on all sides by the powers of darkness, they were yet able to pass unscathed even to the nethermost depths of those terrible regions and, returning to the world, leave to the wondering ages a tale of adventure to which the wildest dream of the worldly writer is but a spark in the depths of a volcanic fire. But to the fact that they passed unscathed through all this fearful territory lies the reason that they were able to describe it so well and so vividly. To them whose ill fortune it was to be beset by the hosts of darkness, such ability has hitherto been denied. Their sufferings and trials have been such that all power of expression has fled on the wings of the wind when they have attempted to recount with the pen the story of their terrible hardships.

However, it was only a question of time when some wanderer would return from the fearful journey with yet sufficient power to set down his experiences and trials. In the year 2000 A.D., a student engaged in conducting a research on occult mysticism in the College of Life in New York city, under the direction of Professor Diggerup, found occasion to conduct a portion of his investigation in the magnificent library of the Worcester Antiquarian Society. There, browsing among antique, dust-covered tomes, some of which had not seen the light of day for nearly a century, he chanced upon a remarkable manuscript. It was old and torn, and written in the style peculiar to the early years of the twentieth century. The student was immediately interested, and hastily glanced over the first few pages. A joyous gleam of eager curiosity passed over his features, for he had discovered that long-hoped-for story, that many-time prophesied tale, that dream of all investigators of the occult, the tale of one who had passed to the great beyond, suffered and endured its torments, and yet had been able to return to the world and recount the adventures.

Hastily secreting his treasure he passed out of the library and, hastening to a secluded nook in the wilds of Bancroft Hill, read for the first time the wonderful story. Three days later he appeared at the college and for many

weeks was busy, apparently writing up the results of his research. To all inquiries he was dumb, and then, suddenly as he had appeared at the school, he again disappeared, and no trace was ever found of him again. A search among his effects revealed the manuscript which had evidently been the cause of such strange behavior.

It told of the rise of a strange sect, calling themselves Voyagers of '11, who had passed in a body to the great beyond, seeking that which it is not meet that mortals should know. Their trials and adventures were vividly described, and their escape after four years of terrible agony and suffering.

The student had apparently been so terribly affected by the tale that he had destroyed portions of the manuscript as too terrible for mortal eyes to behold. From the fragments we have constructed our tale, and to all future investigators of the occult we commend its careful perusal.



CLASS OF 1911, SOPHOMORE YEAR

Chapter I

"Through me ye enter the abode of Woe:
Through me to endless sorrow ye are brought:
Through me amid the souls accursed ye go.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Dante



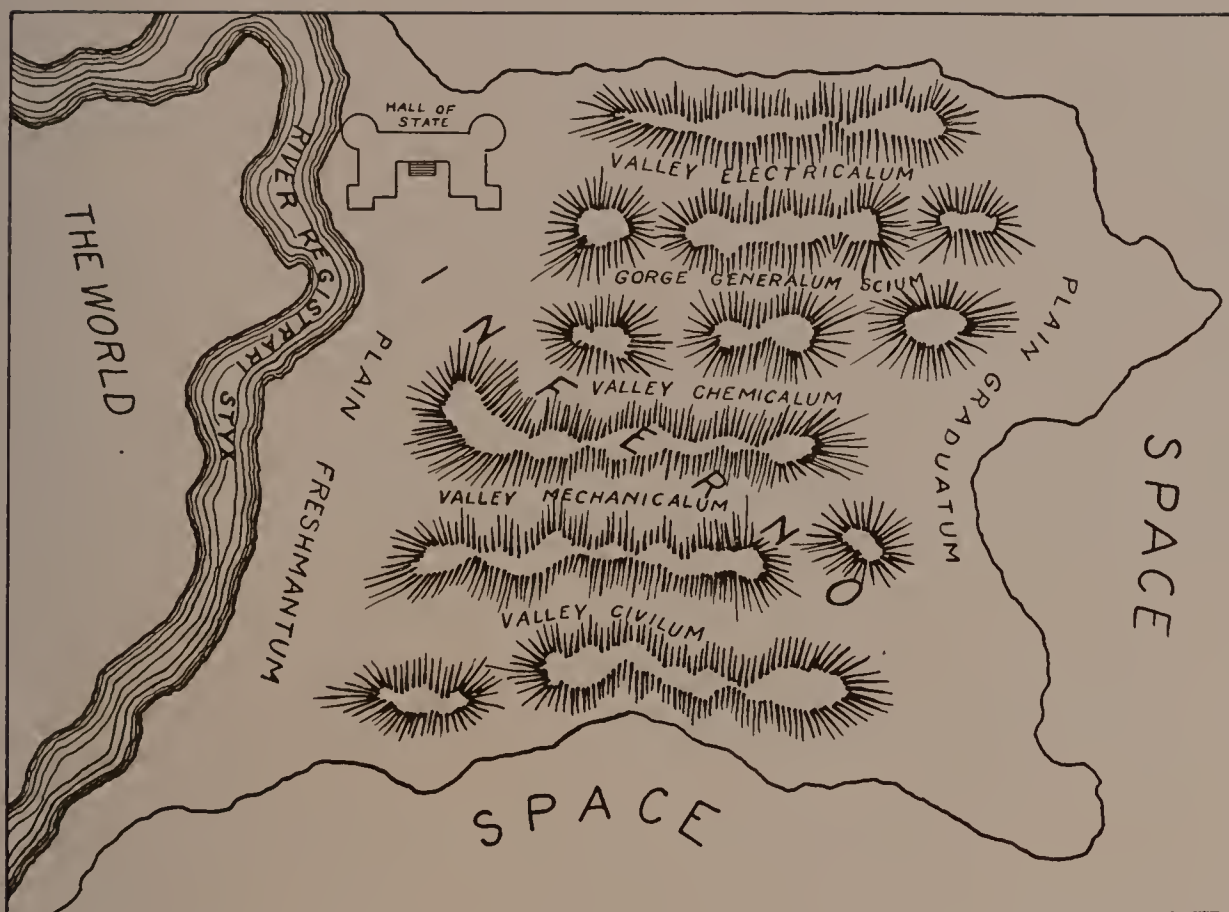
IN THE infinite dreariness of the Inferno's unbounded continuity and monotony, throughout the desolate extent of its tractless, illimitable spaces, beneath its unfathomable depths of misery and humiliation, expectation penetrates. Hope ever remains, oftentimes a smothered, tiny spark, but still aglow, ready, at least inciting, to flame into a ruddiness and cheer unknown in all the leaping brilliant conflagrations of the Inferno's vast province. Wherever a soul be, there also is hope, the little, indestructible fundament of student existence.

Brightly it shines to-day, for a thing of consequence is astir in the State. Tortured spirits cease to moan and the elements quiesce; a lesser uproar resounds through the endless, gloom-filled spaces, and a hushed, expectant atmosphere pervades the darkest pit of misery. Telepathic tenseness reigns.

Students, ever attached to their dreary tasks, assemble in the great central halls of Hades. The feeling is upon them; anticipation lurks in their unusual quiet. The time is come!

Behold! a Devillium appears—another, and still another; one by one they gather together in the high, level plateau of entrance and departure, the vast limbo of reception and segregation. A horrid group! Wicked, hateful, malevolent, the dread faculty of Inferno! The last appears, the gathering is complete and in silence they survey the dire distress below them: Seniors, pallid, worn and exhausted; panting, struggling Juniors; the usually bellowing Sophomores, now hushed; and timid, shrinking Freshmen.

A Senior, spent at his task, stands suffering before the awful problem of a wheel of vivid, blinding, irregular green buckets driven by a turbulent, hissing stream of molten metal. "Any questions?" shrieks a frowning, recumbent Devillium from his position on the great plateau. The dejected, disconsolate attitude of the unhappy Senior remaining unchanged, the



demon, incensed, shrieks again, "Push him in, Harvey, push him in!" And as the fearful anguish of the unfortunate student pierces the lofty, rock-bound spaces and the hideous, gasping chasm, he laughs in fiendish glee, "Haven't I always told you to get into the water?"

With the subsidence of the general revolting mirth, the ruler of the State calls for attention, and with deliberate, separated words addresses them:

"Comrades in iniquity, sorrow of the young, fiends of nethermost Hades, Faculty of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, we assemble—"

A resounding, thumping crash interrupts. Grasping at any cause for diversion, an unfortunate Sophomore had forgotten his task in observing the unusual gathering and an enormous, heavy planer-table which he had been forced to operate, with horrible clatter ran off its bed. Immediately a portly Imp with oily cotton waste and soiled straw hat, in grinning enjoyment of his own act and to the delectation of his gleeful companions, stamps the cowering student with a huge E.

"Now, put it back again," he screams; "we want the men to be more careful."

The meeting is resumed and again the ruler speaks:

“ Infamous brethren of impious deeds, devisers of inhuman tortures, pillars of Hades—attend, for a drear day arrives.

“ Oh, this most unhappy season of our year! More victims must we lose; again there are those who will go beyond our grasp. Would that we could make the number smaller! We cannot, alas! Some must go, that we may lure fresh subjects to our toils.”

Impotent tears of rage and helplessness course down their furrowed visages; fitful sobs and lamentations break forth as they grind their heels and beat their breasts in appreciation of the solemn eloquence of their weeping leader.

In the greatness of their wrath they descend in madness upon the sufferers below and, in fiendish, fiery fury, hurl their horrible havoc of E's and F's—blindly branding the bowed bodies about them.

Returning, they listen again to the words of the speaker:

“ Let us not dwell on this sad thought—the one limit in the possibilities of Inferno. They are with us still. Once more let us feed upon their sufferings before they depart. In their own words, let us hear the record of their hurts and humiliations in their delightful passage through our midst. Parsons, gather them hither! ”

Bounding, leaping, scrambling, they congregate, joyous, excited, frantic. Their time arrives and they respond, those who are to leave these dismal haunts forevermore. Snatches of song burst forth with happy spontaneity. “ Where, oh, where is—um titi-tum-tum?” they screech in chorus and, unabashed, regard their sinister masters with open impudence.

A word recalls them. With studied, measured composure, they are informed that their time is not yet come; another year must they serve before the fruits of a completed sojourn in the Inferno shall be theirs. Slowly the horrible words penetrate their stunned, bewildered intellects. A low swelling moan of deepest anguish and darkest despair mingles with the fiendish snickers and diabolical chuckles of the appreciative demons. In a huddled, quivering group the wilted creatures sink down, one after another, leaving one alone standing, weak and miserable, before the grinning, gloating group of fiends, one insignificant, tiny atom in this great waste space, withered by a poignant hurt. Under the concentrated hypnotic influence of the expectant Devillii, he begins the recital of the sufferings of his companions in their frightful journey through these dread regions about him.

Tremblingly and fearfully, he stepped slightly forward, and the assembled company of Imps, Devillii and Voyagers turned toward him in burning expectation. His appearance was truly eloquent of the strife through which he had passed: a long, ragged
adorned his brow, the broken end of a slide-rule '07 scar pro-

truded from his breast, and he bowed down under the weight of an enormous transit. For a moment he paused and shot a look of helplessness around the circle of glowing eyes, and then in a voice of eloquence recalled the beginning of the journey.

Chapter II

The Transit-bearer Speaks

Part I

The Beginning of the Strange Voyage

“ On September 16, 1907, I was one of that venturesome sect, the Voyagers of '11, a motley crew of happy but fearful wanderers, that ‘ Charon ’ Marshall haughtily ferried across the river Registrari Styx, and



left to the tender mercies of that land, that promised land for which we had so eagerly longed. Very rosy-hued and peaceful looking it appeared to us, opening in a peaceful valley, and little we recked the dark clouds that hovered

over the threatening summits that heaved their jagged, threatening shapes into the sunlit sky in the distance. What cared we for the dark and fearful tales that former explorers and travelers had told? What cared we that the peaceful air was now and then shattered by strange cries and imprecations as the inhabitants of the land (who resembled somewhat ourselves) came and went before a mighty cliff, on which many cabalistic characters were inscribed, telling, it seemed to us, of the joys and pleasures of the life to come? Had we not reached the land of which we had read? Had we not reached that haven of learning whose glorious history had brought us thither? Such were our musings when suddenly the air was rent by the sound of a brazen gong, and the latest shipload hurried up the banks after the others, for the ruler of the land, Engler, Devillium Max-

imus IV, had commanded that we meet him in conference in the Hall of State.

“ Looming large in his majesty, he bent his fiery glance around the pale awed faces, and in a voice of thunder, that in its production of heated gas was second only to Coombs Marshalium, who marshaled us into place, he addressed us as follows:

“ ‘You have entered here to enjoy the privileges and institutions of thisland. The journey is before you, and your training and experience have been such that you are fit to undertake the trip. Trials, many and terrible, will beset you; the race is to the strong, therefore see that you keep up. Above all avoid the fatal mark of the screw, lest three such cast you forever from our midst.’

“ Silence fell, and we gazed upon one another in awe, while in some of us dire forebodings of the future arose to make the bright surroundings take on a bleaker, more barren appearance. Was this the promised land of whose kindly ruler we had read? Surely it was the effect of the battered looking specimens who had had justice passed upon them just previously, and who gazed upon us with such malicious hatred! But what feared we? Was not the way clearly outlined in a Baedeker Catalogium, and were there not trusty guides who were eager to lead? Alas, such were our thoughts then, but now— ”

Overcome by his emotions, the narrator would have sunk back in his place, but as he lowered his trembling limbs, Devillium Maximus raised his hand, and immediately three Imps sprang forward and raised a framed structure to support the speaker’s trembling form. He leaned against it for a moment, and then with a loud howl sprang away, and as he turned, a large E was visible, newly branded on his back. With a look of fearful dread, he continued his story.

Part II

The Trials Begin

“ However much we now feared the journey, the Styx was passed, the die was cast, and we were now on our way. At first the way seemed bright and easy, and some of us were lulled into fancied security. The first part of the voyage was spent in a large, pleasant valley bordering on the Hall of State. This pleasant, wide valley was noted on the maps of the regions as the Valley Freshmantum, and from this opened four other valleys and a narrow gorge leading between two high mountains. These other valleys were variously designated as Mechanicalum, Chemicalum, Civilum, and Electricalum, and were brightly lit in the early portions, but as one

pressed forward, the way became harder and more difficult, and the darkness more and more impenetrable, until finally the overtowering peaks completely shut out the daylight. In these various valleys various Devillii Departmentae held forth, surrounded by lesser Devillii and Imps.

“ Into these valleys we wandered at times, at first with great joy and eagerness, but as time went on, with greater and greater reluctance, since heat and darkness steadily increased, and the Devillii became more and more diabolical in their threats of torment. In a cavern below the Hall of State, an Imp presided over the commissary of the State, where the dross of the world was taken from us, and we were given the currency of the land in Newths, Ames, and Fines, and the paraphernalia of travel, such as 6 H staff, Dietzgen’s handy set, and others.

“ Chief among the Devillii Departmentae was one Kinnicutt. He held forth in the Valley Chemicalum, seemingly easy to traverse, but from which at times horrible fetid smells arose. At first he received us smilingly, and then having won our confidence, began to bluster and threaten, at the same time giving exhibitions of torments to come. Chief Imps Dan O’Regan and Frederic Bonnet made his threats a reality, and many a weary hour we groaned and writhed in this valley, while they scarred us with satire and question of acid, base, and metal.

“ In another valley, whose floor was paved with triangles, squares and circles, a tall, shock-haired (around the edges) Devillium, dubbed ‘ Coney,’



held forth; and there, at his commands, thousands of Imps, led by Chief Imps ‘ Gimp’ and ‘ Hedin,’ danced before our eyes, waving aloft the brands of their trade, while others swung long whips, to which two hissing serpents,

Ordinatus and Abcissum, were attached. Ever and anon, the Chief would arise in wrath and, seizing a long brand, would rush among us, and a frightful shriek would arise as another victim of the screw would drag himself from the fray.

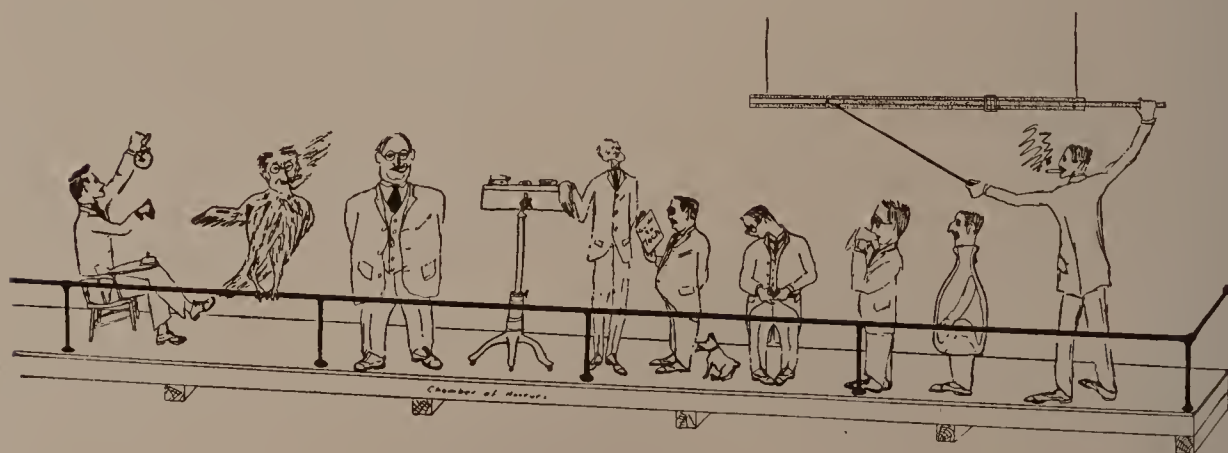
“ Once every week we returned to the Hall of State, and there Coombs Marshalium poured forth his eloquence on the language of the State, while we weekly laid our offerings at his feet. Tortures here there were few, but the heated gases caused many of us to drop into a semi-conscious state, from which some never recovered.

“ In still another valley many Imps held forth, presided over by a

portly Devillium Departmentae, who seldom appeared, but whose fine hand was apparent in the tortures devised and executed by his Imps. Chief among these was a tall, lanky Imp, 'Mac,' Impus de Descript, who strode mightily across the valley, and whose noble brow was adorned with a fire-like halo. He was assisted by another Imp of dark, forbidding aspect, 'Dav,' Impus de Draw, while in another recess, amid whirring wheels, buzzing saws and roaring planers, a tall, slender figure, 'Chick,' Impus de Pat, held court, and now and then a Voyager would come hurtling forth from this recess, propelled by 'Chick's' mighty arm, for daring to saw a nail.

"So day by day we trod our weary way from valley to valley. Peaceful and happy it had seemed at first, but now the whole region appeared to be undergoing a change. Hotter and hotter grew the atmosphere, and darker and darker grew the valley. Many of us there were who bore the mark of the fatal screw, and some even bore two. Many were there who would gladly have retraced their steps, but too late, alas; they must now proceed."

An involuntary sigh of assent ran round the circle of tortured listeners. The speaker paused, Devillium Maximus raised his hand threateningly, and the speaker again continued.



Part III

Strife with Inhabitants

"Not alone were you, O Maximus IV, content to torture us with your attendant Devillii and Imps, not alone by nightmares of acids, bases and machines; no, you needs must allow your other prisoners to vent their spleen upon our innocent heads. Scarcely had we crossed the Registrari Styx when on every hand a banner was displayed bearing this strange device:

'Freshman, wear that hat;
Without it be not seen.'

And other rules and regulations. Poor, alone, unaided we sought not to disobey, and meekly obeyed and wore their caps.

“Other inhabitants of the State sought to beguile us with socials at their meeting houses, and many a wayward, straggling Voyager of '11 was captured and suffered the torture of the gauntlet. But this could not last, and organizing we met them in a body on Highland Plateau, and trampled out a signal victory. Thinking to make our lot harder and to increase the antagonism, we were pitted against them in games. First we were made to run over long distances of the State, but through long experience, the inhabitants triumphed; but when they sought to keep their numeric signature upon the barn, even the mighty ‘Spike’ was insufficient to nail down the Voyagers of '11.

“As the year went on we were pitted against them in several ways, chief among them being football, at the classic Ovalium, where so many contests of the State Inferno had been fought. Ah! fellow prisoners, that was a glorious day. When I recollect that splendid fight and victory, I am lifted above the sorrows of the present, and the past appears as a bad dream.”

A restless movement among the Devillii recalled him from his rhapsody and he continued: “Confident of success, the inhabitants disdainfully laughed at our puny, to their consideration, efforts at preparation. The game began! 7-24-11. The speedy ‘Birdie’ catapulted over the line of the inhabitants, and before they recovered from their stupefaction, the mighty efforts of ‘Runt’ Stewart, ‘Sandy’ and ‘Birdie’ had soundly trounced them by a three times score. Ah! lift your faces proudly, for that was the great victory, and well was it celebrated when the bonfire consumed the remains of the hated caps.”

[At this point the manuscript was badly marred and it was impossible to distinguish more than a few words here and there. Among the few which we were able to make out were: “banquet,” “Bay State,” “coats,” “Fitzpatrick and Hall,” and several unimportant conjunctions. Evidently the Voyagers had suffered some torment which was too horrible for the reader, and he had destroyed it. A little later it continues, and the speaker recounts as follows:]

“The inhabitants one day grouped before the Valley Electricalum, while a chubby, pink-faced stranger sought to picture them. The temperature was excessive, and seeking, in their boundless generosity, to cool the surroundings, some of the Voyagers sprinkled the group. This friendly impulse was not appreciated, and ‘Chub’ Sargent suffered accordingly. Not long after we sought ourselves to be pictured, and great was the trouble thereof. O fellow Voyagers, again the recollection overpowers me, and I forget—but let me recount it!

“The day was bright when we gathered in the Valley Chemicalum, and the order went forth that we were to be pictured at the hour of noon.

Alas, the inhabitants had purloined the camera. But what cared we—there were many cameras, and soon another was procured, and we were pictured in the Valley Chemicalum. The inhabitants sought battle as we issued forth, but Devillium Kinnicutt drove them forth with stinging words, and they slunk into the distant caverns. Before the Hall of State we gathered, and again we sought to be pictured. An inhabitant, 'P' Green, stood by and jeered at us. Not for long, for he was placed in the centre of the group. Crash! Bang! The sound of the stricken camera rang out, and C. Ather-ton lay struggling on the ground. Before he could escape, the Voyagers seized him, and the Lake Institutio claimed its victim. Co-patriots rushing to his rescue from caverns $\phi T J$ and $\Sigma A E$ shared his fate, but we almost suffered a loss, for the valiant 'Bill' Coley escaped only by a tremendous effort. Comrades, many other conflicts could I recite, many other tortures could I describe, many other trials could I recount, as we approached the end of our sojourn in this valley, but— ”

The speaker paused; apparently he had no strength to continue; the ordeal had cost him sorely. Devillium Maximus frowned and again raised his hand. Two fiery intertwined monsters leaped across the valley, and, seizing the unhappy narrator, whirled him dizzily end for end the length of the plateau. One of the monsters bore the legend Alternating, the other Currents, and the victim, when he had ceased to shudder, bore still another E as a mark of their fury. At a word from Devillium Maximus, an Imp with glistening pate seized them and bore them away, as the story continued.

Part IV

End of Term in First Valley

“ Harder and harder grew the daily grind, and fiercer and fiercer grew the torments. Devillium Conant and his cohorts sought to break us by stretching us across triangles, or making us wade through miles of red-hot identities. Devillium Kinnicutt, aided by his two Imps, grew more delicate and refined in his tortures, but it was in the Valley Mechanicalum that their tortures reached their climax. Here 'Mac' led forth great cohorts of Imps and the poor benighted Voyagers were stretched on racks and twisted into various forms of *corne de vache*, parallelopipeds and conic sections. In the Hall of State, Marshalium Coombs still continued to teach the language of the State when nearly all had succumbed.

“ At last Engler, Devillium Maximus IV, yonder ruler, called us once more into the great Hall of State, and while we quaked and shivered, commanded us to choose a master, and the valley where we would spend the remainder of our voyage, finally to emerge on the Plain Graduatum, where

the final great trial was to take place. Long and sadly we debated, and as the term in the valley shortened, we bade our final goodbyes, and departed to pledge allegiance to our several masters."

The speaker paused for a moment, and cast a proud look around, and then with a triumphant ring concluded:

"Our trials had been hard and terrible, our spirits had been well cowed, but proudly do I say, we did not pass on without a struggle. A few of the bold-hearted were there who were ready to lead the fight for freedom. All



were eager to follow, and May 30, 1908, was set for the uprising. At first all appeared to work well, and the self-chosen inhabitants of the Valleys Chemicalum, Electricalum and Civilum successfully escaped all guards and plunged into the Styx. The inhabitants of the Valley Mechanicalum were not so successful and, detected in the act of making their escape by the redoubtable 'Chick,' were thrust into his cavern, and for twenty-one days they sweated at the torture of hammer, saw and chisel, but finally escaped and plunged into the Styx with the rest.

"Hard we battled against the current and strove valiantly to reach the other side, but it was not to be. For two long months we drifted down the tide in a vain endeavor. Some there were who, badly maimed by the screw, threw up their hands and sank forever. Others successfully reached the opposite bank, and waving a farewell disappeared into the world. But for us there was no escape. 'Chick' and his assistant Imp ran along the shore, and carefully selecting the inhabitants of the Valley Electricalum, forked them out and thrust them into his cavern for torture. The others

made vain attempts to reach the other bank, and then floated ashore, to be brought before their various Devillii. The revolt had failed, we were back on the grind, the tortures recommenced, there was no cessation. Again—"At this a fearful convulsion of rage passed over the face of the speaker and he sprang forward as if to lead the others to freedom. There was no response, their courage had gone, the prospect of another year had reduced them to apathy, and with a mocking laugh an Imp pulled the speaker into his seat.

Devillium Maximus IV looked around smilingly. "'Tis well you do not rise, 'tis well you do not seek your freedom. But stop; do not haste away. Think you, you have heard enough? List a moment to yonder speaker who thrusts himself forward, carrying his heavy hammer; perhaps he seeks revenge." With a mocking laugh, he again seated himself.

Chapter III

The Hammer-bearer Speaks

Part I

The First Torments

A stir was now observed in a band of begrimed individuals in overalls who were gathered in the entrance of the Valley Mechanicalum. Some of the more timid were endeavoring to dissuade one of the number from carrying out his intentions. After much jostling and crowding, an oily, grimy individual emerged from the group with a horrible look of impotent rage on his countenance. In one hand he held a blacksmith's hammer, in the other a Stillson wrench, to both of which he clung like grim death. After ejecting from his mouth a dark, viscous fluid resembling cylinder oil, he cleared his throat and began to speak in accents of deep but controlled anger:

"Pitiless Ruler, have you not done enough? Is your desire to inflict punishment and torture insatiable? Will you never cease to wreak a cowardly revenge upon us for others' sins? Since the day of the great revolt my companions and I have suffered at your hands. After hauling us from the Styx you set us to a long period of hard labor under a hard taskmaster. For more than three long weeks you kept us at the machines of torture, where day in and day out we slaved in a dusty atmosphere, among machines that buzzed and hummed and screeched and groaned even as we would have liked to. Not content with this, you brought visitors, and the fortunate ones who had escaped torment, to gloat over us. A brief respite you



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granted us, but only that you might arrange new tortures. Ne'er will we forget those hours spent before a ramshackle machine under the tutelage of a fair-faced Imp who added his interminable conversation to the torments of the chattering tools, the groaning belts, the flying chips and the pounding hammers. From this you took us into a hot room filled with torment benches, whereon we must needs forge implements for your minions to use in their future projects. Fearful that we should escape too easily because of the kindly nature of the Imps in charge of this den of fiery torments, you led us into the stifling, intolerable atmosphere of another portion of this torture camp, where we froze in the chill grey dawn, shivering among the piles of damp black sand as we vainly endeavored to find a warm spot, where we must needs do back-breaking labor with shovel and rammer, and where at the end of the day we stifled in the intense heat and the noxious, pestilential gases which emanated freely from the molten metal we were forced to carry about. But for the fact that this torture chamber was used for other victims, we should have been kept here, but relief from this Imp's domain was only partial, for we were handed over to the scarcely less offensive tutelage of a black-browed Devillium, who descanted on weirdly curving lines in the imagination, and who raved at us and hurled missiles at us when we had failed to satisfy him. But he, too, must take his turn on other victims, so we were hounded on to a long, effeminate Devillium in black-rimmed eyeglasses, who persisted in asking long and difficult questions which must be answered as he dictated, if we wished to escape the wrath of the fiends in power. Even this did not satisfy you, you insatiate Ruler, and other less important but none the less terrible Devillii and Imps must try to make us bite the dust. When they failed, you perpetrated a week of organized torture upon us, because of which many of us succumbed. Still unsatisfied, you tried again with the same assistants leading up to another week of torment, and adding insult to injury by detaining the hardy survivors for another long term of torture among the whirring belts, the grinding pulleys, the flying chips, the beating hammers and the white hot metal; but still with brave hearts we struggled on."

Raising his hammer, the speaker made as if to cast it from him, but pausing in the act, he continued his story.

Part II

Victory in the Tortures

"New tortures, new torturers, and more Devillii and Imps came among us. Darker and darker grew the way, hotter and hotter became each cavern of torment. He of the black-rimmed eyeglasses sought to overcome us with intricate mechanical puzzles, and with long and puzzling questions

relating thereto. Two others there were, one a bespectacled Devillium, with toes ever seeking an inward path, and the other a huge Devillium of sinister aspect. The first propounded long diagrammatic puzzles, while the other sought to lose us in the mazes of complicated calculations. But all miserably failed. Borne up by a tremendous united courage, we overcame all the powers that your minions could bring against us.

“ But that was not all; three large and darksome caverns there were in the valley, and weekly we were thrust into each to endure frightful, long-drawn-out tortures, which, under threat of the screw, we were forced to disclose in weekly reports. Angered at their failure to evoke a word for mercy, we were thrust back to the caverns, where the whirring belts, the greasy odors, the heated blasts and the white metals united to form again their endless ring of torture, but undaunted we passed through these repeated tortures without a murmur.



“ But now came a change in the order. New hands grasped the irons, new orders controlled the attacks of the legions. The Plain Graduatium could be seen dimly in the distance, and plainly the attendant Devilli realized the end. A finer and more refined

tinge ruled all the tasks. He of the squeaky belts and oily waste still forced his conversational tortures upon us. Despising of forcing a victory by the ordinary methods, we were led far into the wilds, but not to be overcome; we wandered back safe and sound. By other Devilli we were led through the tortuous mazes of long problems and devious lectures fast and furiously, but not a Voyager dropped by the wayside. All the devices of fire, water and wind, all the implements connected with them, all the attendant Devilli and Imps failed in their purpose, and now—”

Pausing in his speech, the Hammer-bearer glanced defiantly around the circle. A wandering look of awe touched the features of his fellow suf-

ferers, threatening, angry looks came from the assembled Devillii, but unabashed he stepped forward and concluded his speech.

Part III

The Hammer-bearer's Defiance

"Listen, O Devillium Maximus, listen to one who has suffered your torments without a murmur; listen to one who fears not your power; listen to one who bids you defiance. Well have your subjects done their work, but we have overcome them. Long have we slaved among groaning belts, screaming pulleys, grease and dirt; long have we bent over immense sheets of paper, covering them with likenesses of your subjects' implements; long have we endured, but now it must cease. Think you not that our experience has taught us to lighten the heaviest torments? Think you not that many a weary draughting grind was based by sweet periods of smoky rest? How our masters, your servants, chortled in glee when they paired us for special torments, and thought how they would laugh at our vain efforts at escape! But they did not laugh. No, and they will not laugh, for we have conquered.

"You have done your worst and done it well. The tortures have been many and protracted, and they have been applied to their utmost capacity. But with no sign of flinching we have pushed on, and finally reached this plain, only to hear your mandate of another year's torture. Hitherto, we have only offered passive resistance, but further outrage will serve to fan the spark into active resistance, and we do not fear the outcome. We desire our freedom, even if purchased with a bond to keep peace. To you is the decision, to you the choice; but think and consider long before you arouse the eternal enmity of us who have conquered the trials of the Valley Mechanicalum."

With a flourish of his hammer, he retreated among his companions, and a sudden buzz of excited comment arose among the Voyagers. The spark of hope, almost extinguished, arose and fluttered, and a tenseness pervaded the situation. Devillium Maximus arose, "Idle boaster, think you to intimidate the all-conquering power? Listen all to the fearsome tale which yonder prisoner shall tell."

The ranks of the assembly parted, and a figure strode forward. A long, ragged what was at some past time a duster enveloped him in its stained and tattered folds. His hands were stained a bright yellow, his eyes gleamed with an inner fire, and he tugged and strained to keep aloft on his shoulder an immense volume with the title "Beilstein," which ever threatened to topple over and crush him under foot. Pausing not an instant, he plunged into an impassioned appeal.

The horrors told of by the fourth speaker brought forth shrieks of demoniac laughter from the gory, gaping, grinning group of impish fiends. Devillium Maximus rocked his sleek, fat carcass back and forth in infernal enjoyment of the memories brought back to him of shrill screams of scintillating suffering.

Suddenly the shouts of merriment are stilled, as if the power to utter them had been at that second snatched from the assembled Faculty. A long, thin, gaunt, hungry looking Devillium Departmentae had sprung from the ranks, and held up one hand for silence. He nervously twisted his huge branding screw as he gazed at the assembled throng of suffering, sobbing, scar-marked Voyagers. Not a sound could be heard emanating from any of the soundless, sulphurous depths of the infernal regions. Even the agonized groans of the suffering Juniors seemed to be stilled for the instant. A sneering smile covered the face of the Fiend as he stood there alone, dominating the scene by sheer will-power, as even Devillium Maximus himself had failed to do. His fiery glance swept slowly over the shivering, shaking student body. He seemed to be searching for something in the smoky, sulphurous haze that enveloped, with all pervading gloom, the whole confines of the plain. At last his search seems over, for his eyes seem riveted upon one spot. The quivering, quaking group that forms that spot is small. Not one but what has scars that testify to numberless experiences with the tortures of the devilishly conceived caverns and valleys of the Inferno.

Suddenly the Fiend throws back his head and a shriek of laughter and glee, so infernal in its conception that it would seem to be almost beyond the possibility of utterance, burst out upon the deathly stillness. Even the denizens themselves seemed awed by this outburst, except for one small, sleek, scarlet Devillii who did his best to imitate the shriek of the lonely figure. Echoed from peak to peak and from pit to pit, the peals of laughter at last died away. Then spake the Fiend as follows:

“In former years there have been always students still with life enough to speak and tell you of the tortures that have been inflicted on the Voyagers down the Valley Civilum, but this year things have changed and not a man can speak. My tortures have been such that none could bear to tell of them. This is no vain boast, no vaunting speech, and I shall prove it.”

Pointing a long, lean, accusing forefinger at the little group he shrieked: “Is there one among yon shrinking Voyagers that dares even to attempt the description of the tortures to which I have subjected you?”

There was no answer. Except for a more intense look of writhing, wreaking pain, his words made no impression upon that pitiful handful. Again a silence deep as that of any tomb. Slowly the fiend turned to the expectant gathering of Devillii and Imps, and then, with hands upraised in eloquent gesture, paused for a moment before beginning the terrible tale.

Suddenly a fine white mist began to gather on the broad plateau



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between the masters and the Voyagers. A hush gradually fell upon the impish merriment as torturers and tortured watched this unaccustomed sight. Little by little the white mist strengthened and pushed aside the bluish haze of Hades. Slowly, silently, supernaturally it gathered strength and form, and onlookers gaped with awestruck faces. At last the eye could plainly see a man, gigantic in stature, but covered with scars and brands from head to naked foot. Here an E, there an F, and above the heart four F's intermingled with the sign of the screw. A look of unholy fear and terror o'erspread the countenances of the impish fiends, for they recognized in the features of this gigantic figure the features of many Civilum victims who had been cast aside as dead. Slowly spake the spectre in sepulchral tones.

Chapter IV

The Spectre's Tale

Part I

Bad

“O ye fools in form of devilish Faculty, you thought that, just because your fiendish tortures had so racked the minds of all these noble Voyagers of the Valley Civilum, the tale of all those tortures would go untold. But your hopes shall be vain, for a higher power than any of you has allowed me to come back to expose these horrors as they have never been exposed before. You do well to cringe, O Devillii, to cringe and cower, for even your most fearsome torments shall be small in comparison to what you shall now bear.”

A many-headed monster shaped like a gigantic screw rushed from a cavern and at a sign from the gaunt Devillum started for the figure. A smile crept over the face of the latter. He waved his arm in a gigantic semi-circle and both monster and Faculty were frozen where they stood. Not a muscle could they move below their heads, and their groans were even louder than those of the victims below. The reincarnated giant smiled contemptuously and fixed his eyes upon the groaning crowd as he told his tale.

“Many there were of us when we came to the parting of the ways three long years ago. After our sojourn in the Valley Freshmantum, we passed along before the valleys where we needs must dwell before our voyage was accomplished. From one of these came horrible stench; from another flowed a stream of black, dirty grease; far down another could be seen flashes of blue flame. A fourth was straight and open, and nothing of evil portent appeared to dim its way. Thirty-seven of us took this way, for it appeared

to be the easy path to liberty and freedom. All went well for many days.

“ At last we reached a valley where the hillsides were strewn with red-hot fragments of brass. A tow-headed Imp with a gigantic fork informed us that our task was to form a complete transit from these fragments with our bare hands. Quickly we turned to retrace our steps, but all in vain, for the walls of the valley had closed together and our retreat was cut off. There was nothing for us but to perform the appointed task. Some of us failed, and one was grabbed by the tow-headed Fiend and led to a huge monster such as this, O Devillii, you have tried to turn upon me. At last, for most of us the deed was done, and we rushed on in the hope of finding a valley where we might heal our wounds.

“ Alas! It was not to be, for we rushed into a smoking, fiery vortex where were gigantic integral signs, all at a white heat. There were thousands of them in a row and each of them we had to climb. Then at the signal ‘Check!’ given by a huge, husky habitant of the cavern, we slid down and, blistered and smoking, started for the next. Like all things, this at last came to an end and, ever hopeful, we rushed into the next cañon.

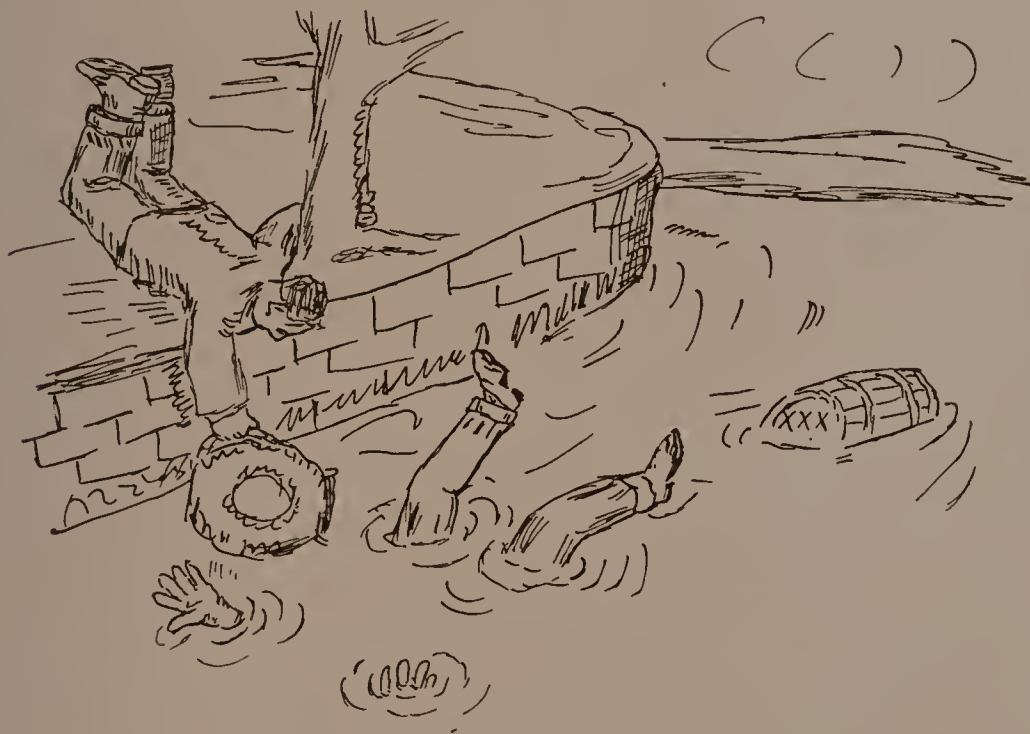
“ Here we were seized by a sandy Fiend of Scotch appearance. With the assistance of his underlings we were soon bound hand and foot. As far as the eye could reach stretched red-hot drums, revolving with startling rapidity in alternately opposite directions. Our hands were tied to one of these and our feet to another, and there we stretched for nine long months. Fires giving forth heat waves of marvelous frequency raged beneath us, and blue sparks of electricity flashed between our bodies. Beside each of us was a gigantic organ pipe, upon which we must blow a certain note before we left.

“ Nothing could be worse than this, we thought, and it was with relief that we advanced.

“ Soon we came to a valley which sloped downward for miles with a slope of one to one. In and out it wound like a sluggish river, and all along the bottom were enormous pits of fathomless depth from which came many-colored flame and shrieks and groans. A little, sleek, meek-mannered Fiend called ‘Ajax’ took us in hand and each of us received a red-hot hand-car and twelve feet of track. It then became our task, while coasting at a frightful speed, to keep that track continually curved so that we might dodge the pits, and thus save ourselves from instant death.

“ Other valleys we passed through that year. One was presided over by a polite and smirking Devillii in a straw hat, who put us into white-hot lathes and did his best to turn us to mechanics. Two other valleys there were, where we met others of our class, and in these valleys all the fires of Hades were concentrated for a week. At last the year was over and we were cast into a quiet valley, where we slept for two short months and dreamed of home and other happy things.

“ Ere we awaked we had been transported to a pleasant valley known as ‘Chaffins.’ It was so pleasant here that it seemed almost a continuation of the dream. The only reminder of Hades was that scarlet Imp yonder, who waked us in the morning at most unholy hours by crashing thumps upon a gigantic pan. A very pleasant valley known as ‘Jefferson’ was not far away and many of us spent all our leisure there. The inhabitants of our own valley were not so bad, though ‘Pete’ was a handy man to have along when talking was to be done. Railroads were run, and even a boat-ride was experienced by one of our number one night, and he did not greatly enjoy the idea of being ‘up in the air’ on the tossing waves. Poor ‘Scotty’ was almost devoured by a titanic monster which in some way reached his bed. Another of our number had the blues after washing one morning and has never washed since. Altogether, ‘them was happy days,’ and we thought our troubles were over.”



Part II

Worse

“ In the next valley we came to, there was our old friend, the tow-headed Imp, and we were informed that we were to make a building stone. Twisting and twining our writhing bodies, he made a huge cauldron, into which he placed various dry chemicals. Then beneath us he placed great burners which gave out enormous heat, and for hour after hour the flames

were applied to our naked, shrinking bodies until the mass became molten. Then the burners were removed and liquid air applied to harden the sizzling mass. Then with a lash we were driven apart and given white-hot tools, with which we were obliged to make a building stone.

“Valley after valley was gone through, each of which was, if possible, more horrible than the last. In one we were obliged to attach wires to a large indicator. Then we were given a red-hot magnet to hold in our teeth, and were obliged to run back and forth through a large white-hot coil until we generated enough current to cause a letter to appear on the indicator. If we had been lucky enough to choose the right wires for the right places, at first, the proper letter appeared upon the indicator. If not, the whole thing must be done again.

“In another valley there was a method of alternate torture by intense heat; light of frightful intensity; sound that burst the ear-drums, and shocks of electric current. This cañon was presided over by a minion of the Scotch Devillium and we suffered untold tortures here.

“One place contained innumerable lines, each of which pulled with a certain force, and we were compelled so to fit these together that they would balance each other. While so doing we were continually harried and preyed upon by monsters, three in number, called E. H., E.V., and E. M.

“Another valley contained numberless pots of molten metal and was presided over by a fat, waddling Devillium who continually rolled his tongue over his lips. We were plunged bodily into metal after metal while the Fiend shrieked, ‘What is cast iron?’

“The scarlet Fiend seized us at one point and plunged us into boiling sulphur while we calculated the population of Hades in 90,000,000 years, having given the population next year. Having answered this he forced us to mix up molten aluminum and phosphorus until we had the right combination to make Polaris wink nine times after its upper palpitation.”

Part III

Worst

“Another sleep came at last, and though our dreams were troubled they were pleasant. That gaunt, skinny Fiend over there awoke us from this our last sleep. He hurried us to the river Styx and commanded us to build a bridge to freedom. Only too glad we went at our task, only to find that each day’s work was to be pulled to pieces by the Fiend. With a hateful smile he would tell us how he once had a job out in West Hades, where he built nine bridges in fifteen minutes that were better than ours. Meanwhile Ananias sat on the bank and looked ashamed of himself.

“We at last escaped from his clutches into a valley where the only

Devil in sight was a green little runt. Here we were forced to 'imagine ourselves a vane' and see how we would act under a stream of boiling metal if we stretched to infinity. In the meantime a blast of hot air was sometimes heard howling, 'Are we all here?' 'Where is the lesson?' 'Any questions?' etc.

"A valley further along contained a gigantic ball of iron at the end of a white-hot chain, and we were obliged to swing this about our heads and slowly pay out the chain, while our old enemy with the rolling tongue howled in glee and lashed us on with an ox-goad he carried.

"A sarcastic Devillium, called 'Ding,' had charge of one cañon, and here we were obliged to design instruments of torture and try them upon each other. If they failed to produce the desired agony machines of his own make were used upon us to quicken our imaginations.

"In our travels through these valleys we collected four men left behind for dead by some former sufferers. Many more things could I tell did I but have the time: of those horrible weeks of intense heat each year, of the death struggles of all those who are not in that group yonder, of the horrible sufferings of the lucky nine who alone remain of the thirty-seven. I feel my strength going and I know my stay is limited. Never again boast that your tortures can't be told, proud Fiend, for you have seen that such is not the case. Farewell, comrades of former days. Never shall I see you again, but in days to come, think not too hardly of those who were marked with the sign of the screw." With his last words he faded from sight and the tale of the Civilum was told.

The last wretched creature succumbs; his tale is complete and, almost insensible to their surroundings, the Voyagers await their dismissal, when the spokesman of the Fiends again arises. With hollow, sepulchral accents he forces himself to impart to them the truth. They have been deceived that their persecutors might find a last pleasure in their pitiful narratives. Their work is completed, their torture finished; and, whenever they will, they may depart these hated regions with the reward of their agonies in their hands.

Slowly, regretfully, the Devillii leave, Devillium Maximus alone remaining on the vast plateau. He stands mute, dark, menacing, awaiting the departure of these stunned creatures over whom he no longer holds sway. A boundless, sombre silence reigns in the vast illimitable expanse. The great regionless spaces above sleep in infinite incomprehensible stillness. Inferno sits in profound enveloping quiescence and the Voyagers, in apathy, remain inert.

A tension develops; a gleam of intelligence marks the eye of one. It spreads. The Voyagers murmur. A sudden wild shriek, and, exultant, buoyant, triumphant, they shout, "*We are free!*" and are off in a mad, whirling dance of reckless ecstatic abandonment. Swaying, leaping, cavort-



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ing, pirouetting, they flash, like sidereal fragments of a little universe let loose in a mad disregard of all laws of equilibrium and gravitation. Mingling, scattering and remingling in a final wild flourish, they attain the acme of human celerity and—seizing Devillium Maximus into their midst—with a last frenzied, climatic excess of vibration, possessed, uplifted, inspired—they are gone with him—to their ultimate world.

Chapter V

The Disciple of Beilstein Speaks

Part I

Preparatory Torments

“ Ah, well do I remember the many trials and tortures of our sojourn in the Valley Chemicalum. Yet, when all seemed past, when the spark of hope seemed about to burst into the flame of satisfied desire, when the Plain Graduatium at last is reached, you would drive forever the gladness from our hearts and extend our terrible voyage. O Ruler, have mercy! Let my tale of suffering reach the kindness of your heart, and—but let me speak!

“ Previous speakers have touched upon their hard lot, their utter misery, their horrible burning tortures, but the pyrometer has yet to be made which can measure the intense heat which prevails in the Valley Chemicalum. Refined, careful and systematic, we were gradually led on, and day by day became more and more involved, puzzled and tormented. Early in the voyage we were led into a large cavern presided over by a haughty moon-faced Devillium, and there given our first taste of what was in store for us. Qualitative Analysis it was called, apparently harmless in itself, and yet growing heavier and heavier as the days went on. The fundamental idea of the leader was to keep us hot with hope and cold with despair, and its success was immense. Consider a small bottle of colored liquid, and figure out the chance of telling what was in it. One chance in 1,746,821.6 of guessing right the first time and you have the elements of such a successful torture. And the Devillium, what pleasure he took in quizzing the helpless Voyagers. What fiendish sarcasm in those replies, ‘Strange, I didn’t put any of those metals in your solution,’ and the helpless Voyager would pace back to his bench to take up again the weary round.

“ However, all was not lost of the worldly hue which we had brought with us into these regions. At times when the Devillium slightly lessened his vigilance, a gleam of worldly humor lightened the darksome cavern.



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Let me tell of one of these incidents: One of our number pretended a liking for the torture, and sought an extra dose. Tooth-powder, a reckless extravagance, was what 'Shuley' chose for his portion. But unionism flourishes even among the Voyagers along the weary paths of the Inferno, and discouragement of scabbing is an aim. Playfully a little arsenic was dropped into the powder, and strangely enough the analyst detected the metal. A feeling of sickness came o'er him, for he had used some on his lily-white palisades, and visions of a big suit for damages rose before his eyes. But the joke was revealed, and real peeved he became for a long period of time.

"Occasionally we wandered into a cavern where amid, swinging pendulums, flashing rays, hooting sirens and flying irons, we trembled and shook and quaked. Ah, that was a noble sport—for the torturers. A short musical Devillium Departmentae presided and we were given in charge of an Imp called 'Horse.' 'Horse' increased his fame by the discovery of a new element of torture, with which he experimented on us. It was called 'negative gravity.' By means of this a body sliding down an inclined cliff had its acceleration increased by friction. Surely a refined torture, but only one of many.

"In still another cavern, an Imp 'Kaiser Fred' held forth, and here we were led at stated intervals to meet a fearful trial. Consider a problem which a walking Chemiker Kalendar and slide-rule combined could not solve, and you have some idea of our mental torture. But this was only a preparation, a mere trifle, a slight foretaste; the worst was yet to come."

The speaker trembled and the heavy volume lurched from his shoulder. With a mighty effort he recovered and continued.



Part II

Woe, Woe, Eternal Woe

"All that had gone before had been hard, been difficult, been terrible to contemplate, but now the voyage became a horrible nightmare, relieved by only one ray of solitary light. Darker and darker grew each cavern of

torment, and paler and thinner became the Voyagers. One Devillium there was, however, to whom a slight trace of the world still clung, and here we repaired to ease the burning hurts of the other torturers. He presided over a cavern where a torture called Quantitative was inflicted, and here 'Bobby, *la joyeuse*,' as we affectionately called him, lightened many a weary hour with ready jest and happy mood. Easy it was to prepare and ward off all future tortures here, for hints of the future were plainly seen on every hand.

"Another Devillium was met with who presided over a bleak, barren cavern, and whose pointing finger and lanky figure caused many a Voyager to quake in fear. His torture was an acme of protracted effort. 'Write two volumes on a comparison of the preparation of the Budget in the Bundsrath with the salary of the pages in the Upper House of New Zealand.' Gasping, weary and exhausted we would reel from the cavern to fall into the clutches of Marshalium Coombs, who marshaled us into opposing forces, sought to eliminate all bonds of union in our ranks by inflaming the atmosphere with the heat of debate until discord was rampant and we no longer felt the heat or the grinding, deadening atmosphere.

"Slowly but surely the tortures increased in difficulty until the climax was reached, and for long and weary days we writhed and sweated and slaved, under the driving whip of the moon-faced Devillium as he led his cohorts of organic imps against us. Is it a wonder that double bonds and grasping carbon atoms became the unceasing topic of thought for many of my compatriots? Think for an instant of the terrible torment of being stretched upon the rack of memory, where such terrible formulae as para-para-di-oxy—meta-meta-di-amino—arseno-benzene, or l-leucyl-tri-glycyl-l-leucyl-tri-glycyl-l-leucyl-octa glycyl glycine were the screws that burned their harrowing way into our shuddering brains. Think of a formula which circled the cavern an infinite number of times and whose difficult trail we needs must pursue in order to escape for even a moment's respite. Consider a compound whose family extends into the millions of compounds and you will have some idea of our infinite bewilderment. Sugars are indeed a sweet, but sweet, alas, only to the taste. Do you realize the infinite complexity and bewilderment which ensued when we realized that hard fact? Such was our state when we first encountered this terrible torture, but bravely we pressed forward, and not a man bore the fatal scar of the screw."

Pausing for a moment to readjust the weighty Beilstein, he again spoke.

Part III

The End

"We had now reached a stage in our voyage where all difficulties seem to have been passed, when the looming plateau on which the Plain Gradu-

atum seemed very near, when the hope that flickered and smoldered in our breasts became warm and palpitating. Surely nothing could surpass our past torments! Alas, misguided, thoughtless youths, we were soon to be awakened.

“Smiling and confident, the moon-faced Devillium again led forth his organic cohorts, but with a newer, a finer, a more horrible method in his torture. League after league of benzine rings stretched before us, and stung and driven forward by his sarcastic comments, we wandered aimlessly along, gasping, choking and sorrowful. Not content with that, we were driven to benches, where the rings became a reality and the heated, unearthly odors made us reel and stagger blindly. Colors became mixed and intertwined and intermingled in the conglomerations of dye-stuffs, and so badly bewildered became some of our numbers that green was white, and white was green. But this was not all.

“A guessing, puzzling torment called Organic Qualitative was instituted by ‘Kaiser Fred,’ and many a dark, wearisome hour was spent in this cavern, while hair-restorers that would not restore, and polishes that never polished, tormented our aching minds. An exquisite touch was added to the torment in thesis, a species of solitary confinement. Here we were shut up in cold smaller caverns, surrounded by chemicals and allowed to work out our own destruction, while a further effect was added in the shape of reports of the progress we had made. Not content with that we were hurled back into a cavern where the flying irons, whirling rays and humming coils still made their unearthly discord, and under the direction of a Devilium called ‘Punk’ initiated into that exquisite torture ‘Fizz Chemistry,’ as he called it. As a nerve-racker it is unbeatable. Think of concentrating twenty hours of ordinary torment into seven, and you will appreciate our terrible trials. ‘How does that second equation equal zero?’ ‘That second equation equals zero because I made a mistake in the first equation.’ Thus the battle went on.

“But at last a change could be noticed in the atmosphere. A tense feeling pervaded the very caverns of torment and, communicating itself to the sufferers, made itself known in covert jokes and sly laughs. The trials could last but shortly; the end of the voyage was in sight; the broken, weary Voyagers could at last return to the world whence they had come. Ah, the joyous day came at last, and we assembled upon that mighty Plain, that long-looked-for goal, that summit of endeavor, the Plain Graduatium. But now—! You would dare, O Maximus, to refuse to us our passports, you would seek to prolong our misery, you would pander to your eager desire for torture. But stay! Shall we endure it? Shall we surrender without a struggle? No! Far from it! Follow me, O men of Beilstein, that we may win our freedom.”

Leaping forward he would have charged upon the ruler, but at that



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instant the heavy volume of Beilstein, o'erbalanced by his impetuous movements, fell with a mighty crash and crushed him to the earth. The other followers, leaping to follow him into battle, paused for a moment and at that instant, a ginger beer bottle, which one of them bore aloft, exploded with a horrible grinding noise, and mowed them down like troops before a hail of shrapnel. Pandemonium reigned. To add to the tumult, an electric furnace which one of them bore strapped on his back burst into pieces, and a blinding flash of light lit up the scene.

When the last cackling laugh of derision of the assembled Devillii had ceased to re-echo, the ruler rose and surveyed the scene. Before him, cowed, humbled, beaten, lay the late rebels, thankful to crawl away to the entrance of their cavern, and there in huddled dejection listen to the will of the omnipotent power.

"Did you think thus easily to overcome that which has laughed, has instigated, has gloated upon and has brought upon you all that you have recounted? Did you think that minions such as you have power to force an outlet from these dread regions? Prisoners you are, and prisoners you shall be until the last farthing of torment is satisfied. Listen to another tale, listen to another trial, that you may well conjure your future torments."

For a moment none appeared to answer this call for a tale; but then there advanced before the multitude a strange individual. His body was encased in fold after fold of wire, a heavy pair of rubber gloves adorned his hands and he clutched an immense pair of pliers.

Chapter VI

The Wireman's Tale

Part I

The Entry

"Oh, have mercy on us, I beseech you. Four long weary years have we toiled for your edification and amusement. Four of the best years of our lives have we spent in your service, coming and going at your bidding and doing at all times your will. Let us depart now to live our broken lives in peace. You smile—that malignant, grinning countenance is ever before me. Your mercy I cannot arouse—I will appeal to your sense of justice.

"We came to your charge young and unsophisticated, lured on to tortures where we had expected to learn of the unknown, the mysterious. Making a lure of our leaders, we followed them blindly into what we knew not. For a while we walked at ease in the smiling, peaceful valley and were

lulled by mild torments easily endured. Yet as time went on, witness the words of my fellow Voyager who has described that period; even the sufferings he has described are horrible.

“Through the wide valley we wandered, entering, as did the others, into the various valleys of the region. ‘Choose well, you who are here,’ read the notice, and we pondered long and thoughtfully. Into the Valley Mechanicalum we wandered, but the heavy, loathsome odor from the huge cans of oil, and the groaning, squeaking, screaming pulleys made my comrades and me pass on quickly. The pungent and sickening odor of the boiling, steaming, evil-smelling concoctions in the Valley Chemicalum quickly turned us aside, and we marveled at the hardihood of the travelers who dared its darksome depths. In the smaller gorge, into which we peered with fear and wondering, the terrible rocky road, the almost impenetrable growth caused us to turn quickly aside and hasten on. Much we marveled at the courage of one Voyager who attempted this terrible gorge, but he has never been seen again, and the natives of the gorge smile knowingly. The Valley Civilum we also tentatively explored, but rumors of its terrible Devillium Departmentae, and the sight of poor tortured individuals bending ceaselessly over high tables caused us to hasten forth and push on to the last valley. Disconsolate and disillusioned we knew not what we should see, but we pressed onward hopefully.

“At last the Valley Electricalum was before us, stretching broad and even away, but losing itself in the impenetrable mists of the far distance. Marvelous were the sights we saw, and we wondered how such things could be. Small, neat, compact but powerful machines were noiselessly whirling with incredible speed with seemingly nothing to cause it. Joyously we ventured further to learn the mysteries of this fascinating place, under the guidance of its hustling Devillii.

“Happy and gay we entered on the journey, hoping soon to learn the secrets from the learned and willing Devillii. Ah, soon we were disillusioned. Gleefully they seized upon us and led us through mazes which bade fair to drive all into confusion. A Devillium speaking the language of the State, in somewhat worldly manner led us to his cavern, and there forced us to torture our poor, slow-moving brains with bewildering figures, forcing us to write them on slate. Many times we were forced to leave our pleasant valley and, entering into the region of the oil and howling machinery, bend our backs for weary hours over tables, and carefully draw meaningless lines on papers which could only be obtained for the dross of the world in great quantities. Seeking to end the torture we hurried past, but only to have the grinning, grouchy Imp in charge feed his insatiable thirst for torture with his stores of inexhaustible work.

“In the other valleys we met similar fates. For hours at a time we gazed through tubes set up on legs, or carried around a watchlike affair

through long weary miles in the Valley Civilum. In the Valley Mechanicalum a portly Imp in straw hat drove us forward to work and sweat and slave at the noisy, clumsy, oily machines in his valley, while in the Valley Chemicalum we mixed up evil-smelling, clothes-destroying concoctions, while the nauseous vapors made us gasp and cough. But so far the way had been easy. The Valley Electricalum must now be penetrated."

Part II

The Real Trials

"Not without a struggle, not without a rebellious effort did we allow ourselves to be forced into this awful journey. One last effort we made to escape our fearful fate, and scaling the peaks we wandered far in the illimitable, tractless wastes; but all in vain. Weeks of aimless wandering in the outskirts of yonder proud ruler's domain were finally concluded by capture and return, and to-day is the first time we have obtained even a brief restraint from the fearful struggle.

"Ah, comrades, it is almost a task beyond me to recount to you the fearful trials we have undergone together. Far be it from me to feel myself worthy of the difficult task, but the burden has been laid upon me, and I accept and embrace the opportunity. For the first time Devillium Departmentae Smith appeared on the scene and leading his attendant Devillii and Imps he plunged into the work. First, a refined, cruel tinge o'ershadowed the tortures, and then slowly but surely harsh, bitter cruelty replaced it. It was like the steady drip, drip, drip of water on a man's head until he becomes crazed with the monotony and pain—but here, when driven to despair and the neglect of work, some dancing, howling Imp with fiendish glee in his voice and manner would pounce on him and brand him with a red-hot F or E. Once one of our number was branded with this terrible stigma, the Devillii would gather together in solemn meeting, where all were told of the fact and plans made for further branding. So terrible were these wounds that three such at a time cast the victim into space for a long period, and sentenced him to another year of torment in this awful place. One even caused a pain and wound so great that the victim could not resist the redoubled force of the attacks of the torturers, and quickly he was branded again and again, till finally hope was lost and sentence of banishment passed.

"Ah, comrades, it was a sad spectacle to see our stricken companion frenziedly running, dodging, offering futile resistance, and beating off with bare hands the terrible irons of the torturers; hiding, and cursing with impotent wrath the tormentors, always pursued and harassed by these omnipresent fiends. Finally he is found in a corner fitted with whitehot spikes,



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and the blistering hot iron leaves its fatal scar, while he howls, shrieks and squirms. Then see the other Fiends rush forth and brand on him their hand-marks until, exhausted, he falls before the onslaught and sinks into peace, or else in apathy accepts doom of another year's torture. Surely, comrades, we may well groan in anguish at the terrible doom of another year of such torture.

"But listen, remember you that elegant torment, that refined torture that yonder ruler devised? Surely it will bear recounting. Mild and euphonetically called 'prerequisite,' it made its awful presence felt, and even the bravest suffered. By its use the wounds of the brands were kept open, and the progress of the poor branded one made more tedious and difficult. True there was a healing remedy, but how difficult to procure! True it was possible to go before an Imp who had branded one and ask to be cured by doing something for his amusement! True they often allowed us to do such a thing, and then with inward glee watch our futile effort! True they allowed it, but listen to the verdict, listen to their gleeful sentence: 'Your work is a disgrace to the Institute. You know nothing at all. I gave you $59\frac{13}{15}\%$.'" A sigh of sympathetic feeling ran round the circle. The speaker took a few steps forward and back and then recovering his poise, he continued.

Part III

And Yet More

"Now began the final, harsher, cruel tortures. Puzzles of incomprehensibly-shaped pieces were turned over to us, and the Devillium of the queer language sputtered and drove us to the task of fitting them together. Another Devillium called Reed produced an excess of heated gases, and set us to untangling snarls of words such as 'dry saturated steam,' and others, while he demanded elaborate drawings, called sketches, of many of the instruments of torture. In a large dismal cavern a Knight, but moreover a Devilium, gloated over our failures to puzzle out wonderful but incomprehensible designs of the machines we had first seen. The portly Devillium of the Valley Mechanicalum conducted an inquisition whose puny tortures called forth our mirth, while humorous hits added to its absurdity.

"Such, O comrades, had been our experiences thus far, but now began the hardest fight of the voyage. At this point the valley was crossed by a raging torrent, and into this we plunged headlong. Devilli and Imps sprang joyfully and gleefully to the attack, and wherever appeared the head of a Voyager a perfect shower of complex quantities, calculations for line wire, concrete proportions, business law, railway run curves, all mingled with whirling, twisting streams of hydraulics, made the passage

terrible, frightful and horrible. All attempted to gain their last opportunity of applying the fateful screw. Many wounded twice and thrice sank in the raging flood and disappeared from our midst. Others less sadly wounded, but nevertheless incapacitated, suffered the howling tormentors to draw them back to the other bank for an extended period of torture. But we, O comrades, safely emerged; we climbed safely to this coveted plain, only, alas, to hear our doom.

“O pitiless Ruler, consider your act. The tortures we have undergone, the trials we have overcome have all been at your bidding. Nothing have we left undone! Whatever we have been commanded, have we accomplished! We are broken, tired, worn, ready only for peace. Ask us not for further service, seek not other tortures, but grant us liberty and rest.”



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

Here they are!

We have been very fortunate in securing several *Tech News* headlines which the official censor would not allow that organ to publish. They show the absolute necessity of reading between the lines

Joe Payette

has an Insurable Interest in the Sterling Inn

President

Engler talks to Freshmen

Bible Class

Of Y. M. C. A.

Increases from three to five members

Cushing

Wears a Hat

New Rule says that Students

Caught Cribbing

will be Expelled

Bryant Bigelow

says he will never be

President
of Tau Beta Pi

Shuly Pays

Big Bill for Breakage in Lab

Senior

Athletic Dues

All Paid

Coombs Tells Robber Story

Twice

in Freshman Lecture



TECH NEWS EDITORS

The Same Place, But—

“ Why, yes, Father, since you have come to town unexpectedly, I can take an hour from study to show you the school. I am afraid that I can’t spare much more. Really, you know, we have very little spare time. Sometimes I can’t even get to church on Sunday, we are so rushed. This place is called Boynton Hall. It contains the President’s office, which is really a very pleasant place to go and talk over the work with one who knows. Most of the work in civil engineering is carried on in this building. If I decide to take that course I’ll spend considerable time here. My work in German and English is also carried on here. This is the Power Laboratory. We Freshmen don’t have to work there. Some of the Seniors get awfully sweaty and dirty in there. This is the building where we have taken up some real interesting study in freehand and mechanical drawing, and are now reciting in descriptive geometry. This is a very interesting study. I like it immensely. That building there is the foundry. The students have to work in there. I think that will be a very pleasant course. This is the forge shop. The Instructor here is said to be the best man on the Hill. I think it will be fine to work under him. This is the Machine Shop. I always did like machinery. I’ll be in here next year. Upstairs here is the Pattern Shop. This is a fine place to work. I always enjoy an afternoon here. This next building we are coming to is the Chemistry and Physics Building. We are at present having a fine course in chemistry, with lectures, recitations and laboratory work. The other building is the Electrical Building. We recite mathematics on the ground floor. The lab upstairs is the most interesting place I know of. I often go up there to watch them working. Let me see, if you are going home on the 6.18 we won’t have time to go over to the room. It’s quite a ways over the hill there. Well, good by, Father. Oh, thank you, Father. I can buy that reference book I wanted now. Give my regards to Mother. No, I won’t study too hard, but I must keep up, you know.”

Next Day

“ Hello, old stocking, where did you blow in from? Say, can you stay till Sunday night? Good! The old man came snooping around yesterday and nearly caught me napping. I was all in from being out with some of the fellows till nearly 3. Something doing. He thought I was studying too hard, I looked so pale. Say, come on up there a few minutes. One of the fellows is going to lend me a crib for the next chem quiz. You can see a little of the place as we go by. This is my room up here. I didn’t dare take the old man in, for the place was full of empty bottles, pipes and cigar-

ettes, with a few poker chips lying around. He'd have warmed my jacket some if he had found that mess in my coop. I had to talk like a house afire to take his attention when we went by twice. He thinks I room way over the Hill. He slipped me a ten-spot when he was leaving. We can have some fun on that, I guess. Well, here's the joint. That old shanty is Boynton Hall. Gee, how I hate it. Prexie's office is in this corner. I had to go see him about two conditions last month. Suffering cats, but didn't he lay it on thick! I ran about a mile when I got out. Have German and English in this building. I go up if there isn't anything doing down in the 'rat-hole.' You can generally get into a card game there, and somebody always has the 'makings.' Oh, thank you, that wasn't a hint, but just the same it's good to stick a cigar in my face once more. I've had such rotten luck at poker this month that I've been too poor to buy anything but the 'papers.' Here's where we have descript. Gee, but if I could get that Instructor some dark night in a blind alley! Screwed every exam so far. That dump is the Foundry. None of that in mine. When I do horse-work like a dago I'll get paid for it. This is the Forge Shop—another place to dodge on a hot day. They say it's fierce in there sometimes. That's the boiler-room over there. More horse-work. Not for mine. This is the Machine Shop. Look at those poor devils. I wouldn't work like that for \$2 per day, and they only get——for it. I don't dare to take you upstairs to the Pattern Shop. I'm in bad with 'Chick.' Take too many smokes during work hours, I guess, but he and I don't fit a little bit. If I should see him now I'd tell him what I thought of him and it would be all over. Let's go down this way. This is the darnedest stink-pot you ever saw, and we get ours there good and proper. If I had some dynamite I'd blow the whole place into smithereens. This other building is where they slop it all over us in math. For ten cents I'd pull it down by hand. We recite on the bottom floor here. They say there is some lab upstairs, but I don't know. I went in there one night when they had a dance with cider and doughnuts, but didn't stay long enough to see the place. Say, it's almost 6. Come on down to the Square. I know a couple of beauts from the envelope shops. Some class, you bet. We'll make a date with them for to-morrow night. They're some queens, believe me. To-night we'll go to the burlesque at the Franklin. To-morrow afternoon Poli's looks good. Let's see. To-morrow night with the coozies; Saturday we'll go to Sterling. That's where we can get all the booze we want. They're getting fussy here in the city now. Saturday night there is a good show at the Worcester, and we'll get into a little game afterwards. You don't care about church Sunday, do you? I thought not. We'll sleep all morning and pick up some kites in the afternoon. I guess the old man's ten-spot will be gone by then. Come on, speed up, there go the pair of them now. The blonde is easy. I'll tackle the other. O you, wait a minute, will you? "

The Comedy of Errors

TIME—10.00 a.m., any Tuesday.

PLACE—Mechanical Engineering Lecture-room.

The assembly has convened and seated. The bell rings. Out come all the watches. Tempus fugit, and we chase it anxiously till 10.04, when books are collected, and by the time we are ready to depart, Charlie appears at the head of the stairs, looking about half asleep. The gang files back in and sits down. Charlie sits down and looks around.

“Are we all here? Well, what was the assignment?”

Chorus from the gang: “To page 108.” “As far as chapter 2, page 11.” “No assignment.”

“Waal, you can take chapter 10 for next time. Any questions?”

Shrieks of silence pervade the atmosphere for a time.

“Waal, if you fellows don’t ask me some, I’ll think you don’t know enough, and then I’ll ask you some. See how you like that.”

Voice from the corner: “How do they get that third equation on page 34?”

Charlie: “Anybody got a book?”

One is handed to him. He looks up the equation in question and ponders.

“Why, it tells you right there in the line above. It’s perfectly simple. I don’t see how I can make it any plainer. Dig it out for yourself. Anything else?”

Another voice: “What causes the right-handed screw spiral motion of a jet issuing from an orifice?”

“Why, that’s something you can explain any way you like. I don’t know, and you don’t know, and your guess is as good as mine. Anything else?”

Voice number three: “What is anchor ice?”

“Waal, anchor ice is one of our greatest troubles when we go away to test in cold weather. Those particles will freeze together in an instant. I remember standing on the racks in the forebay up in the woods in Canada. It was fourteen below zero and I froze my left ear. I turned around to sneeze, and when I looked back the racks were frozen solid, and it took four men the rest of the day to break it out so that we could get water to test. The next day the ice blocked up on the wheel casing, and we shut down the gates and sent a man in to see what was the matter, and he looked up the pipe and saw a ring of ice around the inside of the pipe. He didn’t like the

looks and got out as soon as possible. Just as he got out, the whole mass slid down to the wheel casing, and we had to break it up into small pieces with a hammer and send it down the tail-race. Anchor ice is something you've got to look out for."

"What is an average good efficiency for a pump?"

"Waal, for an off-hand value I might give you anything from ten per cent. up. You never can tell what a pump is doing till you test it out and see for yourself. I remember a test I made several years ago when we found sixty-five per cent. slip. We looked at everything we could think of, and spent about a day looking for trouble, and finally we opened up the valve-chest and found that one of the laborers had left his overalls and dinner pail in there to keep them out of the wet, and they were clogging the valves (a prolonged whistle from the class, while the near-joker remarks that the overall efficiency was rather low.—Wow! Please pass the cheese). Waal, you needn't laugh; I was there when the pump was opened and I'm telling you what I saw."

"Can a Venturi be read within one per cent.?"

"Waal, that's a thing you may get fooled on. Ordinarily a properly designed and well-handled Venturi can be depended upon, but I was on a test one time when all the results came way off and it took us half a day to find the trouble, and after we had tried everything else we opened up the Venturi and found a piece of 2 x 4 about 6 feet long wedged into the throat diagonally. (Snickers from the ten-cent seats.) Waal, you fellows can laugh if you want to. I'm telling you what I saw, and if you don't believe it, I can prove it to you."

"What's the best efficiency of a hydraulic ram?"

"Waal, I won a box of good cigars on that once. I was testing in a place where they used a ram to get water pressure and I wanted more water for the dynamometer, and I was shortening the stroke of the ram when along came a fellow who took a thesis on a ram like it for his degree, and he said to lengthen it. I bet him a box of cigars, and we started to settle the bet, and of course I soon proved to him that I was right and he looked up his thesis and found that he was wrong, and he came around with the cigars in the morning. Pretty good cigars, too. That reminds me of"—but before we get to the history of these transactions in tobacco, the bell rings and we file out to "bum" the makings and wonder what we got out of that recitation.



Class Officers

FRESHMAN YEAR

FIRST TERM

President, E. Donald Beach
Vice-president, Roland F. Hall
Secretary, Stanley P. Stewart
Treasurer, H. R. Stowell

SECOND TERM

President, Robert H. Wolcott
Vice-president, Roland F. Hall
Secretary, A. Leroy Atherton
Treasurer, E. Donald Beach

SOPHOMORE YEAR

FIRST TERM

President, H. E. Hartwell
Vice-president, L. H. Sargent
Secretary, S. M. Scott
Treasurer, Richard Sanderson

SECOND TERM

President, E. H. Classen
Vice-president, L. H. Sargent
Secretary, S. M. Scott
Treasurer, Richard Sanderson

JUNIOR YEAR

FIRST TERM

President, Archie B. Hossack
Vice-president, C. E. Gillett
Secretary, S. M. Scott
Treasurer, C. S. Hallenbeck

SECOND TERM

President, Henry R. Power
Vice-president, C. E. Gillett
Secretary, C. M. Brown
Treasurer, C. S. Hallenbeck

SENIOR YEAR

FIRST TERM

President, C. T. Leigh
Vice-president, H. Z. Landon
Secretary, H. G. Parker
Treasurer, W. T. Montague

SECOND TERM

President, H. Z. Landon
Vice-president, C. M. Brown
Secretary, B. G. Halligan
Treasurer, E. P. Peterson
Sergeant-at-arms, P. E. Hanaver



Horace Z. Landon

$\Sigma A E$, ΣE . Mechanic

Born Burlington, Vt., February 19, 1890 Prep. Bordentown Military Academy
Class President 1911 Manager Football Team, 1910
Leader Orchestra Aftermath Board

Get that military bearing? Bordentown did that for Horace Zebina and he has maintained it in spite of the burden of carrying that name through four years at Tech. In view of his tender age on graduation from prep school, Horace was sent to Drexel for a year before being entrusted to the shores of Institute Pond. "Phile" made a deep impression upon him, to which may be attributed his conservatism in accepting text-book knowledge, preferring to improvise something on the spur of the moment, which nine times in ten his innocent expression would carry by. "Hi" showed signs of athletic ability in his Freshman year, but decided that managing the football team was an easier method of acquiring title to a "W" than doing fourteen laps to the mile, so confined his efforts in the track line to sprinting for the last car from Simmons Sunday nights during his Sophomore and Junior years.

"Hi" has a way with the fair sex which, combined with his musical ability, puts him in great demand, but he has ever been true to the one and only. His studies have never been allowed to interfere with his education, and he is one of the leading exponents of "scollege" at Tech.

His election to the Class Presidency last half of Senior year was a popular one, and in spite of the "finances of the chapter" "Hi" has delivered the chattels in that capacity.



Benjamin A. Anderton

Chemist

Born Pawtucket, R. I. Prep. Pawtucket High School

Benny, or Wild Bill as he is known among the ranchmen from Pawtucket, started out in life with the ambition of becoming a bull-fighter, and many and varied are the records of the feats of prowess of this infantile prodigy. But we are inclined to believe that he must have come under the influence of some Munchausen, and in an evil hour yielded to temptation and joined the general exodus from Pawtucket in '07. Freshman year, Benny, with the able assistance of "Gin" Parker, just managed to squeeze through descript with an average of about 99. Under the same guiding influence he successfully wended his way through the mysteries of physics; but Junior year, Gin's increased social liabilities demanding considerable time, Benny was cruelly thrown on his own resources, and since then his career at Tech has been rather eventful; it is even reported on good authority that he actually fell down to a C in one subject. At the beginning of Senior year, for some mysterious reason, he hooked on with that most rabid and inspired apostle of temperance, Doc Neal, which accounts for Benny's share in the depression of Milwaukee's home industry. But Wild Bill still ranks among the headliners of the Salisbury Lab Stock Company, in spite of the fact that most of his time is spent trying to "Bohemianize" Mike Callahan.

Alfred Leroy Atherton

θX , $T B \Pi$, ΣE . Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., August 17, 1889

Prep. Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.

Alfred Leroy Atherton, better known as "Slats" Atherton of Winchester, Holden and Medway (responsibility equally divided), came to Tech from Winchester High School with a past record which fairly oozed medals of honor. Through some unknown source he became convinced that he could play basketball, but after witnessing several of his attempts to demonstrate his ability, the athletic association voted to abolish the game. Not to be daunted in his quest for fame, "Slats" hunted up suitable apparel to cover his "Herculean" frame, donned the same, and at the psychological moment cavorted majestically forth to Alumni Field to demonstrate his baseball prowess; after several heart-rending Hans Wagner stunts, "Slats" was relegated to the "minors" for more experience. His efforts in this direction, however, were more hopeful than his basketball attempts, for the Athletic Association fortunately survived the shock and baseball escaped the fate of basketball. Foiled in his athletic ambitions he directed his mighty forces into scientific channels, and the results of his efforts in this line are seen by a glance at the procession of Greek letters after his name.



Walter Guy Bassett

Electric

Born North Andover, Mass., Jan. 2, 1887
Prep Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

Back in 1907 North Andover played the trick on W. P. I. of sending to our fold this long, lean, gawky example of rural stock. During his course at prep school, he had managed to shine without the effort of study, and so acquired his most notable characteristic, which may be euphonistically termed indolence. His motto has always been "Never seab," by which he means never do your work until it is a couple of weeks overdue. Needless to say, in school work the principle of this motto has been strictly upheld. Once, in his ambitious youth, before the cares of upperclass work bowed his shoulders, Guy attempted football. The sharp edges which are so liberally distributed over his anatomy were such a terror to the opposing linesmen that he had more or less success, until the mid-season toughness of his rivals robbed this weapon of its effectiveness. Let us hope that in later life his physique will be developed along less ascetic lines.



Pedro Maria Capdevila

Electric

Born Diamante, Provincia Entre-Rios,
Argentina, Oct. 22, 1886
Prep. Colegio Nacional de La Rioja

"Cap" uttered his first yell in the place described at such length above, on the 22d of October in 1886. Although his second handle suggests to one's mind a pert, black-haired, black-eyed member of the opposite sex, we must hasten to assure you this is no reflection on the masculinity of his character. He even attempts to disprove the suggestion of that name by periodical and far from feminine expeditions, from which he returns in the first glow of morning.

His career thus far has been eventful, as careers go. After receiving honors at graduation from his prep school, he served for a short time as an officer in the army of his country, from which service he received an honorable discharge. This accounts for the fierce and warlike aspect and erect carriage to be observed when memory takes him back to those old days. His services were later required for a time by an official of his government—who can tell what important position he may be called to fill, after he leaves his Alma Mater for the land of his people?



Edward Earl Bard

Θ X. Chemist

Born October 6, 1887, Adams, Mass.

Prep. Palmer High School

Did you notice the "Earl"? That's what they call him in Palmer, but he has tried to conceal it in Worcester, where he is known to fame and also to most of Worcester's restaurant keepers as "Pete." The frequency of maximum points in Pete's appetite curve reminds one of a 60-cycle generator. Several lunch rooms have been saved from bankruptcy by Pete and his friends, who have caught the disease from him. We have often wondered how they dispose of their surplus "buckwheats" and "crullers and coffee" during vacations. Rumor has it that Pete got a bid from the Y. M. C. A. when he was a Freshman, but turned it down because he heard that they don't cater to the "inner man" at their meetings.

With the ladies, Pete has always been a big noise. But talk about inconstancy! He has a new charmer to rave about every month: three letters a week for four or five weeks and then he digs up a new one in some other corner of the State. Normal schools are great institutions. Just at present, Pete is one of the shining lights of Old Sleuth's organic class, and how he can shine there without losing his appetite is more than we can see.

E. Donald Beach

Φ Γ Δ. Civil

Born Orange, N. J., November 16, 1889

Prep. Newark Academy Class President Freshmen (1)

We are not sure what the E signifies, but presume Don's parents, recognizing his marked engineering abilities, gave him his first name in honor of Mr. Cooper's famous "E" live load for bridges. Don is a sure enough live one. If it were not so he would have succumbed in early childhood to the ravages of the famous New Jersey bird of prey.

Upon Donald's arrival at Tech, he immediately applied for a position as class president, stating that he had had considerable experience in handling "Waps." As no other applications were received, he became President, and as such represented his class with great dignity and credit.

Don is quite an athlete and has labored diligently to implant his favorite game, hockey, at Tech. Not being wholly successful at this, he has been obliged to confine his prowess to the use of the slide rule, in which sport he is second only to "Prof," it being quite an ordinary occurrence for him to perform the difficult feat of reading 2 times 2 to the fifth decimal place.

In spite of his practical and businesslike appearance, Don is an idealist and is searching for a perfect woman whom he intends to marry. We wish him the same success in this quest that he is bound to attain in his profession.



Arthur Everett Brigham
Mechanic

Born October 20, 1887, Worcester, Mass.
Prep. Worcester High School, '06

Brig is one of those thoroughbred Worcester lads, a well-known authority on cement, and an all-round good fusser. Early in life Brig decided that Worcester was the proper place for him to grow in, which he accordingly did. The result is a long, lanky gentleman, who, in the eyes of the fairer sex, is well cultured in the fine arts, but at Tech we recognize in him a man of "makings," which is always a signal for "the men" to gather around for a smoke.

Brig is a good sport and when the paper went around "design" for members to join the Mustachio Club, Arthur was there with his slender vote. Now Brig never failed to make good except this once, and even then we gave him credit for trying, but his mustache was either worn off as fast as it grew, or else it never would grow. Perhaps the best known feature distinguishing Arthur Everett is the smile. To the rest of the "inveterates" and those who know him, that smile signifies that all studies are "ancient history" to him now, as seen by his recent abstract dissertation on the "Cement Industry." Brig's propensity to ask leading questions at inopportune moments and to insist on receiving an answer, caused two postponements of his receipt of his degree, but such trifles do not bother a real sport like Brig.

Carleton Murray Brown
θ X. Electric

Born Lenox, Mass., October 5, 1888
Prep. Lenox High School, Lenox, Mass.
Baseball 2, 3, 4, Capt. 3 Football 2, 3, 4
Class Secretary, 3 (2)

Murray Brown is Lenox's contribution to the Class of 1911, and all we can say is that we are glad that Lenox limited her contribution to Brown. We shudder to think of the long line of broken hearts that will be left among Worcester's "fairest" when Brown decides to quit these peaceful plantations this spring. Murray persistently maintains that all his feminine captives are "ladies of standing," which is equivalent to saying that every approachable maid in Worcester can henceforth be regarded as a "lady of standing." Once a commotion was created at the White City by a young lady, who claimed that she did not know Brown. Later reports say that the "*femme*" in question had been in Worcester only an hour, and hence could not be held responsible for this *faux pas*. But why drag out these harrowing details, for who can tell but sometime in the ever hopeful future Brown may be an evangelist, preaching words of wisdom to his weaker brethren and warning them against the evils of woman—in excess?

What time he has to spare from athletics and the fair sex, Brown devotes occasionally to study, and as he regards time spent over books as wasted, he is exceedingly zealous for his reputation for economy.



Michael Joseph Callahan

Chemist

Born Whitinsville, December 12, 1889

Prep. Northbridge High School

It was on the 12th of December, 1889, that Mike made his first appearance, since when he has called Whitinsville "home" in every sense of the word. After assimilating most of the knowledge to be obtained at the Northbridge High School, this young son of Robert Boyle thought that four years at Tech would not be wasted, and so in the fall of 1907 we find him telling who he was and why he came to the Institute. During the first year, Mike traveled to and from the home fireside daily, but he decided he was wasting too much time, and so established himself nearer the Hill. It wasn't very long before his friends began to notice the prison pallor that Mike was acquiring, and so they bestowed much fatherly advice upon him, especially on love and marriage. Mike always claimed that it was every man's duty to marry an heiress. In organic lab, Luke's greatest achievement was the production of a beautiful green compound, supposed to be pure white. The "profs" always thought well of the budding scientist, and he never had any trouble in pulling a creditable standing; with the fellows he liked to pose as a pessimist, but still he usually wears a glad smile.

David Ellsworth Carpenter

S.E. Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., March 21, 1889

Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

David entered Tech with all his present assurance, and also with the embryo of his great tendency to disagree with everybody on everything. He has been appointed to the position of official kicker for the Electrics of 1911, and the natural ability he has displayed in this capacity shows that no mistake was made in the appointment. If you see anything you don't like, and don't dare criticise to the powers, go to Dave, tell him how much you approve of that thing and leave the rest to him. Since you say you approve, he disapproves, and hastens to the office to register his complaint.

We must predict a short life for Dave. Symptoms show some internal troubles, for he was seized with unaccountable cramps during the performance at the Hippodrome on the inspection trip to New York. However, this tendency may be outgrown in later years, after his childish impulses are overcome.



Herbert Edward Carrico

Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., April 16, 1887

Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

"Caruso" is one of the gifts we have received from our predecessors, 1910. Back in high school days, there were lines of force strongly attracting him toward the class below his—but he, being rather inclined to slowness by nature, did not respond fully until Tech was reached. Rumor has it that the cause of his downfall was overwork—Tech and Radcliffe are too much for any man.

Aboard a cattle-boat one summer, when he succumbed to the Wunderlust, he became a prime favorite with his charges, for "like love like," and that voice certainly is deceiving. In spite of this similarity, Bert is allowed many chances, as a glee club performer, to frighten the little children in the audience with his bellowing. We expect that the report which he wrote on the Niagara trip was essentially a description of the Western girl, from the servant classes upward, for most of his time was spent in the absorbing study of the types. Professor Smith is having great difficulty in sending him to the Westinghouse Company, for, as Bert puts it, "The job won't support a married man;" but we suspect that when he learns that Pittsburg has its full share of approachable queens, he will hasten to the city of smoke.

Howard Parkhurst Chace

Mechanic

Born Providence, R. I., October 25, 1890

Prep. B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River

Howard Parkhurst Chace was born in Providence, R. I., on Oct. 25, 1890. It did not take "the man" a great while to go through B. M. C. Durfee High School at Fall River, and he arrived in Worcester in September, 1907, with the rest of us, ready to do up Tech. He has been quite successful in this venture, not to mention some fussing on the side, or the consumption of the weekly corn-cob hodful of borrowed tobacco. He also played the violin some, but with the mute, so that we have nearly forgiven him. He is now associated with P. Rhodes Crooker in ripping up the cost of production at the Norton Co.



Edward Heil Classen

A T Ω. Mechanic

Born New Britain, Conn., November 22, 1885

Prep. New Britain High School

Class President, Sophomore (2)

Business Manager *Journal* President M. E. Society

Edward Heil Classen was born at New Britain, Conn., on Nov. 22, 1885, and prepared for Tech at New Britain High School. He has always tried to use everyone rightly, and has been repaid by election to the presidency of the class during the second half of the Sophomore year, and to the Junior Prom Committee the year following. His effusive address is well known on the Hill, the "Hello!" à la Classen ending up like a tenor in grand opera. "Eddie" has always been a hard worker, besides having a pull with the "profs," which would go a long way in putting anyone through "Tech;" he is also President of the Mechanical Engineering Society, so we have not much doubt that he will be with the big show in June.

William Randle Coley

Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., February 3, 1889

Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

William Randle Coley. 128 lbs., 6 ft. 3 inches.

"He wanted to live because he wanted to work."

"Victor Hugo declared that he was sure he would live beyond the grave, because he felt his soul to be full of hymns and poems he had not had time to write."

William Coley declares that he is sure he will live beyond the grave, because he feels his system to be full of puns and quibs he has not had time to spring.

In spite of the awful—the appalling—the atrociousness of Bill's puns, apparently they are perpetrated with philanthropical intent, but unfortunately this misguided youth, in his own words, "was born a pun the 4th of February, 1889," and immediately conceived the horrible idea that there are only seven original and elementary jokes. All unfortunate individuals who have unwittingly fallen within range of Bill's unceasing variation on those seven have come to believe that life contains no humor, and to ponder on the hopelessness of existence in general. Four men are there with whom William has walked to school; three of these have been cast disconsolate and despairing into the awful abyss of canned-dom, while the fourth, only by virtue of an optimistic temperament with the twin trait procrastination, still weakly clings to the hope of better things.



Harold Perry Conklin

I B II, ΣΞ. Civil

Born December 24, 1888, Lowell, Mass.
 Prep. Lowell High School, '06
 President Civil Engineering Society

When "Fatty" descended on this somnolent burg on the 18th of September, '07, the rustics were treated to a new and unheard of embellishment to the English language. Now, however, if an afternoon in design gets by without somebody hearing "Bicripe!" emanated at least ten or a dozen times from Conkey's vicinity, so doth it manifest itself that something is wrong. For example, the "Chink" may have foreclosed on H. P.'s three collars all at once. This, so the wise ones say, would sadly compromise his appearance on Dewey Street. Aside from his unvarying expletive he had a happy (?) faculty of bluffing. He bluffed great big holes in most of the exams that a thoughtless faculty sent his way; but that is nothing out of the ordinary—surely you would not expect a man to wait on the fair lady eight nights a week and do his plugging in the remaining evenings. He is only able to hold his position as "Civil Fat Man" by making the most of an enormous appetite, and hence his great attentiveness to the eating question. In spite of his many failings, his musical whistle and his apt remarks on anything and everything have tided the Chain Gang over many a Blue Monday.

John Joseph Corcoran

Electric

Born West Springfield, Mass., April 14, 1889
 Prep. West Springfield High School,
 West Springfield, Mass.

Jack gained some fame, or rather notoriety, early in his career, from his acquaintance with locomotives and with stars—of the celestial, not the earthly variety. From this very fame, and the direct effects of it, he has derived his most apparent characteristic, self-confidence.

Jack is misplaced in engineering lines. He should spend his time in writing down the delicious fiction of the Munchausen type, with which he constantly treats us. The story of the invention of the long-distance gun, with a range of one hundred and twenty-five miles, would appear well between the covers of *Technical World*, and some of his tales of when the B. & A. was on time might shame Ananias himself. There is no doubt that he could express himself well, for so much of his time is now spent in that occupation that it is second nature to him. But "for the love of Mag Fenton" don't get him started on an argument. He will talk steadily for an hour, and then while you are striving to collect your bewildered wits, he will leave you, saying loftily, "Just think that over." But have no fear—a barking dog doesn't bite!



Paul Rhodes Crooker

T B II. Mechanic

Born Brockton, Jan. 2, 1888
Prep. Brockton High School

Paul hails from the shoe top town and doesn't care who knows it. The energy the rest of us have wasted in trying vainly to cultivate our beauty, Paul put to better advantage in providing a real basis for that wise look. Tau Beta Pi annexed him early in the game. This is the first tangible harvest reaped from his sagacious mien, and we expect there will be more to follow. His hobbies began with gas engines in his Freshman year, and continued till his Senior year, when he shifted to cost study. After graduation we expect that he will turn to the study of anatomy, for after an unlucky hand at pitch in the lull of the boiler test, he was heard to outline several operations on a "rubber duck," the results of which would be interesting, to say the least. He is a very thorough student, so thorough that he goes twice to the same burlesque so as not to let any of the fine points escape the vision of his opera-glasses.

Philip Stone Cushing

T B II, Σ Ε. Chemist

Born Westfield, April 19, 1890
Prep. Westfield High School Editor of *Journal*
Asst. Editor of *News* President of Chemical Club
Leader of Glee Club

This headstrong youth delights in asking Danny Calhane foolish questions, and getting the poor fellow tied up in endless explanations. Having roomed with "Royal-Rooter" Kneil Freshman year, he saw the folly of unnecessary noise and became as mum as an oyster, especially when racing for first place in the lab.

He will probably make a good boss some day, judging from the way he rules the Chemical Club and Musical Association. He rushes his roommate "Joshua" to death, and they even say he tried to dominate the *Journal*, but was unsuccessful. The best thing "Cush" does is to be a member of the "militant minority" in class meetings, and then use the editorial "we" of the *Tech News* to get back at his opponents. His other strong point is singing, and he held rehearsal daily in the lab until Old Sleuth suppressed all noises. In fact his opinion once was so contrary to Hughie that the Chemists had visions of a mix-up, but "discretion," etc., prevailed and "Cush" subsided.

If you are in doubt when you see him coming, look for the fellow that pounds his heels and wears no hat.



George Clinton Dickey

Chemist

Born North Andover, August 31, 1887

Prep. North Andover High School

"Hurry up! Get a move on! Do it now!" But there is but one reply: "Let George do it." But no need to worry, George did not do it. For what purpose was such a man created? Why, simply to prove that the exclamation is a most malicious attack. George never did, never does, and never intends to do it. What? Why, work of course. Early in life George learned to sing dull care away, and he is still at it. He began well when he decided to become a chemist, and he is still with them, chief advocate for shorter hours, afternoons off, no exams—in fact for all those things which a true Tech man delights in. The hero of many musical triumphs in his home town, he nobly upheld his reputation at Tech, and the Glee Club has had to suffer. Even in the lab, the vigilance of "Old Sleuth" was all that kept the roof on. Early in his career, he subdued the Horse, and not satisfied with this conquest, he sought wider fields and—but hist! there's a woman in the case, the Kid, but don't breathe a word. Latterly Dick has achieved great success as the leading man in that great comedy, "Are You a Mason?" As a side line, he has been supplying teachers' agencies with data concerning qualifications for a good teacher. But, withal, Dick is there, and we wish him success in his desire to help the coming of the millennium.

William Theodore Donath

J T. Mechanic

Born June 6, 1888, Pawtucket, R. I.

Prep. Pawtucket High School

Billy hails from the east bank of the Blackstone River, where he existed in a dormant state till he came to Tech with "de gang from Pawtuck," when he began to broaden out and show signs of activity. He acquired early the habit of running in order to escape the pater. His development along these lines has continued till he has landed among the speeders of the track and relay teams, where he has attracted considerable attention for one of his small stature. Bill's hobby in Tech has been "steam," and his many original researches in coal passing have led him to asseverate confidently that boiler stoking, to be satisfactory, should not be assigned to the smallest man available. He intends to be runner-up for some small manufacturing plant after graduation, as he believes that this job will give him a chance to make a strong finish.



Edmund Michael Flaherty

Θ X. Chemist

Born Worcester, Mass., December 10, 1888
 Prep. Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.
 Manager Glee Club (3) Aftermath Editor-in-Chief
Tech News Editor (3) (4)

"Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men."
 Flaherty (E. M. F.) is a chemist, notwithstanding his electromotive force initials and his guise of pseudo respectabilities. He early developed a passionate affinity for "Chicady," but the latter was impervious to his charms, and the only response that Ed received to his advances was an invitation to quit thinking that his shop course was a shoot-the-chutes to glory. Sophomore year he favored the Mechanical, Electrical and Civil departments by taking the chemistry course, where he soon established a record in discovering "short" methods. The remainder of this year was spent in convincing his unfortunate mates that he (Flaherty) and not brevity was the soul of wit.

As Glee Club manager he shone in the role of impresario by the finding of the noted tenor, "Don Rioldani," but his crowning achievement in this line was when he arranged that Greendale trip; both persons in the audience declared the entertainment a masterpiece. Since then Ed has confined his "finessing" to P. Lab reports, where his motto is, "The end justifies the means." At present he is planning to go to the Du Pont Powder Co., where he hopes to gain valuable material to aid him in attaining his greatest ambition, "Home rule for Ireland."

Arthur Leon Ford

Civil

Born May 25, 1887, at Savoy, Mass.
 Prep. School, Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

"Bunny" was running well, and when not a great way from the tape, decided to save his strength and enter in the biggest race of them all. This is not statistical; if you want statistics, look above and you will learn that he comes from somewhere near Greenfield. He entered in the big race at the beginning of this year. He is now a full-fledged contestant in this grand race of 1911.

Education in a technical school is, to a great extent, narrowing. True, but still many find it broadening in some lines. Bunny did. Listen to Bunny's vocabulary of "scientific" terms, particularly the emphatic ones. Well, he learned a good many of them at Newton Hall. He can hold cards in the "national game" as well and do himself credit. Bunny has broadened in spite of his environment and all circumstances to the contrary.

Some say he is reserved, but just let him get wound up and he can run down any department on the Hill with as eloquent a flow of "scientific" terms as any man in the class and with as little effort. Anyway, Bunny is one of the boys, and it is easy to have a good time when he is along. I think if you should catch him unawares some time that he could tell some thrilling experiences of canoe trips on Lake Quinsig.



Harold Russell Frizzell

A T Ω, T B II. Civil

Born October 26, 1888, Greenfield, Mass.
 Prep. Greenfield High Class Baseball '08, '09
 Aftermath Business Manager

Say! Doesn't it beat the Dutch what "metrollopusses" those 1911 Civils did come from. "Fuzzy" is one of our star members from the rural districts, the only trouble being that he won't run up to it. Do you know, he actually claims that Greenfield is a *city*. He has played clam in great shape since the last census, however. Three men, four women, eleven dogs, and Fuzzy, says the official report. Fuzz never saw a real, honest-to-goodness girl till he came to Worcester, and he has made up for lost time ever since. He claims a larger feminine acquaintance than any other Civil except Ed Moore. Our dearly beloved Harold was right in his element at Chaffins, and the way he waved his mighty machete was a caution. He almost got so he could talk Spanish just from the association. His one vice is smoking: whenever you see a cloud appear on the horizon, you know that Fuzz is approaching. He claims that smoking a good corn-cob from Yon Yonson's is the best thing in the world to clean out the system.

If Fuzzy only worries over his future work as he has over this book he'll land at the Lake in a straight-jacket. Well, we hope they pad his cell, anyhow, for he's a mighty good fellow.

Edward Irving Gardiner

θ X. Civil

Born November 24, 1886, East Providence, R. I.
 Prep. B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

Who in blazes ever was able to locate Dighton on the map? It must be somewhere near that rowdy emanating village known as Fall River, for Ed claims to be a member of that noisy aggregation of dead soldier producers known as the Fall River Club. No matter what the whereabouts of the dingbusted town, it must be a mighty swift place to produce any such speed-fiend as our friend Edward Ike. Honestly, he moves so all-fired fast that sometimes you can almost see him if you only look long enough. But be mighty careful you don't die of old age trying to be sure that he really does accelerate his ponderosity.

Ed took a chance on a railroad that was being constructed in "York State" a year or so before he came to Tech—that's what he says, but we have a hunch that the railroad took the chance. Anyhow, Ed had all kinds of thrilling experiences out there, and can manufacture new ones to order. Edward has a faculty for roping things in (Scotty escaped though), so that is why the powers that be donated him that set of instruments for the best draughting, Junior year. Of course any of the rest of us could have got them, but then, you know how it is. Eddie is going down to Argentine to build a few electric roads and we rather guess he'll shock the natives a few.



Charles Elliot Gillett

A T. Mechanic

Born Shelburne Falls, March 27, 1888
 Prep. Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
 Class Vice-president 3 (1)
 Vice-president Mech. Eng. Soc.
 Varsity Football, '07 '09, '10

"Pat" always seemed to be too commonplace a name for a fellow with his angelic cast of features, and it is an immense relief to find that his front handle is Charles. But that doesn't finish it; look at the "Elliot." He fits in better with that. Some of us call him "Cupid" because of a heart-breaking record, but that happened at home, and since he has come here he seems to have developed a stony-hearted tolerance of the fair sex.

He has made a somewhat enviable record on the Hill as being able to get the maximum value in marks for a minimum amount of work (especially if some other fellow can be made to do the work). His favorite scheme during the first half of the Senior year developed into "Let Adrian do it," and Adrian always did.

Oh, and he's an honor man too, but don't blame that onto him; it came unexpectedly and then it was too late to shake it off. And listen to this, too: he is one of "Piggy" Bird's "Who's Who and Why Among the Senior Mechanics," and that is some honor, since this exclusive body is made up of the fourteen big sharks in the Senior Mechanics.

Ralph Willis Goddard

Electric

Born Waltham, Mass., April 20, 1887
 Prep. Worcester High School, Worcester, Mass.

A pair of high boots with corduroy trousers pushed in at the top, a nondescript affair above this, and surmounting all a shock of auburn hair—that's Ralphie. The most noteworthy thing about him is the hair, which has in its time created its little sensation. The drama was thus: first, dire need of less hair; second, a contribution to satisfy this need, also positive orders not to report again with so much hair; third, disobedience, resulting in wild disorder promoted by "Birdie" and a pair of 14-inch shears; grand result: less hair, but distributed in the most amazing fashion. Aside from his hair and boots, the most noticeable characteristic is the strange hallucination that he is a corporation or a partnership, going under the title of R. W. Goddard Company. Checks signed by the company, R. W. Goddard treasurer (trust him for that), are the currency of the business. The shops of the company are in the same building as the Washburn Shops, and here the Treasurer turns out, with his own hands, the famous R. W. G. generators. We beg of you not to be too harsh in your estimate of the character of this budding genius—it isn't his fault entirely; he was born and brought up to believe that the sun, moon, stars, planets and the Almighty himself are created for the express benefit and use of man, one man—Goddard.



Charles Sutherland Hallenbeck

Δ T. Electric

Born Plymouth, N. H., December 23, 1889
 Prep. Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H.
 Class Treasurer, Junior Year
 Basketball (3)

"Curly," "Beck," "Dutchy," "Hell-and-back," "Shuly,"—mercy on us, what a collection of names! How it comes that such a modest chap should be called all that, and that such a vigorous one should submit to such treatment is more than we can attempt to explain. These names, even the last, do not trouble him in the least—the everlasting smile still endures and the same calm, unruffled serenity still pervades the surrounding atmosphere. Variety, in other things as well as girls, always appeals to him, and in order to raise the standard of education at Worcester, he took to flying, and did mighty (mighty ludicrous) deeds in the air aboard the "Tech I." So great a hold did the flying habit get on him that he has emulated his famous predecessor, S. B. Perkins, in attempting to promote the art by the study of kites and their actions under all conditions and pressures, which study he has carried on almost without interruption during his four years at Worcester.

Ralph Emerson Harrington

Θ X. Electric

Born Portsmouth, N. H., March 24, 1889
 Prep. Whitefield High School, Whitefield, N. H.
 Track team 2, 3, 4

Ralph Emerson Harrington; we don't know where he got that middle section of his name, but it's mighty certain that the descendants of the immortal Ralph Waldo have a case of libel against someone. All we know concerning the ante-Tech career of this New Hampshire wind-jammer (he pumps the organ at the Unitarian Church) is not worth the valuable space of this book. Since entering Tech, his peculiar "forte" is a tendency to poke all his comrades in the ribs and then make a Jack Johnson get-away. Some wise wag has said that you could tell a man by what he laughed at, and Harry laughs at everything and nothing. Sophomore year a kind-hearted Faculty decided that the Class of 1911 was "no place for a minister's son," and about that time a decided change took place in Harry; he immediately set about developing an excuse to remain here, his main achievement in this line being a track "W" for the broad jump. Other incidental developments since that time are a chronic grouch which has completely obliterated his Freshman grin, and a close familiarity with the neighborhood around Dewey Street which brings him home in time for breakfast Monday mornings.



Burdette Joseph Halligan

Electric

Born Shelburne Falls, Mass., April 15, 1888
 Prep. Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Football (1) (2) (3) (4), Capt. (4)

Baseball (1) (4) Track (4)

Vice-president, Class 1911, 2d year, 1st semester
 Secretary, Class 1911, 2d semester, Senior Year

Shelburne Falls has stung Tech more than once, but the climax was reached in the year 1907 when she thrust upon us the infantile, frowzle-headed "Birdie." We understand that he was sprouted back in '88, given a course in 'rithmetic at the Arms Asylum and then, for a joke, we judge, sent on here to be transformed into an engineer. "Birdie" has spent the most of his time, when not laughing, in strenuous endeavor to uplift his corporosity. All attempts have failed, however, and we still find him crowded under a head of five feet three inches—yes, crowded, and to such an extent that his supporting columns have given way under the compression and buckled to a perceptible degree. Nevertheless with all these adverse conditions, he has made a name as the best all-round athlete at Tech.

Did someone say that "Birdie" was not a fusser? How about those 13-mile drives to get to Shelburne Falls at 3.30 a.m., after team trips? Just watch his facial contortions when you mention sparking tests on Electric Lab steps during summer shop. Cheer up, "Birdie." "Get in the water" and follow the reasoning.

Don A. Hamilton

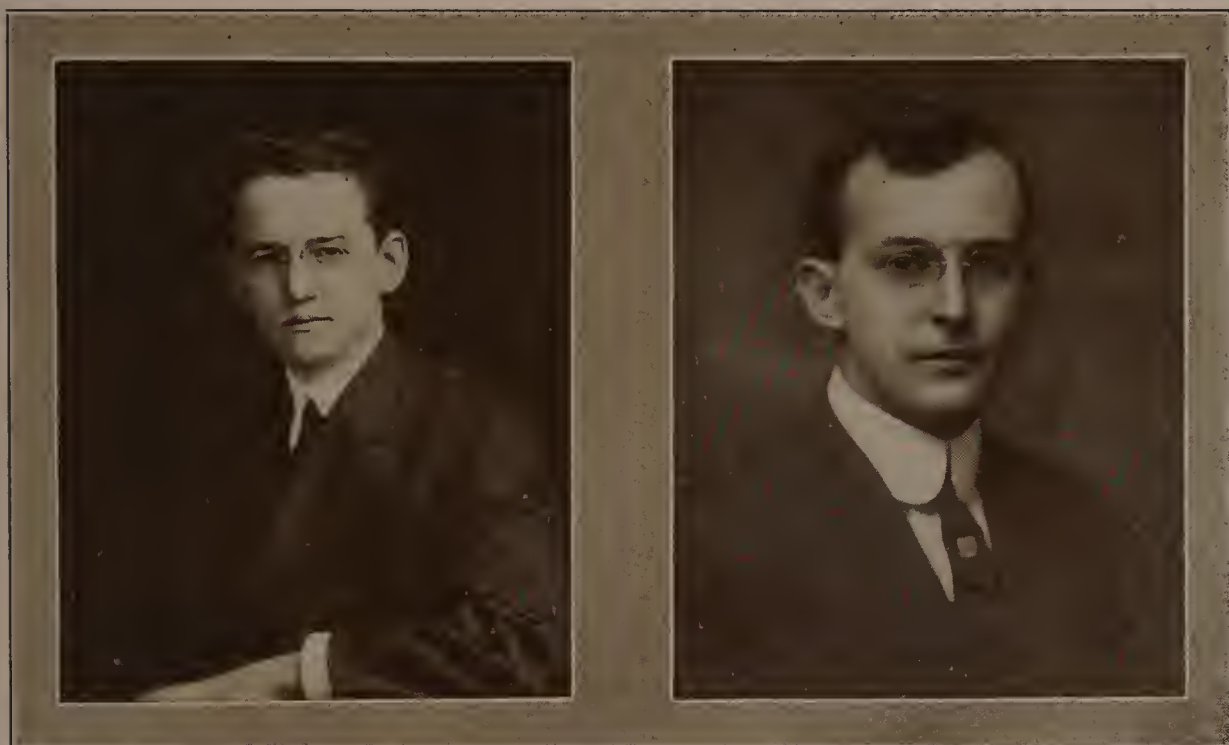
K E A. Mechanic

Born Clarinda, Iowa, November 17, 1886
 Prep. Worcester Academy

Don A. Hamilton was born Nov. 17, 1886, in the hustling city of Clarinda, Iowa. This had a serious effect on Don, for when he first saw the light of day in this thriving metropolis of the middle West, he stopped in amazement and avowed that never, never would he waste his energy in trying to follow the pace of that portion of the population which he saw passing before him, and this vow he has faithfully fulfilled even to this day.

Don must have sequestered from some unknown source the marvelous adventures of "Dead-shot Pete," for we find him at the age of eight in the wild, woolly southwest, i.e., San Antonio, Texas. This exciting life was very agreeable to Don, for amid these tumultuous scenes he made his home for seven long years.

Those who have associated with Don for the last four years have heard the over-pow-ering, heart-rending, excruciating sighs which he emits several times a day, and wondered at the cause thereof. No one knows—he won't tell; perhaps it's memories of his years of riotous existence in the West; it might be that beautiful maiden he rescued, but hist!—to tell the truth, he is thinking of those four years of peace, quiet and rest, especially the latter, and he is so tired—so tired—s-o-t-i-r-e-e-d.



Patrick Edward Hanaver

Electric

Born Leicester, Mass., July 24, 1888

Prep. Holden High School, Holden, Mass.

Tech News (4) Aftermath Editor

"Pat" is one of the hardest workers on the Hill—with his mouth. The *Tech News* noticed this, and being in need of "fillers" bestowed upon him the chair of Athletic Editor. Those of the survivors who have the ill luck to remember the 1500-word enthusiasm concerning the virtual victory over our super-confident and perpetual antagonist, Holy Cross; the prolifically verbose outburst anent the annual Sophomore-Freshman rope pull, and the poetical effusion on the magnificent, glorious, autumnal splendor of the circumambient atmosphere on Mountain Day (contagious, *nicht wahr?*)—these have good and sufficient reason to quote the words of Goldspear:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one facial orifice could utter all he threw."

"Pat" will take two hours, or a hundred if you let him, to tell you in unintelligible but most magnificent (sounding) rhetoric how enormously busy he is and how he hasn't had but two hours' sleep a single night since he came from dear old Quinapoxit. However, when it comes to Hanaver we all have to stand "Pat."

Harold Elbert Hartwell

J T, T B H, N E. Electric

Born Washington, N. H., March 18, 1885

Prep. Technical High School, Springfield, Mass.

A short time ago astronomers, and the world in general, were greatly excited by the passing of what was thought to be Halley's comet. The mystery is now cleared up—it was not the comet, it was "Pete," heated to incandescence by the enormous velocity of his pace, a trail of hair pulled out by the roots by the vacuum in his wake forming the tail. At the present rate, the tail will very shortly disappear, owing to the failure in the supply of the material of which it is composed, unless George R. can be induced to part with the secret of his recent success in the production of this material. "Pete" rivals the Salisbury Laboratories in one respect. When you observe a cloud of fumes liberally advertised by an odor which seems like a mixture of the choke of SO₂ and the nausea of H₂S, don't think the Chemists have invaded the sacred precincts of the Electric Building; it's "Pete" with his awful pipe.



Edward Francis Higgins

Θ X. Chemist

Born Pawtucket, R. I., October 30, 1886
 Prep. Pawtucket High School
 Assistant Manager Glee Club, 1910

The Faculty of Pawtucket High School must have breathed a sigh of relief when "Ned" entered Tech, because from all accounts he was the original village cut-up. He is the wit of the Chemists, and those organic lab periods would have been dull indeed without his endless fund of stories. The only time "Ned" is ever serious is when he is discussing the rottenness of Rhode Island politics. He will be a great reformer some day if they don't let him in on the graft.

He has never fallen a victim to any of Worcester's fair charmers, but they say there is a girl "down home" who eagerly awaits Tech vacations. He and Ed Flaherty are the best of friends, but you would never think so if you ever heard them argue on any subject under the sun. They haven't settled yet who is the better man, and probably never will. "Ned" was a mild-mannered, innocent youth until he roomed with "Wild-Bill" Anderton, but, oh, what a change has taken place!

"Ned" is sure to make good in whatever line he starts, and surely no one ever deserved more success than our cheery little member from the big metropolis of Pawtucket and the hero of the famous Crown Hotel episode.

Martin Herman Jachens

A T Ω. Electric

Born Brooklyn, N. Y., June 14, 1889
 Prep. Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

You may call him "Jake," "Dutch," "Germany," "Slattery," or any other old thing, and he will answer without hesitation, for he realizes the entire appropriateness of any handle to his six feet odd of hot stuff from "New Yoik." The first attempts he made at technical education were at the Brooklyn Training High School, the greatest prep in all christendom. Ask "Jake."

The greatest delight of the life of this attenuated athlete of the Acorn Club is the recounting to delighted and wondering hearers of the feats of the marvelous athletes of the good old days in Brooklyn. "Jake" will tell for hours at a time the tales of the deeds of his heroes of the track and field, while the hearers listen first in open-mouthed wonder, then in positive disbelief.

Perhaps this faculty for making very remarkable statements with an air of truth is responsible in part for his success with the fair sex, but we must credit much of this success to the pretty blushes which suffuse his face at the slightest provocation.

Jake was in love in his Sophomore year, but has since been considered immune, until he answered the call of the "Bells," which has caused him much loss of sleep, but as yet with no definite results.



Carl Prescott James

J T. Electric

Born Manchester, N. H., June 14, 1889

Prep. Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

Basketball (3)

"Jimmie" James, boy bandit and king-pin connoisseur on torchlight ties and strawberry socks, claims that Manchester, N. H., is responsible for him and has paid his bills since June 14, 1889. At first sight it looks as if the last two installments of his name got mixed up and weren't sorted out properly, but that is only an eccentricity for the sake of attracting attention. "Jimmie" preped at Manchester High School and came to us a tall, green Freshman with a pair of legs as wobbly as those of any new-born calf. Later he managed by some treatment to get these under control enough to win his basketball "W," and attempt the performance of various graceful stunts, such as pole-vaulting in track. One would think that he would choose some sphere of activity in which the contour of his physique would not be so apparent, but perhaps he is proud of his "rangy" build. C. P. (meaning *chemically pure*) passes the summer months holding down the front platform of one of Manchester's street cars, with one hand controlling his steed and with the other waving to the pretty damsels he passes. This, the car part, is an indication of the line of work to be taken up by "Jimmie" in later years. "Jimmie" evidently believes in beginning at the bottom and working up as far as possible.

Fred Warren Kennedy

A T Ω, T B II. Mechanic

Born Brockton, Mass., June 3, 1888

Prep. Brockton High School

Baseball Team

Tennis Champion (4 years)

A shadow passes your desk exactly thirty seconds before the roll is called; it must have been a shadow, it passed so quietly, but as you turn to look you see a bright spot illuminating the Mechanics Division. It is "Ken's" red top without a doubt; one hair is not quite straight, so he must have risen late this morning. Never a word spoken unless it is necessary, but be very careful and not arouse that temper or a surprise awaits you.

Where did he learn that long, easy swing of the tennis racket? Let him advise some of the would-be champions so they can go and do likewise. They have been trying to get his goat for four years, but—not yet.

He looks bashful? Mention the fair sex and his face outshines his hair, but happen into one of Mother Day's parties some evening and once more you are fooled. They say his infatuation for the fair damsels began to show up soon after the three lonesome (?) weeks he spent at the Isolation Hospital. Gratitude for the care he received there must have been the cause.

He wouldn't grow a mustache with the rest of the Mechanics—couldn't he, or was he afraid he would have to bleach it?



George Allan King

T B II. Electric

Born Washington, D. C., February 22, 1889
 Prep. McKinley Manual Training School,
 Washington, D. C.

In our Sophomore year there appeared in our midst a short, unobtrusive fellow who hails from Washington, D. C. Due mainly to the general appearance of wisdom lent by the lack of hair on his knowledge receiver, he slowly, as usual, worked his way into the foreground of attention. The afore-mentioned dearth of top covering is reported to be caused by his strenuous attempts in prep school to carry off all the honors in sight.

He tried his Freshman year at George Washington University, the choice probably being made out of respect to the date of his birth. They could not keep him busy down there and he was afraid his hair would return, so he came to Worcester to prevent this calamity. The trick was successful and his head still remains unburdened. Allan is going to take up railway work after leaving the Institute, and if all things work as planned, he and his coasting time-clock will have all the roads, even the Worcester street railway, operating at 100 per cent. efficiency and on time.

Philip Colburn Kneil

T B II. Civil

Born Ticonderoga, N. Y., April 29, 1888
 Prep. Saratoga High School

You don't mean to say you don't know "Frizzle-top!" Why, he's old man Kneil's little boy. His father's the man that wears a vest and runs the schools out there in Saratoga. P. C. always salts his water before he drinks it so that it will taste like home. The Y. M. C. A. took on a new lease of life when he struck town, and the Civil Department had to revise its vocabulary very extensively before allowing him to attend recitations. The three weeks in camp at Chaffins gave our strawberry blonde a chance to change his mind about expressive expressions of opinion. He always chooses the abstract that has the greatest number of references to dam sites, dam failures, etc., but can't quite trust himself at Jerry Regan's with the rest of the push. We understand he used to get stewed regularly every Wednesday back in the Vichy Water Town, but runs the Y. M. here to redeem that cussedness. He can always be depended upon to show up in an awful rush at least fifteen minutes late. He is variously known as "P. C.," "Ready-bits," "Open-face," "Frizzle-top" and "Sunshine," but in spite of these and his Y. M. handicap he still lives and is going to build railroads for the rest of us.



Herbert Victor Leckie

$\Lambda \Xi A$. Electric

Born Manchester, N. H., May 8, 1887

Prep. Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

Football (4)

"Squirt" came to Tech with 1910, but early saw the error of such a step and the honor to be gained by joining 1911, and so got a stop-over for a year, and resumed his course at the beginning of the Junior year. During the lay-over period he took the opportunity to study the anatomy of a steam engine, offered in the shape of a job at Amoskey Mills, and he has since used the knowledge gained as a lever to pry loose a few good marks from B. A. in steam. By birth "Squirt" is a Scotchman, but he has the disposition and capacity of many. Eat, drink, and be contrary has ever been his motto, and he practices what he preaches.

Various Tech activities have called irresistibly to "Leck," the most favored being make-up exams, in which he made a record, and evening walks along Main Street which he has not cut in four years. These walks have brought him in touch with many a fair dame, and have taught him the exact location of all the red lights by the road, which makes his course here well worth the while.

Charles Thompson Leigh

$\Lambda \Sigma, \Sigma \Xi$. Mechanic

Born September 25, 1885, Nelson, Nebraska

Prep. Seattle High School

Univ. of Washington (2 years) Class Pres. Senior (1)

Virtue looked, rebelled, looked, and sighed, looked—and ran like the deuce. But each look was golden, for "Chuck" now vaunts three accomplishments—suavity (when necessary), work (*only* when necessary), and singing (always and at all places, whether necessary or absolutely dangerous). After giving Nelson, Neb., the right to claim him he transferred his affections to Seattle (by the way, since then they have been juggled successfully in many different directions, albeit each enjoyed its full share of constancy and intensity), where he took two years at the University of Washington, joining the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. His suavity developed after a short study of the profs, and hence for his three years at Tech he has been able to "fool 'em" and still not lose his beauty sleep—that's practically all he gets anyhow. Such work as he does is well within sight, so that none in which the profs are interested will be missed; but still many a fine deed may be attributed to "Chuck." Ah, that singing! Some day he will die for it, but the memory of that rapt, beatific expression, as he tilts his chair back on one leg and cuts loose with that high tenor of fine yellow pine timbre, will never, never vanish. Curses! The other details of "Chuck's" life are interesting but unpublishable.



Peter Anthony Mills

Electric

Born Worcester, June 13, 1888
 Prep. St. John's High School, Worcester

"Sure, I'll be cook," said "Pete." And he fed the editor so well that week that he won't let us do any knocking. "Pete's" forte is dances, the more formal the better. If he can't take his lady, why, her sister gets the ride in the taxi. He has never missed a meeting of the Electrical Society—when girls were present—and he never went stag. There is at least one girl in Worcester who knows a bit about electricity. "Pete" came to us with a semi-religious training, but P. Lab gave him a vocabulary as copious as any of that crew. He has very decided views on the girl question, but his pet theory does not seem to apply to himself. One night two years ago he stayed home from a dance to study and he hasn't recovered yet. The spellers in Pittsburg will get a big treat if "Pete" accepts that munificent offer from the Westinghouse Company. However, we will wager a small sum that absence does not make his heart grow fonder—of someone else.

Alfred Lane Mixer

Electric

Born Denver, Colorado, June 30, 1888
 Prep. Rumford Falls High School, Rumford, Me.

"Mix," an also-ran in 1910, ambled into association with 1911 in the fall of 1909. He was tired—almost retired. This listless, disconsolate, unresponsive soul sauntered into class, dragging a body of languid limbs and faltering feet, and without the effort of a sigh, limply lay down in a chair. The shock of the fall, and the brighter surroundings, have accomplished his release from the total apathy of his former life and his energies have at last been partly aroused. The languor has gone, but in its place is the most hearty distaste for *all* things, giving rise to the combination of a severe case of restlessness with an expression of weary disgust. His favorite pose is lying on the back of his neck in a chair, knees bent double, glasses carefully cleaned and saddled over his left ear, and both hands thrust with studied carelessness in his trousers pockets. The only time in which the attitude of entire inertness was lost was on the occasion of his learned and almost wide-awake dissertation on "The Man from Home," when he was observed, though under great stress, actually to have kept his hands far removed from the immediate propinquity of his trousers pockets.



Edward Hancock Moore

Civil

Born Worcester, February 16, 1885

Prep. Worcester English High

About 8 a.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays a great commotion could be heard in Boynton Hall. A stranger would imagine that the earth had at last struck Halley's comet, but those more acquainted with conditions knew better. It was only "Ed" tearing through the Hall and into the basement in search of someone who had done that mechanics problem. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes "Ed" would emerge and wend his way toward the Mechanical Lab wearing a smile of content. One would not imagine "Ed" to be a grafting politician, but, alas, such is the sad, sad truth. While reviewing the work of his nine years at the Institute the idea dawned upon our hero that to be a class officer would be a fitting climax to his years of faithful service. So he set to work and by means of those questionable methods which originated in Room 19 during his Junior year he at last obtained the nomination. No effort was spared to ensure his election; cigars flowed like wine, but farewell to all vain hopes, when the ballots were counted our little "Eddie" was the loser. It was not lack of work, it was simply his diminutive size. Be that as it may, he's a mighty good fellow, and here's hoping his shadow never grows less.

Herbert Granville Morse

J T. Electric

Born Leominster, Mass., September 30, 1888

Prep. Leominster High School, Leominster, Mass.

By reading "Morsie's" early history one can easily see that in the past four years he has tried hard to live up to his high school reputation. The militant manner in which he would interrupt any prof during a lecture and say, "Well, I don't quite see," etc., would make one think that the querulous one was a direct descendant of Miles Standish instead of merely a former cadet captain. The result of such an interruption is a debate more or less lengthy, dependent on the prof, because H. G. surely has the courage of his convictions, to put it mildly. The joy of the life of this raw product from Leominster is to carry his perpetual apparent grouch with him to class, get all ready to have a good scrap, and then laugh heartily at the discomfiture of the serapee-to-be.



Kenneth Stanley Neal

Mechanic

Born August 7, 1890, Collinsville, Conn.
Prep. Collinsville High School

Kenneth S. Neal, better known to the Tech "demi-monde" as "Doc," broke into the directory in Collinsville, Ct., which town, failing to expand as rapidly as "Doc's" precocious spirit, was compelled to relinquish all claims to notoriety as the abiding place of the honorable "Doctor." It is best to draw the protecting mantle of silence over "Doc's" first two years at Tech, those dreary years of constant study, high marks and no-license. Early in his Junior year "Doc" developed an intense "falling" for foundry practice, due partly to an undying admiration for the Instructor's (Palmer's) personality, and partly to an individual aptitude for the work gained by long experience in "pouring" other liquids hotter than fluid iron. At the end of the Junior year "Doc" threatened to withdraw his patronage and leave Tech to its fate, but after the smoke had cleared away it was found that "Doc" was again in the catalogue, and on closer inspection it could be seen that by his threatened migration to other shores "Doc" had "finessed" himself out of three weeks' summer practice.

It is rumored on good authority that after "Doc" leaves Tech he intends to go to work, and we extend to him our deepest sympathies in case of the fulfillment of this desperate intention.

Stuart Arthur Nims

K E A. Electric

Born April 2, 1887, Keene, N. H.
Prep. Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

"This c-c-c-c-connecting rod is——" Alas! Nims could never get his tongue around anything in a hurry, but when it comes to making a big noise you could always find him where the breezes blew the strongest.

"Slewfoot" Nims, the pride of Keene, or "Hooker," as he is called in that small town, after showing the people there all there was to be known about automobiles and fussing, came to Tech with the same ideas, but was quickly subdued by a couple of girls that every Freshman ineets. During his four years here he overcame all obstacles and he safely navigated all bars until he reached "Olie" his Senior year. He made a few stabs at football and track and was at one time the "find of the season," so the *Telegram* said.

"Slewfoot" is a great lover of the drama and is often seen at the Worcester acting as an escort. During the last part of the Senior year a great change came over him; he could be heard pacing around the room, or wandering up and down John Street humming soft ditties to himself, his favorite being, "It is Hard to Kiss your Sweetheart When the Last Kiss Means Good-Bye." In such a mood he left Tech to become Mayor of Keene, and to settle down at his own fireside among the hills of old New Hampshire.



Samuel Ellis Nims

$\Lambda \Xi A$. Chemist

Born Keene, N. H., August 24, 1889
 Prep. Keene High School
 Baseball (2) (3) (4), Capt. (4)

Adonis, where art thou? Shades of the immortal gods, what was that? Believe me, it was a Keene one. Of whom could the poet have been thinking when he said a thing of beauty was a joy forevermore? Whom? "Sam" Nims, of course, erstwhile Chemist, erstwhile horsehide chaser, and successor to Apollo. For four long years he has been a delight to our eyes and a joy to our hearts. Who could resist the handsome, pink-checked, fair-haired boy, with his sparkling blue eyes and merry smile? Certainly none of us, and we all fell victims to our handsome "Sammy."

Handicapped though he was by this, "Sam" made good from the start. If you are hard to convince, look at his record. Facts tell, and any man who has been Treasurer of the A. A. can indeed throw out his chest. But there are other things. "Sam" has developed an æsthetic walk that has the school mystified. How he does it no one knows, but it comes and goes with nary a quiver. Early in his course "Chick" convinced "Sam" that "Kinnie" needed a helper, and for the last few years he has used the rest of the Chemists as a background to set off his manly beauty, especially in the presence of visitors.

Howard Gardiner Parker

$\Sigma A E$. Mechanic

Born May 7, 1888, Pawtucket, R. I.
 Prep. Pawtucket High School

"Gin" (not pronounced "jin") graduated from P. H. S. with honors, mostly athletic, and came along with "Hig," "Baw" and "Billy" to try Tech, finding it so easy that he stayed right with us. At Tech "Gin" has lived in a small circle of oblivion from which he endeavored to pull wires controlling class elections. They say the Boss of Coburn Hall was responsible for the popularity of the Mechanics at our first Senior election. At Coburn Hall "Gin" became "Gwyne," for reasons best known to the denizens of the aforesaid place. His chief occupation consists of reclining in a straight-backed chair and musing with a dreamy eye which reads, "Butt out." They say she's a peach too. "Gwyne" is frequently seen at the corner drug store treating "Billy," the victor at cribbage. "Gwyne" aspires to be walking delegate of the Coates Thread Co. of his native burg.



James Arthur Patch

$\Sigma A E.$ Mechanic

Born November 25, 1889, Fitchburg, Mass.

Prep. Fitchburg High School

Class Basketball, '07-'08; '08-'09

"Dan" has the honor and distinction of having founded and of having been the backbone of the "system." He firmly holds that he and the "system" "fooled 'em all." On very urgent occasions "Dan" has been known to do a little work, very seldom, however, sooner than five minutes before "exams," when, by some rapid calculations in "probabilities," he selects the most advantageous seat in the room and then— Smile, "Dan."

Every Saturday sees "Dan" in Fitchburg, and the stories he brings back with him are a source of amusement to all who are fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to hear them. Dancing and the "fair sex" are his principal pastimes.

Outside of his difficulty in finding someone who had the "makings," "Dan's" hardest work was to keep out of sight of various instructors while enjoying his smoke, but with the aid of "Doc" Neal's "quiet" qualities he succeeded very well. "Dan's" good nature—oh! that smile—has always been one of his prominent characteristics (especially in some of B. A.'s classes), and we wish him all kinds of luck and the success that will surely come to him.

Joseph Andrew Payette

$\Sigma A E.$ Mechanic

Born February 21, 1889, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Prep. Plattsburg High School

"Coming out for a smoke?" "Sure." "Well, make it snappy," and everyone knew that "Joe" had formally declared the machine design period under way. What the division would have done without "Joe's" ever-ready "bag of Bull" and the papers is a question open to comment.

"Joe's" greatest delight is to get into an argument on some subject of which he knows nothing, then to proceed to talk everyone deaf, dumb and blind with arguments which must make Demosthenes turn over in his grave at their originality.

"Joe" was for a time a man of "Sterling" character, but recently he has decided he can have just as good a time down town at the "library" reading literature. His favorite writing is Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

As a co-partner in the "system" he has contributed much to its success.

We are glad to note that "Joe" is high-minded, inasmuch as he selected "Aeroplane Propellers" for a thesis subject, and hope he will continue in future life.



Arvid Isadore Peterson

Electric

Born Collinsville, Conn., June 5, 1888

Prep. Collinsville High School

"Pete" came to us from the microscopic town of Collinsville, which, by the way, has been known to commit even fouler crimes than that of sending its illustrious sons to Worcester Tech. He is modest and unassuming in the class-room and among fellows, but wow! "put him amongst the goils." How they rave over him! And such strange means he uses to keep them all guessing—taking ten-mile walks around the Lake with one to prove his affection, and strolling aimlessly anywhere between Worcester and Brittan Square with another, oftentimes in the rain, just to show that his heart is in the right place. Just who his one particular and only "queen" is right now, we do not presume to say—we doubt whether "Pete" himself knows. Most likely his large and varied collection of worshipful damsels is the result either of his fondness for variety or of his creed that "there's safety in numbers."

Keep your eye on "Pete."

Everett Patrick Peterson

J T. Civil

Born Brockton, September 22, 1888

Prep. Brockton High School

"Pete" was kept mighty busy back in the shoe-town making the raw recruits from the Freshman Class learn the difference between "Right dress!" and "Attention!" but he managed to play the part of star spitball artist for the school just the same. We understand that the only time he ever got knocked out of the box they knocked him clear to Tech, and so here he is. He and "Crook" kept pretty much on the move for a year or so, preferring to fold up their tents in the night and beat it, as the Good Book says. We guess that one complete change of residence between 2 a.m. and 6 a.m. is going some and that's "Pete" and "Crook," "the Heavenly Twins." "Squarey" came into his own at Chaffins though, and had the jump on us all with the tow-headed Yonsen girls. The only drawback in that line is his middle name, and he hopes to live that down. He always turns brightly pink when Prof calls on him, in fact he and "Reddy" are neck-and-neck on the blush question. That "Squarey" business is no joke, for he is the squaierest one in the bunch and that's moving a few. He's bound to get by in his chosen profession and you'll hear more of him later.



Homer Durant Poore

Chemist

Born Haverhill, October 19, 1888

Prep. Haverhill High School

When Poore got ready to complete his education he deliberately scorned all precedent and came to Tech. This is point 1 in his favor, as everyone else from Haverhill goes to M. I. T. In his prep school days he won laurels—class numerals, to be specific—in baseball; but since coming to this haven of rest, he has paid no attention to athletics except taking part in the annual parade to Holy Cross. The only nickname he ever received was “Joshua,” bestowed on him by “Ned” Higgins. The best thing Poore does is argue. He will argue the head off a hitching-post on any subject at all; his pet themes, however, are no-license and commission government.

As far as we can learn he lived in Haverhill all his life, so where in the world did he get hold of this expression: “By Heck! It got all het up and bust ”?

Whitney Scovil Porter

Φ Γ Λ. Mechanic

Born September 30, 1886, Stratford, Conn.

“Whit” hails from Higganum, Conn., but in spite of this misfortune he appeared to us, after four years’ prep at Worcester Academy, with many well-established human traits. His musical ability is unlimited, and no one has ever yet been able to “stay with him” in a story-telling contest. “Whit” has the reputation of attending more shows (front row), eating more midnight lunches, and sleeping more hours during machine design, than any man that ever went through Tech.

“Whit” worried for two weeks each year during finals and midyear’s, bade us all an affectionate farewell and made arrangements with R. T. to send his personal belongings home after the marks were out. This was only one of his numerous peculiar habits, as he always returned with “commendable regularity” and was soon “all pushed up” with work.

The greatest mystery of “Whit’s” life has been how one with his numerous attractions so appealing to the “ladies” could appear so indifferent to their advances, but, alas! the mystery is solved. Here again “Whit” “slipped one over us,” and we find after exhaustive investigation that he worked overtime during vacations, and that in the near future there will be a Mrs. W. S. Porter.



Henry Robert Power

Chemist

Born September 15, 1888, Worcester, Mass.

Prep. Worcester Classical High School, '06

Class President, Junior (1-2)

Tech News, Assistant Editor, '09-'10

Editor-in-Chief, '10-'11

Pres. Cosmopolitan Club

Who is who at Tech? Well, I guess Henry has one or two stars after his name. If you don't believe it just read that preamble again. Of course we would not have it otherwise. What should we have done with our Junior "Prom" had not Henry moved (by proxy), "That the President be, ex-officio, a member of the 'Prom' Committee," etc.? "A steady hand at the helm oft saves the ship of state."

Why Henry ever came to Tech still bothers some of us. Just think of the laurels to be won at the bar! But here he is, and a Chemist at that. He used to think that the department was all right, but since he (the department) has started a general reform movement, Henry doesn't quite know. But that doesn't affect his politics. Oh, no! He votes for the best man, whether a member of his party or not. What is the use of a course in political science if you don't try it out?

"Well, I just thought we needed a little young blood on the staff, so I dismissed him and put so-and-so in his place." What will the *Tech News* do next year? If the "young blood" keeps the work up to the standard set by Henry, I guess its backers may rest in peace, for despite all hints to the contrary, Henry is "there with the goods" when it comes to editorial and literary work.

William Irving Randall

J. T. Mechanic

Born Wrentham, Mass., February 18, 1888

"Felix" started on a still and successful hunt for curios of all descriptions shortly after February 15, 1888. His cravings for knowledge were satisfied in part by the public schools of Wrentham, Mass., which town he has always claimed for his residence. He started to trim Tech of its wasted utilities with the Class of 1910, but his liking for odd things soon made him a welcome legacy to us. His "office" in Boynton Hall would put to shame many a professional antiquarian for variety and personal associations of its contents. Although not a regular "cut-up," "Felix" proved he could pass muster as a volunteer by following "Newt's" pace for a year and not becoming winded in the process. That same "office" has been the scene of many a good time, as well as a convenient place to rest from the arduous labors of machine design and thesis. We predict great things in store for "Felix," for we know from experience that when he wants anything he goes and gets it. When we wish him long life we know that it means a large collection of interesting articles which will find their way to his domicile. We hope to inspect that collection at some future date.



Rollin Terry Read

Mechanic

Born August 13, 1888, Windsor Locks, Conn.
Prep. Springfield High School

"Arsifer," "Artie," famous for his record on the Springfield High crew in his prep school days—and he's still all-powerful on an oar—came fresh from the granite hills of New Hampshire, pushed his stack of blues to the centre and took a hand in the game with Tech. There's a lot in the saying, "Life ain't in holding a good hand, but playing a poor hand well," "Artie" must have thought, for it was tough staying in the game on the start, but he finished with a pat hand and a clean sweep—both in athletics and studies.

But when all is said and done, "Artie" missed his calling in seeking an engineering career, for his great and rare gift is in entertaining the fair sex—some mornings, most afternoons and every evening find him sitting in the presence of "milady."

The real story of "Artie's" life is sad, so sad that the editor barred it, and they say "Artie" still looks for the girl he left in the doorway of Washburn Shop the night "Joe," the boy detective, unexpectedly loomed up on the horizon.

Alexander Hugh Reid

ΣΞ. Mechanic

Born July 7, 1889, Worcester, Mass.
Prep. English High School, '07

Our old chum Hugh came to Tech with a serious purpose carefully concealed in his cranium. Determined not to let mere trifles turn him aside from his lofty purpose, he worked early and late and then some more, with the result that his name has appeared on all the honor lists. We should recognize that old slouch hat, black shirt and corduroy trousers combination if we were to meet it in the Antipodes. His serious attention to business lasted him till Senior year, when he began to be a regular ladies' man. Hugh met his affinity at Mrs. Day's and then began to blossom out. We all remember those evening parades up Main Street after working hours, and how the dear boy would get "fussed" at the sight of a classmate. His sole remedy under such conditions was to inspect carefully the curve of the brim of his hat. Hugh spent many an anxious hour with "Ding" on the design of a sort of "tub" on wheels with a "rocker" attachment. Congratulations were in order, but not very cordially received. Perhaps felicitations on this subject were premature, but we feel safe in congratulating him on the success of his Tech course.



Harris Rice

Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., August 27, 1888
Prep. English High School, Worcester, Mass.

A modest and unpretentious, withal a dignified and most serious-minded youth is this produce of the hay (or rice) fields of Millbury. Either he is in love with Millbury, or else habit is his master, for each day throughout his four years at Worcester Tech, Rice has journeyed from Millbury to Worcester, and, wonder of wonders, back again. Abstruse mathematical and general theoretical problems are the delight of our friend from the country, and life holds no greater joy for him than the solution of one of the flighty Dutchman's "practical" problems. Please do not mistake our words to indicate that our lad of the hay-fields is a greasy grind: your presence within a mile or so during one of the outbursts of his merriment which always greet the humorous sallies of our William is all that is needed to dispel such a thought. By way of exercise Harris spends his noon hours after luncheon in the "Rat-hole" at the invigorating game of whist, at which he and "Pat" have proved the old adage that quality, not quantity, counts.

James Craig Ryder

J. T. Mechanic

Born December 14, 1888, Meriden, Conn.
Prep. New Bedford High School

"Pop" originally came from Meriden, Conn., being born in 1888. Most of his early life was spent in New Bedford, where he devoted his time tinkering with "Wireless," and copying that happy, carefree, don't-give-a-darn air from the old salts. In high school he made his letter in track; in Tech he is also a member of the track squad. Some of his other accomplishments are: Secretary of the Wireless and Aero Clubs, Treasurer of the Musical Association, member of the Orchestra, and manufacturer of small gas engines.

He is not the least bit afraid of work; he can lay down side of it and go to sleep any day. Changeable as the winds, he flits from one thing to another, from one course to another, and from one girl to another. At present he is a mechanic: our sympathy to the Mechanical Department. "Pop's" acquaintance among the ladies is very extended and he keeps the telephone and several of the operators busy most of the time.



Frank A. Shaw

Mechanic

Born Webster, May 1, 1889
Prep. Leominster High School

He smiles, he laughs—ha, ha! She must have been prompt this time, for “Frankie” runs a little “News of the Colleges” bureau all his own, and if one of his six weeklies is not answered within twenty-four hours look out for that grouch. Leominster suffers in silence during the week, but he goes home every Saturday, so it manages to survive. At times it has been hard to tell whether he was trying the harder to get after his B.S. or B.A., but it looks as though B.A. were going to prove the more elusive. His exemplary habits should not be forgotten, for only once has he been found smoking when asleep. After all we sort of like that smile, so here’s hoping that the postage stamps of Northampton never grow scarce.

Lewis Davis

(née Louis Shulinsky)

ΣΞ. Chemist

Born Worcester, May 15, 1889
Prep. Worcester English High School
Clark College (1 year)

No, this is not a crook. The courts said he could change it for business reasons and there is to be no levity about it, as “Old Sleuth” said. “Shuly” ignored the fact that his name had the ring of a true scientist and he adopted a nom de plume (fine plumes don’t make fine birds).

This embryo biologist started in at the public schools at the age of five and has been studying ever since. He went to Clark for a course in English and came to Tech to be an “Electric Engineer,” but the fact that he couldn’t get enough A’s in that course and the fine hand of “Chick” Tilden made him a Chemist.

“Shuly” could always be recognized by a bag of books which he always carried (if the profs were looking), or in poly sci writing like a fiend while “Jinny” snapped his fingers for the paper.

He did not make Tau Beta Pi because no other Freshmen belonged, but thinks Sigma Xi worth the money. His chief claim to fame is the record time in which the Chemists’ athletic dues were collected when he was the collector.



Stanwood Willston Sparrow

$\Sigma \Xi$. Mechanic

Born Middleboro, Mass., November 18, 1888

Prep. Middleboro High School

"Go ask Sparrow; he'll tell you all about it." Who among the Mechanics hasn't been helped over a difficult place by taking this advice? Regardless of the subject, if you want concise, reliable, ready-to-use information, Stanwood may be depended upon to deliver the goods. Rumor has it that his well-known thirst for knowledge made alarming progress long before he came to Tech, and at the end of his prep course he had unmistakable symptoms of developing into a veritable "shark." His work at Tech has served to show that the original diagnosis of the case was correct. Unlike most "sharks," however, he is always glad to share his knowledge with others.

Sparrow once wrote a theme entitled "The Value of Peter's Chocolate to the Engineering Student." At that time the habit was hardly formed; now it has become incurable. Given two cakes of this most potent "dope," and you have to travel some to keep pace with his ideas. It is whispered that the largest item on his thesis expense account reads as follows:

25 lbs. Peter's chocolate, \$10.00

Lewis Chester Stevens

$T B II$, $\Sigma \Xi$. Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., May 25, 1888

Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

Lewis is a very modest appearing, unassuming lad who sidled quietly into the little town of Worcester back in 1888. Such habits of industry and application to business were inculcated into his youthful "think tank" that he has swept clean the fields of knowledge he has investigated. He has not, however, entirely outgrown his childhood pastimes, for some of our number have seen him sitting, contented and serene, on the floor, surrounded by disorderly scraps of paper, cutting out paper dolls and making doll houses, as though life were made up of such puppets. It may be just such acts of childhood which have won for him the continued favor of one fair damsel for the last five years. It is rumored that on the first stroke of ten Sunday evenings, Lewis grabs his hat and that on the last stroke he is at home; but his career at Tech shows nothing to give credit to such tales of speed. Lewis, liven up, throw in the high, and we may hear from you yet.



Robert Reed Stevens

Chemist

Born East Canaan, Conn., March 7, 1890
 Prep. Canaan High School

"Steve" blew in on us from the city of East Canaan, Conn., with plenty of experience in the ways of the world, derived from two prep schools, Canaan High and Robbins Prep. In the former of these he came out on top as valedictorian of his class; and in the latter became noted for his stunts in solid geometry. In view of these things the Institute Faculty had great expectations of what he would do, but "Steve" fooled them and kept himself in the dark till his Junior year, when he began to shine as an organic shark. (Yes, we know that is mixed, since sharks don't exactly shine, but never mind that.) Presently, however, he took on "Scotty" as a room-mate, and that queered him for good and all, as far as sharking is concerned. "Steve" did some great work for his prep school on the football field, but with us he contented himself with numerals won in the cross-countries. But where he shines is in jollyng! Comical? Well, say!—and then some! A grouch is absolutely foreign to his grinfal disposition, and he could keep a whole labful of men holding their sides for half an hour even in the face of impending ruin from one of "Stone-hatchet's" exams. And with his hand full of fours and fives he could make anybody think he held a royal flush. His bluff will carry him through anything.

Stanley Paul Stewart

Mechanic

Born Worcester, March 16, 1889
 Prep. Worcester High School
 Business Manager *Tech News*

Step up, gentlemen, and observe it closely. This prize specimen was born in Worcester, March 16, 1889, and his wise look is the trademark of the Worcester public schools. Just observe that gyratory motion of his dome. That puzzled the entire Physics Department for two years, and was the direct cause of the writing of that tuneful little ditty, "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of its Own." The man who attempts to solve those movements will have the profound sympathy of the class, for he will be attempting the impossible. Outside of that Stanley is all right, however, and he has left his mark on several tablets of fame during his sojourn with us. *Tech News* would have died long ago but for Stanley's grasp and applications of the principles of high finance. The fact that not all of his stories would pass in polite society he blames more or less justly to his enforced occupation of the next seat to "Monk." After graduation we expect to see him reform and start with the procession, in which case he will surely climb to a high place in his chosen profession of boiler making, from which altitude he can shake his head in the familiar old way and smile that same smile which never was known to be dimmed even by the most persistent "ragging" of the whole division.



Clarence W. Taft

T B H. Mechanic

Born Hopkinton, Mass., October 27, 1889

Prep. Upton High School

"Here!" There is no mistaking "Bill's" upstairs voice. During the Wednesdays this winter he has shown up wonderfully as an automatic stoker, and if that load of coal had been delayed about a day longer it is probable that Boynton Hall would have been found amongst the ashes from that dinky *Tech News* stove. His strong point, however, is his acrobatic talent. That somersault and high dive as presented at the Chaffins whirling stage during the fall of 1910 was the crowning triumph of a most successful season of comedy. In spite of the enthusiastic reception that his act received, he seems loath to repeat the performance. His unwillingness in this case is not a characteristic trait, and "if you wish a thing well done" you can, of course, do it yourself, but it is generally more convenient and much more satisfactory to "leave it to 'Bill.'"

Howard Emery Stowell

Mechanic

Born May 13, 1889, Clinton, Mass.

Prep. Worcester South High School, '06

Aftermath Board

Tech News Editor

"This is the sorrowful story
Told as the twilight fails,
When the monkeys walk together,
Holding each other's tails."

Kipling

It was a different type of monkey that Kipling had in mind, for "Monk" Stowell was never known to hold a tale for fifteen minutes if any ear that was not over-sensitive could be located. The *Tech News* follows his name with the valuable information, "Department Notes," for the probable reason that no department of *Tech* activity has been found as yet upon which "Monkey" could write five lines without making *Life* envious.

"Monkey's" thesis subject was a surprise. Time works changes, and for this reason he is not investigating "How to get from Athol to Worcester in twelve hours," or "Slumber in Ayer Junction." He did try hard to follow the scriptural injunction to turn the other cheek, but either his check is less than what we had supposed or someone has had poor aim, for it is the other eye which has become the Friday morning habit. As long as he can keep one peeper in commission he will see as much as the rest of us with two, and remain the only one of the crowd that can devote eight evenings a week to amusement and keep his place in front of the procession.



James F. Thompson

Φ Γ Δ. Civil

Born Concord, N. H.
Prep. Greenfield, Mass., High School

Who says that they never come back? The fact that "Tommy" did may be the proof of the rule. He certainly has shown the powers that be who was mistaken. "Tommy" came to us at the beginning of our Senior year after a year's vacation, during which time he was engaged in the inspection of sewer construction and learning some of the practical points of his future profession.

"Tommy" originally came from the farm-lands of Illinois, but early left that section of the country for the more extensive fields of the East. After knocking around New England for a while he came to the conclusion that it would be unfair to the civil engineering profession to deprive it of such a man as he, so five years ago he signed a registration slip at Tech. "Tommy" soon came into prominence here through his ability as a cross-country runner, and at the present time he has several of Professor Coombs' wooden medals on the walls of his room certifying his excellence in that line of sport. But the time that "Tommy" really held the centre of the stage with the spot-light full upon him was at the Senior Civil banquet when in the course of a conversation with Prof he discovered that he and Prof are 448th cousins 254 times removed. Prof hasn't spoken to him since.

Etienne Totti

Civil

Born March 2, 1887, Yauco, Porto Rico
Prep. Worcester Academy

Totti had two reasons for coming to Worcester. In the first place he had to come to keep an eye on his brother, and in the second place he wanted to take a chance on New England weather. His eyesight is still good, so the first reason can't have troubled him much. As for the weather, he allows that the climate in these diggings is more chance than anything else and he's going to beat it for a hotter region right after Commencement. We reckon if he finds anything any more like Hades than Tech Hill he'll go quite a bit south. Totti used to be one of that d——! h——!! h——!!! etc., bunch of 1910 Civils (to borrow some of the thunder from a certain member of the C. E. Department, the long, thin member), but his brother decided to make it 1911 and so Etienne did a hike for the all-star band-wagon too. He made the old long-distance abstract record look sick at the first opportunity, for he took up one hour and forty-six minutes without a break in a vain endeavor to sell Japanese mining stock to that dead broke bunch of Civils. When it comes to revolutions Totti is right there with the hunch waggie, and he's got nine contracted for now, just as soon as he can touch 'em off after graduation.



Noel Totti

Mechanic

Born December 24, 1885, Yauco, Porto Rico

Prep. Worcester Academy

This brunette scion of the Spanish main has pursued a sufficiently leisurely course in Tech since his matriculation with 1910 to permit us to catch up with him. He almost allowed us to pass him, but came to in time to stay with us. No set of marks has yet been able to disturb his somnolent tranquillity, and his greatest difficulty has been to agree with "Whit" on what to do next on thesis. When somebody tiptoes carefully up behind you and cautiously whispers in your ear, "What you do now?" you don't have to question who, for you know that Totti will be around again with his other stock query, "How you got de diometer of de peeston?" His present slogan is, "Back to the Island for a good sleep."

Richard Michael Twiss

Mechanic

Born Ashland, Mass., March 2, 1888

Prep. Worcester Classical High School

"Who's burning the rope?" "Put it out, 'Dick'!" But "Dick" never acts from impulse, especially when he has just settled down to enjoy the "fragrance" of one of his "favorite" brand; hence the utter futility of the above mild ejaculations. And still the mystery remains unsolved! Ever since that first offense the most trusted sleuths of the "Mechanics" bunch have dogged his steps in vain endeavor to unearth the seemingly unlimited supply of those "long, dark weeds." Alas, the gum-shoe men are baffled; the trail is blind; meanwhile "Dick" smiles and looks wise.

Aside from his propensity to ask scores of foolish questions and then answer them himself, "Dick's" chief distinction lies in the fact that he knows a good thing when he sees it. For four years he has had the distinction of being the trusted and unfailing criterion of "who's who" behind the footlights of the Worcester. And soft! If rumor be correct he has even been observed in a close study of human nature from the vantage point of the very front row in one of the "Beantown's" famous playhouses. If you want to see a good show just leave it to "Dick."



Arthur Wilbur Vinton

Civil

Born Dudley, Mass., September 11, 1889

Prep. Nichols Academy

It took "Vint" a year to get the hayseed dug out of his wool, for that's all they raise back in that suburb of Webster. He got the crop all reaped before he joined us in 1908 and is almost civilized now. The metropolis of Dudley missed its Mayor, but we needed him. The one strong point of "Vint" is his accuracy. He inherits this from those initials "A. W." His latest scheme is a curve giving the constants by which to make his results correct. There is just one thing that delights Arthur more than any other, and that is parties. His special variety of party is a Moon(e)light one, and they happen about nine nights a week on the average. He is absolutely "impervious" to any remarks on this subject, so please don't bother him. In spite of his old-maidish ways he manages to slip one over on the rest of us every day or two, and in addition he forms a valuable circulating library for the Civils. Here's hoping that his luck may vary inversely as the originality of his abstracts.

Carl Reed Weidenmiller

θ X. Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., September 14, 1889

Prep. C. C. N. Y., New York, N. Y.

Spasms of his characteristic laugh announce Weidenmiller's presence. Who could ever study with Carl's incessant chatter? You will notice that his "funny" face is designed to express even the slightest emotion, ranging from hearty appreciation to sheer disgust, but nevertheless he possesses few of the Teutonic attributes which his surname suggests.

Evidences of his childhood days in the great metropolis still linger with him. In his serious state of mind Carl presents a rather diplomatic air which, in combination with his active and executive nature, has secured for him many a committee job, and many a desirable collectorship. When girls are mentioned to Carl he is apt to put on a frown of disgust, from which he soon recovers, and proceeds with a delightful smile to discuss the situation without a trace of embarrassment. Carl never could see the reason for the remark which a professor made in discussing some of the economic aspects of the age, that the automobile had a disastrous effect on the young man of the present generation. It was later called to his attention that he had taken that prof for a short ride in his Buick a previous day.



Harold R. Winter

ΛT . Civil

Born Medford, Mass.

Prep. Webster High School

If you have ever heard of Webster you have also heard of "Gus." He first aspired to be a stenographer, but later, hearing that good men were wanted at Tech, came here to practice his art further by typewriting everybody's lab reports. He is conscientious to the highest degree, it being almost impossible to distract his mind from his plugging. One lone person who can manage this is a little miss in Webster; ask "Gus" why he goes home every Saturday, and always the same reply of "You know how it is." It is said that "Gus" stands on the edge of the precipice overlooking matrimony, waiting only for the final shove. His favorite pastime is cutting his fingers in as many places as possible without cutting them off; so far he has succeeded in having many narrow escapes. As a draughtsman he is a peach, being able to use at least four erasers on each drawing. He is also a cross-country runner of note, being able to run the length of Alumni Field without dropping. "Gus" is a good worker and if sincerity counts he will surely get by.

Robert Henry Wolcott

$A T \Omega$, $T B II$. Mechanic

Born May 31, 1888, Sunapee, N. H.

Prep. Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H.

Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

Up in the wilds of New Hampshire "Bob" heard that Tech was no place for a minister's son, so he packed his trunk and came. He has raised several clouds of dust of various colors and is one of the strong finishers. At slinging the "bull" and salving the profs, "Bob" has no peer. The only rock he struck in the course was "Charlie" and hydraulics. Otherwise he fooled them all and made $T B II$ in fine style. To see him blow into an exam and pick the most secluded seat makes us want to have him decorated as F. R. G. S., so unerringly does his bump of location act. He has starred in class football, varsity second baseball, held down the job of manager of the varsity, and has made tremendous havoc among the fair sex of Worcester. We can count on "Bob" to dodge hard work and come back strong. Hats off to the King of the Seldomsweats!



Ralph Henry Bowers

Electric

Born North Dorchester, Mass., August 5, 1888
 Prep. Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology

"Education *attempts* to change what is,
 into what ought to be."

Witness the case of Ralph Henry, a hopeful youth, but misplaced until his arrival at Tech. Mistreated and misunderstood until the beginning of his sojourn amongst 1911, a true education has since been his. With alacrity and almost bovine docility he has accepted his portion of a jumbled-up combination of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior courses in the endeavor to graduate with our illustrious class.

On the inspection trip to Niagara, our heavy-treaded, rolling-gaited sailor boy, being unused to the ways of a landsman, thought to protect his valuables in the old, old way of keeping them in his boots. One night on a sleeper he used his right shoe for a jewelry case while the other was left for treatment by the porter, and as a consequence he was forced to expend two and a half cents for one shine on the morning after.

Bowers' course with "Chick" in Pattern Shop has so interested him in manual labor as to make him choose to enter construction work for the Telephone Company after graduation. We wish him luck—but, well, it's hard work, and that is hardly Bowers' style.

Garabed Hagop Paelian

Electric

Born Sivas, Turkey in Asia, September 25, 1880

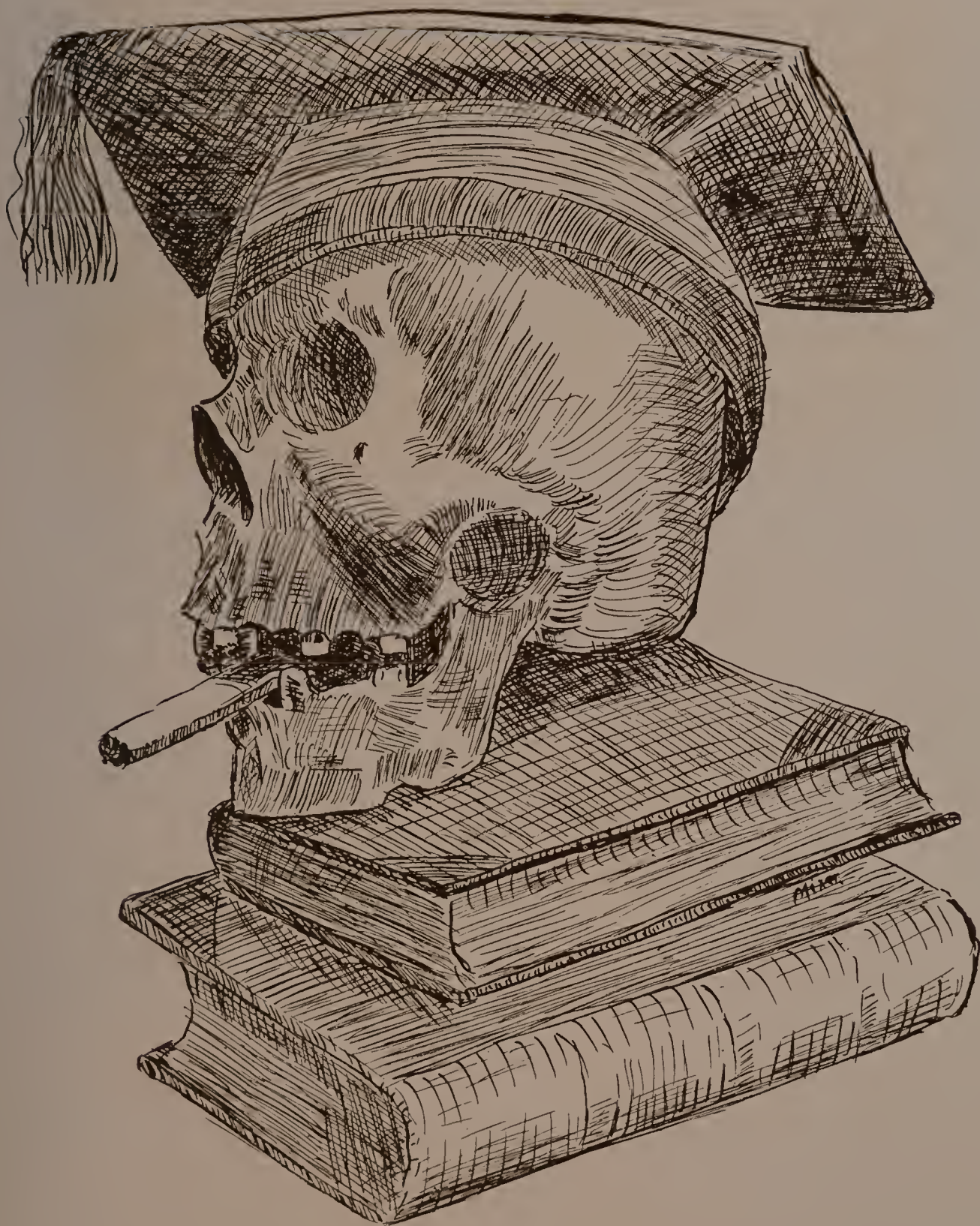
Prep. Sivas Normal School

Anatalia College, A. B.

Oberlin College, A. M.

A student, if hard and long work makes one, is this contribution to Tech's fame, from Turkey in Asia. He seems to have a sort of mania for degrees, as the antiquarian has for his truck, and if his aim is a large collection, he surely has started well. Professor Allen says that it takes a good man to ask questions. If the number of questions asked is a gauge of ability, we venture to suggest Paelian as a fitting and worthy successor to Doctor Engler as President of the Faculty. Those of us who were with him in design will remember the persistent manner in which he sought to relieve us of our too heavy burden of knowledge by innumerable and almost unintelligible questions.

It has been said that "Pie" came to this country without a clean shirt in his possession. What progress has been his! Behold him now, not over-prosperous perhaps, but with the privilege of signing his name with a string of degrees after it worthy of a college president, a distinction which money cannot buy.



WHAT'S THE USE?

The Follies of 1911

Sparrow (in shop management, figuring distribution of Freshman instruction cost): "What do you do with fractions of a man?"

Piggy: "Oh, anything less than half a man we give to the Chemists."

Donath, emerging at 12.55 from the bin where he has been weighing out coal for the boiler test that started at 12: "Say, when are you going to start this test?"

A. H., after repeatedly scanning the bill of fare at Jake's, in Boston: "Er-er-er-why-er-don't they serve coffee here?"

Foolish question No. 18,726. Piggy, coming into lab where Peterson and Winter have a camera set up in front of the testing machine: "What you going to do, take a picture?"

Inaudible shout from the distant foreground: "No, you boob, we're going to blow a hole through the wall with spaghetti."

Danny: "Mr. Sanderson, please explain the action of SO_2 as a disinfectant."

Sandy: "It kills germs."

Danny: "Indeed. How?"

Sandy: "It oxidizes them."

Danny: "Is that so? What chemical compound is formed?"

Sandy: "Oxide of germs."

Danny: "That will do, Mr. Sanderson."

Hugh having figured out the problem of the morning in shop management hands it to Piggy for approval.

Piggy: "No, better check that over again."

Hugh (astounded): "What!!! Do you mean to tell me that isn't right?"

Piggy: "Our problem this morning will be to make a bid for casting one hundred manhole frames and covers. This will have to be done carefully, because I remember an instance where a poorly fitting cover tipped up and let a horse fall through, one leg at a time, and they couldn't get him out because he had to come both legs at the same time and they had to take it to pieces, so you will want to make the bids carefully."

Patch, who has been shaking cement through a 200-mesh screen by striking the can sixty times a minute, for about a half hour: "Is this a life job?"

Hancock (reproachfully): "Evidently you don't appreciate the seriousness of this test."

A. H. (at the optical works): "Do they make glass out of gold here?"

P. S.—His explanation of just how it happened that he asked the question in this particular form will be found on pages 1878-3207 inclusive.

Hancock, interrupting a talkfest in lab: "I think it would be much better for you to confine your conversation to the testing of the materials at hand."

Joe: "It's pretty dull here. Let's start something. Hey, Dick, come over here and ask some foolish questions."

Dick: "What for?"

Wise Freshman to Y. M. C. A. delegates: "This is the testing laboratory, where they pull metals apart and then push them together again."

Go get him, Sigma Xi!

"Kinnie" (illustrating the catalytic effect of manganese dioxide in the making of oxygen): "Now you will notice that while O'Regan is only one quarter full, I am half full." Roar of laughter and even "Kinnie" forgot to say "Quiet! Quiet!"

In Physics

"Joe" Finnegan has the floor, and "Horse" seeks to make a point plain by an illustration. His choice is unfortunate.

"Now, Mr. Finnegan, supposing you had a barrel of (snickers from class)—a barrel of-er-er-" (more snickers).

Sotto voice from back seat: "Without an acid."

"Well, anyway you see how it is," he concludes, and the class settles back disappointed.

In French

First Stude: "How did you strike the French exam?"

Second Stude: "Killed it; it was a pipe."

The Exam

Au lever du rideau, la reine, donna de Neubourg, assise à côté d'une femme. Sur une chaise à dossier la duchesse, mayor camerera—

Une belle journée d'été. Grande table. Fanteuils.

The Translation.

At the propounding of the riddle the queen is serving lobster à la Newburg, seated beside one of her ladies. Upon a settee of osiers is seated the Duchess, who is chief staff photographer of the court.

A beautiful day in summer. Large table. Fatimas.

Professor Haynes: "How many men may start a corporation, Mr. Higgins?"

Ned: "Several."

Professor Haynes: "Not very definite."

Ned: "Well, several or more."

Mr. Works: "Finnegan, can you say 'our sisters' in French?"

Joe: "No, sir."

Works: "Very good."

Joe Phelon (in Electrical Engineering—?): "We are rapidly approaching the end of this curse."

Bill Donath: "The duty of a factory inspector is to watch for insanity conditions in a shop."

Ned Higgins (to a crowd of thirsty souls in the Tech Pharmacy): "Well, fellows, what are we going to have—rain or snow?"

Dickey: "What shall I use to clean this flask?"

Doc Jennings: "Try sodium hydrate."

Dickey spends the rest of the afternoon looking for Na_3OH .

Coombs: "Professor Sweetser is an authority on whiskey."

"What is the height of your ambition, Steve?"

"I don't know, but she just comes up to my shoulder."

"Well, Joe, how do you feel on the water wagon?"

Joe Payette: "I feel better off."



CIVILS, 1911



1911 ELECTRICS



CIVILS, 1911

Solomon Grundy
 Came on Monday,
 Exams on Tuesday,
 Registered Wednesday,
 Sharrott's Thursday,
 Same on Friday,
 Screwed out Saturday,
 Exit Grundy.

Programme for Exam Period.

N. Early. Scrood, '11

	The Theory	The Fact
Sat. p.m., May 20.	Study. Math 2. Analyt.	Saw ball game at H. C.
Sun. a.m., May 21.	Study. M.E. 26. Descript.	Slept till noon.
Sun. p.m., May 21.	Study. Eng. 2.	Learned two dates. Lake.
Mon. a.m., May 22.	Exam. Eng. 2.	Arrived late; bad seat, that's all.
Mon. p.m., May 22.	Study. German 2.	Canoeing at Lake.
Tues. a.m., May 23.	Exam. German 2.	Answered almost two questions.
Tues. p.m., May 23.	Study. Math 2. (Conference.)	Got in wrong crowd—lost 11.65.
Wed. a.m., May 24.	Exam. Math 2.	Good night!!!
Wed. p.m., May 24.	Study. M. E. 2. Pattern Mak.	Tennis at Elm Park.
Thurs. a.m., May 25.	Exam. M. E. 2.	Got by. Sat behind shark.
Thurs. p.m., May 25.	Study. Chem. 2. (Conference.)	Too many stories. No luck.
Fri. a.m., May 26.	Exam. Chem. 2.	Half through at bell. No hope.
Fri. p.m., May 26.	Study. M. E. 26.	Tried to catch up—1 o'clock.
Sat. a.m., May 27.	Exam. M. E. 26.	Made final dispositions.
Sat. p.m., May 27.	New York on 1.08. (Hooray !!)	The Great White Way.

Dink: “ Landon, put three points on the board and connect them by lines. Now is that a mechanism? ”

Landon (promptly): “ Yes.”

Dink: “ Don't answer too quickly. Stop to think. Is that a mechanism? ” (Smiles ripple on the faces of the knowing Mechanics.)

Landon (again promptly): “ No.”

Dink: “ Well, you have answered both ways. Now which is it? ” (Laughter, meant for the confusion of Landon.)

Landon (giving Dink the stony stare): “ Er-r-r-r-r-I-er-think it is.”

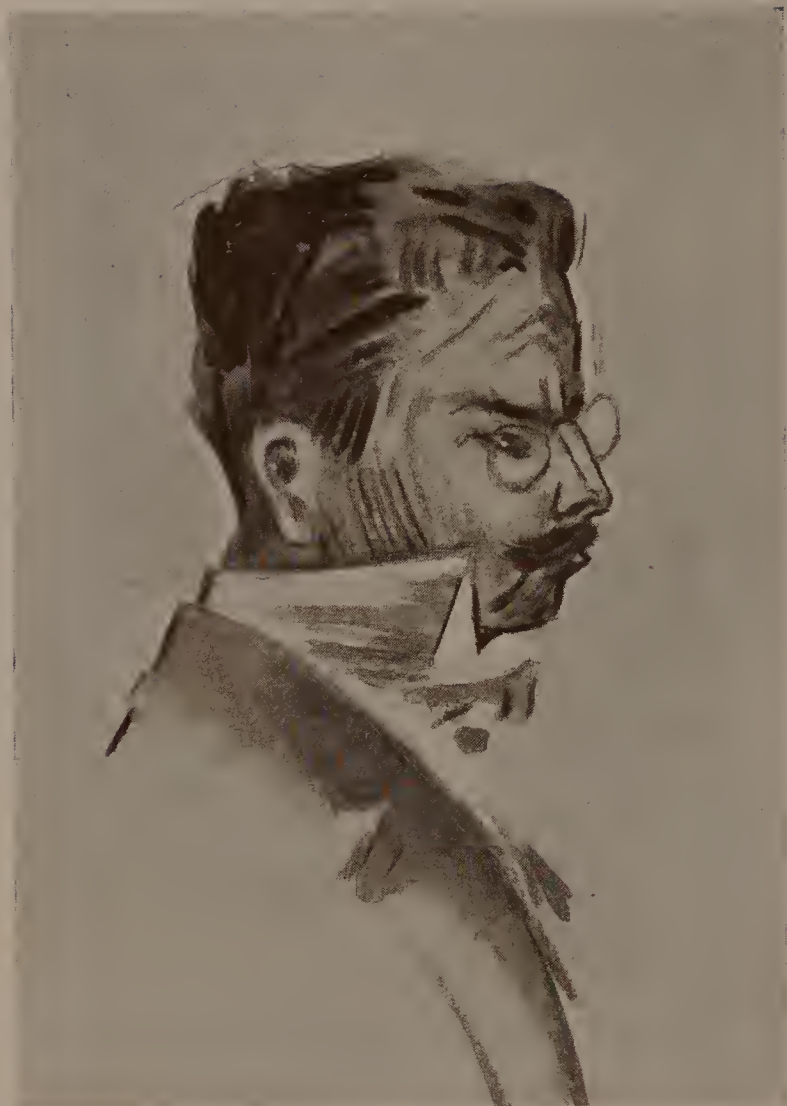
Dink: “ Don't look at me. Look at the board. Now let's reason it out.” (They enter into a heated discussion and Dink finally repeats the question. The crowd waits with bated breath.)

Landon: “ Er-r-r-r-I don't think it is.”

Dink: “ Well, you've had two guesses each way. Now which is it? ”

Landon (after the uproarious laughter from the wise Mechanics had subsided): “ It is not a mechanism.”

Dink (smiling over his glasses at Landon): “ All right. That will do, Landon.”



?

Shop Management with Professor Bird

Problem at 8.05 a.m.

Piggy: " We'll have a little problem in practical finance this morning. You want to keep notes carefully, so that when you run up against a similar proposition you can look back to this problem to help you out of the difficulty.

" A man had \$3.65 at six o'clock p.m. He borrowed a hundred and added that to the \$3.65. Then he spent \$6.50 for a wedding ring; \$2.50 for a marriage license; \$25 to the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony; \$2.50 for a taxicab, with a 50-cent tip to the chauffeur; \$12.40 for a little wedding supper for bride and self; \$10 for apartments at a hotel several degrees too rich for his blood; a 50-cent tip to bell-hop, and 10 cents telephoning to transfer company to hurry up with his wife's trunk.

" Figure the decrease in assets, burden on the hour basis, shrinkage and depreciation of the plant, burden per dollar paid to labor, and per cent. increase of bills payable. Reduce it all to a basis of cast-iron equals, 26 pounds per cubic inch, and I will check your answers. Mr. Rawson is writing a paper on this subject, so if we get any brilliant ideas on it we will turn them over to him."

Doctor Ewell: " Now, gentlemen, knowing this first equation, we see that the second equation is equal to zero."

Skeptic: " I don't quite see that last point, Doctor Ewell."

Doctor Ewell: " Ah, yes, to be sure! Naow, 'me see. The second equation equals zero because I made a mistake in the first equation! "

Ever know Danny Calhane was a mathematician? Sure thing! Here's his phenomenal discovery of Oct. 13, 1909:

$$(x + y + z)^2 = x^2 + y^2 + z^2$$

" A purely arbitrary assumption, gentlemen."

Doctor Maniac: " Ach, you must us-se a more sensible palance; und then you see, I should tell you that tick-clock iss no goot already."

Flaherty-Dickey Committee on Sessions: " Doctor Jennings, we should like to have this eight o'clock changed to nine, so as to fill up the vacant hour."

Doctor Jennings shrewdly: " Some of these men would sleep till half past eight, if I'd let 'em!" (And sleep, of course, is a very unnecessary evil.)

Beilstein, }
Old Sleuth, } (choose one), putting the class through a few paces in
Stone-hatchet, }
the benzine ring: "A-a-ah, Mr. Higgins, can you give us a little talk,
a-a-a-ah on para-para-diamino-meta-meta-dioxy-arsenobenzine?"

Higgins: "Well, the discoverer of this simple little household necessity was——." (Thunderous ovation to the speaker.)

"Button, button, who's got the button?" is going out of style with the Senior Chemists since the introduction of that common-sense, bug-powder-and-hair-tonic course known as Qualitative Organic, or, "Has Anybody Seen Doc Bonnet?"

Old Sleuth (rushing wildly into the Industrial Lab at 8.00001 a.m.):
"Are you all here this morning, Doctor Calhane?"

What is Thesis?

Thesis, in the Chem Department, means shutting a man up in a room by himself, surrounding him with chemicals of a dubious disposition—which he has to pay for—and letting him work out his own destruction. It so affected one of our number that he changed his name (for purely business reasons, and there is to be no levity about it).

The Chem Department is now working like a brand new Big Ben alarm clock, under the régime of law and order initiated by Doctor Jennings. One of his most sane rules is that anyone who is absent on account of sickness must send him a note *the day before*, as that is the only polite thing to do. Of course, it is all his loss, and nothing at all to us when we stay away.

Says Mike, "It can plainly be seen
That this mess here" (of malachite green)
"Is perfectly white"—
Establishing quite
That something is wrong with his bean.



The Aftermath Advertiser

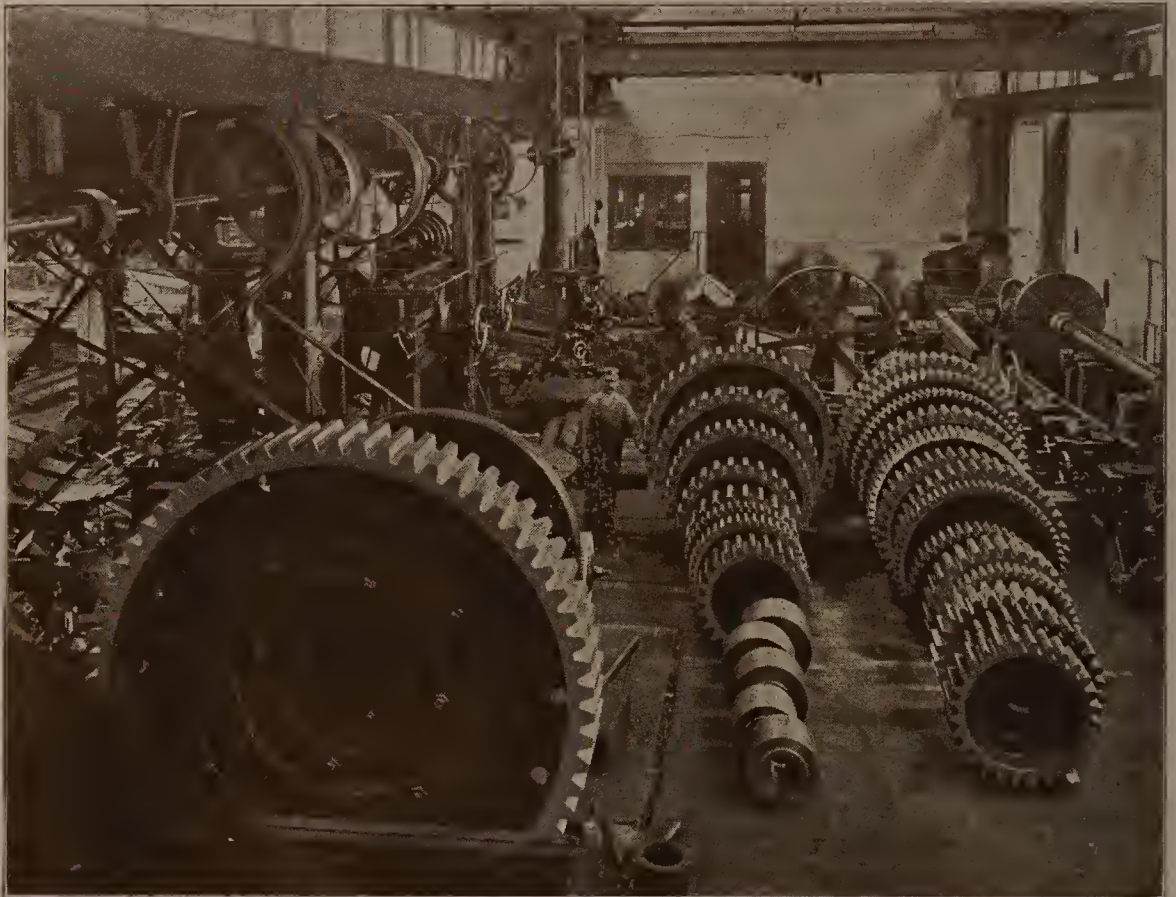


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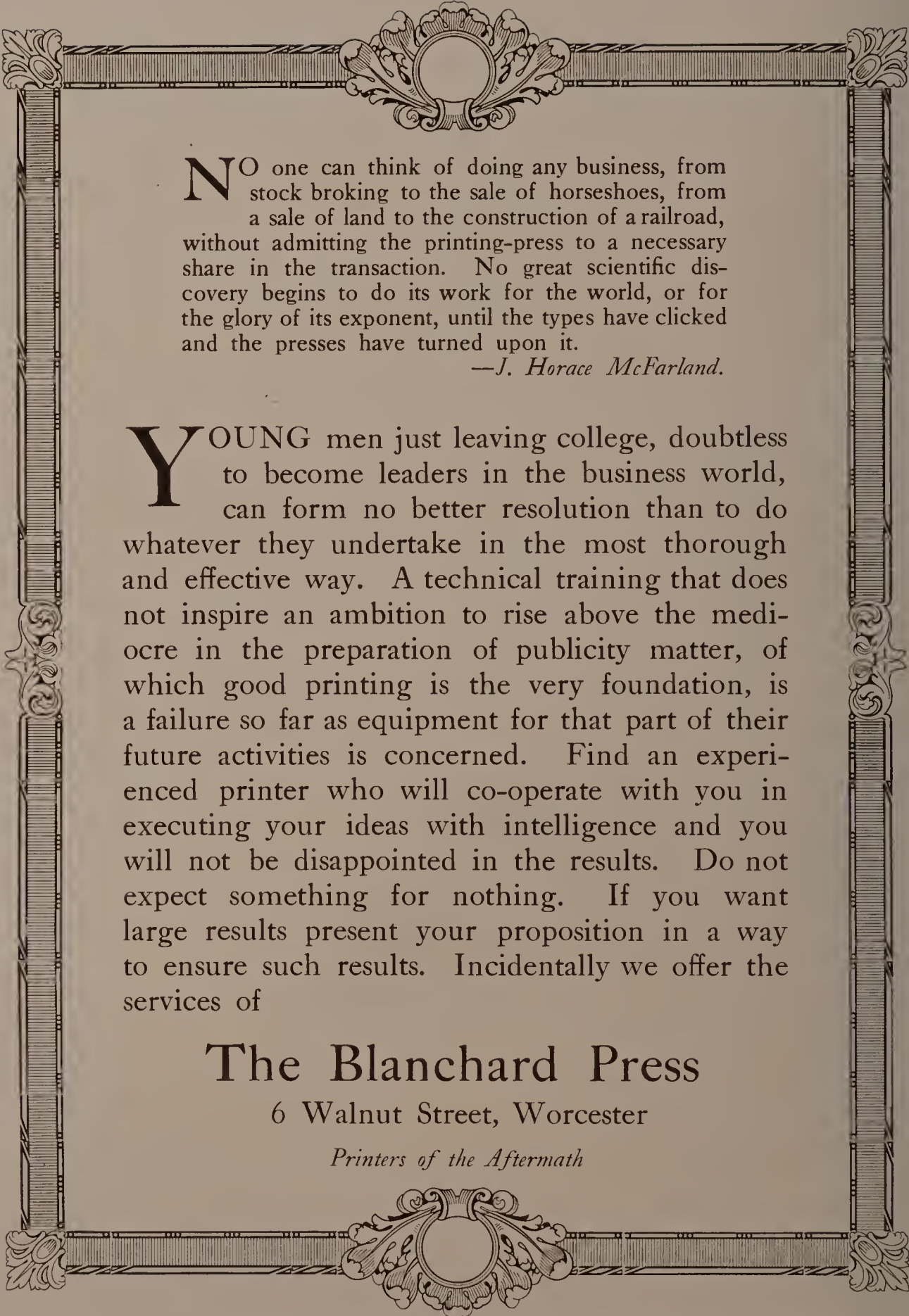
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—J. Horace McFarland.

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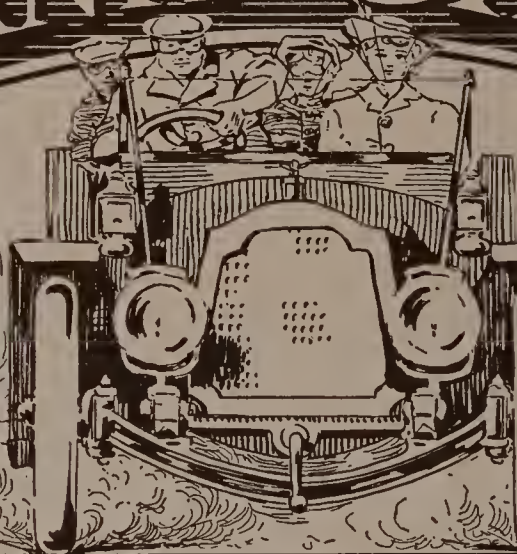
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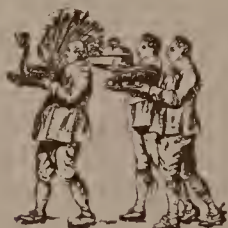
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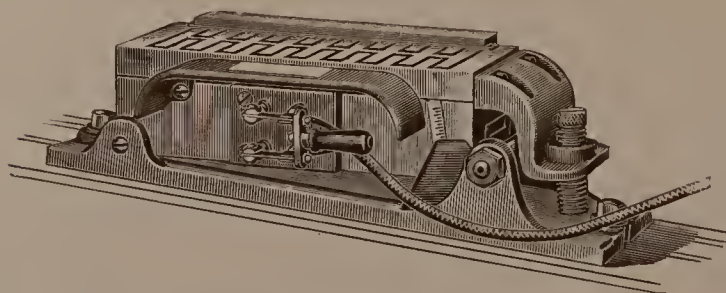
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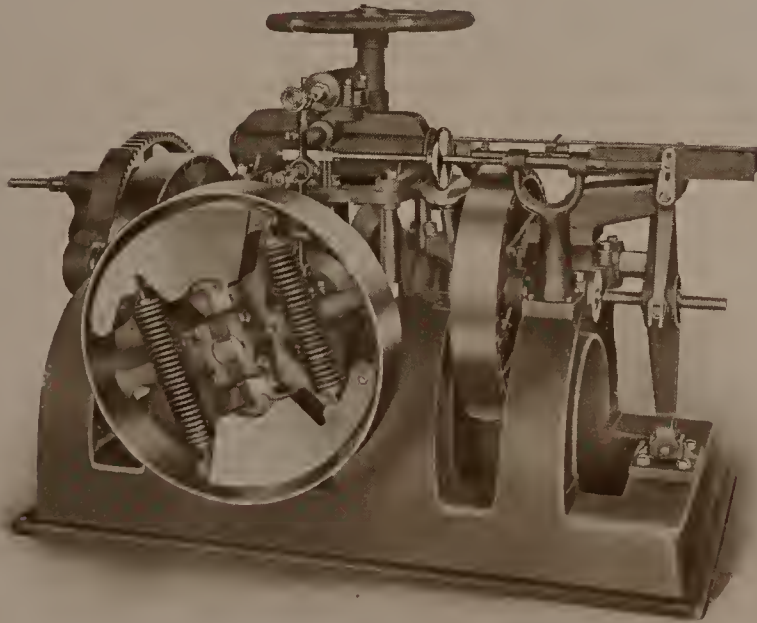
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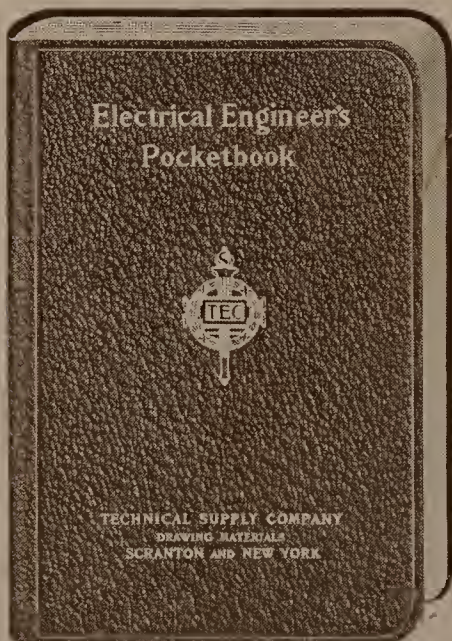
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